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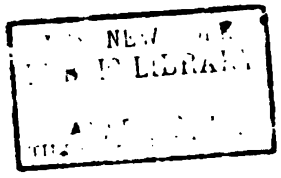
TO

AN OLD AND ESTEEMED AMERICAN FRIEND,

G. W. TURNER,

BY

THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

IN HER JUBILEE YEAR.

WITHIN

ROYAL PALACES.

A BRILLIANT AND CHARMINGLY WRITTEN

Inner Life View of

Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses.

Their Daily Habits, how they Woo and Wed, their Characteristics, Virtues and Vices. Their Pleasures in the use of Untold Wealth, Matchless Luxuries, Superb Equipages, Priceless Jewels, Closet Skeletons, Grand Balls, Banquets, Haunted Palaces, Royal Hunting Sports, Crazy Kings, Intrigues, Marital Relations, &c.

Written from a personal knowledge of

Scenes Behind the Thrones,

By the MARQUISE de FONTENOY,

A foreign lady of rank, lately from Europe, but for years intimately associated with the reigning families of the old world.

With an Introduction by W. FLETCHER JOHNSON, Esq.,
The popular Author and Litterateur.

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:

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1892.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS is not a biography, but an introduction. It must be sufficient, therefore, to say that the Marquise de Fontenoy is the daughter of an ancient and lordly house, and the bearer of a name that is everywhere in caste-charmed Europe an "Open, Sesame!" to the most aristocratic coterie and to the courts of royalty. She is, too, the wife of a man of worthy lineage and of social, literary, and diplomatic distinction; so that both by inheritance and by alliance she possesses the full spirit of the brilliant regime of which she writes. Her social and official career, moreover, has been such as to bring her into and make her a part of the court life of many European capitals, both in its brilliant public manifestations and in its less conventional domestic phases. With unusual opportunities for observation she has joined an admirable ability to see, to remember, and to reproduce in fitting and expressive language. Beside the privilege of reading in manuscript the pages which follow this, the writer has for many years enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the Marquise de Fontenoy and her kinsfolk, and heard from her own lips many of the most interesting incidents and descriptions that adorn this book long before the book was written or even planned. And, listening thus, and knowing well with what assured authority she spoke, he more than once ventured to suggest that what was so pleasant for a few to hear would be equally pleasant for many to read. This belief was strengthened by perusal of the manuscript, and will doubtless be amply confirmed by the reception the public will give to the completed volume.

As to the book, its title but imperfectly denotes its actual character. It is really the transformation of court life into current speech. It is a presentation of royalty in all its phases of splendor or of meanness; a history of statesmanship and a chronicle of anecdotes, a gallery of portraits and a show-case of jewels. It opens the doors of the audience-chamber and of the boudoir. It places before the reader the occupants and close neighbors of the thrones of Europe; their intellects, their characters, their speech, their faces and forms, their passions and manners, their very garb and equipage; and all by virtue of the author's unchallenged ability to say, "These things I myself have seen; these things I myself have heard. These things I know." It is, then, a book on a most popular theme, written by a person of extraordinary fitness for the task. For such a work there can be needed no apology, nor felt a fear for its favorable reception. If one approaches it with even the least exalted motive—mere curiosity—he will be more than satisfied; nor will he be less who, in an austere spirit, seeks in it historic facts or encyclopædic information. Between the two there will be a multitude of readers of varying tastes and motives, all gaining here unfailingly the object of their quest—an instructive, entertaining, and amusing living panorama of royal and imperial life, showing equally the jewel in the crown and the blot on the escutcheon. Unnumbered readers will thus find in the perusal of this work great pleasure, but not greater than the present writer finds in uttering these few and inadequate words of introduction.

W. F. J.

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THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

VERY characteristic is the manner in which Queen Victoria received the news of her succession to the throne, on the night of the 19th to the 20th of June, 1837. The young Princess had just celebrated her 18th birthday and was then a blooming girl full of life and spirit who, if not regularly pretty, yet possessed a charm of her own quite undeniable in its winning grace and sweetness.

A little after three o'clock in the morning the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Henry Halford (the Royal physician), who at twenty minutes after two o'clock had seen King William die, went off from Windsor to the palace at Kensington to hail the Princess Victoria as Queen.

When they reached the Palace all its inmates were wrapped in profound slumber, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could obtain admission. After some delay the young Princess came to them, wrapped in a loose white dressing gown with her magnificent hair falling over her shoulders and with her eyes full of tears. She entered the room with her mother by her side. Neither were unprepared for the news, but the Princess was nevertheless greatly affected, and it went forth to the world as an omen of the happiest augury that the young girl had "wept to learn she was Queen."

As she entered the room the Archbishop and his two companions dropped on one knee before her and kissing her hand hailed her as Queen. Then, by the special request of the new sovereign, they all knelt together in prayer, the Archbishop invoking a blessing on the era about to open for the Princess and the people of Great Britain. It may therefore be said that Queen Victoria's reign was begun by prayer.

The young Queen had been carefully trained with her high destiny in view. She had not been much before the public, though by judicious travel she had become acquainted with a considerable part of her future kingdom. Her education had been conducted by the Duchess of Northumberland, under the constant superintendence of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who devoted the privacy of her second widowhood to the preparation of her daughter for public duty, and her perfect demeanor and bearing when she first assumed her duties as a sovereign filled everybody with admiration and wonder.

The reign, therefore, not only began most successfully, but with unusual anticipation and satisfaction. A new era had indeed begun, for from that time Court profligacy and Court extravagance were at an end in England. The young Queen paid her father's debts in the first year of her reign, paid her mother's debts in the second year, and never incurred any debts herself, nor asked Parliament for any addition to her income.

The Coronation took place on June 28th, 1838, and there was more than usual splendor displayed at the ceremony, and more than usual rejoicing all over the land.

The scene in Westminster Abbey was a brilliant spectacle. A large proportion of the gentlemen present were either in military or official attire, and the Ambassadors were superbly

arrayed, one of them, Prince Esterhazy, being covered with diamonds, even to the heels of his boots, whilst the peers were in robes of State, and the peeresses "shone like a rainbow" in their profusion of precious gems.

The Queen walked up the nave escorted by two Bishops, eight daughters of English Dukes bearing her train, and fifty ladies of rank holding offices in her household following. The Archbishop of Canterbury having presented Her Majesty as the "undoubted Queen of the realm," the building resounded with the shouts of "God save Queen Victoria."

The customary ceremonials followed, and then the final act was performed by the Archbishop reverently placing the Crown on the Queen's head. The peers and peeresses at the same moment put on their coronets, and the effect of the flashing jewels as this was done was startling in its brilliancy. The Queen was then enthroned in the Chair of Homage, and the peers came forward in turn, touched the Crown, and knelt and kissed her hand.

It is a testimony to the truly womanly and domestic character of the Queen that her marriage was, what it should be to every woman, the central event of her life, the point on which her whole after history turned. It was generally known that before she came to the Throne an intimate friendship had existed between the young Princess and her maternal cousins, the sons of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. Albert, the younger of these two sons, was three months younger than his cousin, "the Mayflower," as the Princess Victoria was designated by their maternal grandmother. It was, of course, for the Queen to ask Prince Albert to marry her, and not for him to ask her, and on the 15th of October, whilst he was on a visit at Windsor, she sent for him to her room, where he found her alone. They

talked for a few minutes, and then she told him her love, and that it would ensure her whole life's happiness if she married him. I need not add that the Prince responded with heartfelt gratitude and joy to this outburst of affection on the part of the young sovereign, and that halcyon hours began for them both on that memorable day.

Victoria had nevertheless not only to declare her love to the man of her choice; she had on a later day to tell it to the assembled Privy Council. "Precisely at two," she went in. The room was full. Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, looked kindly at her with tears in his eyes, but he was not near the Queen. She then read her short declaration. She was trembling violently, but did not make one mistake, and she felt most happy and thankful when it was over.

The marriage was not long delayed. The wedding was celebrated on the 10th of February, 1840, with a splendor unusual, even in Royal marriages, and the popular rejoicing was universal. Contrary to the established custom, by which Royal marriages have been performed in the evening, the Queen's marriage took place at one o'clock in the afternoon, and thus a new precedent was set which was followed all through the reign.

The Prince, with his father and brother, left the Buckingham Palace at a quarter to twelve for St. James's Palace, and half an hour later the Royal bride made the same journey, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent. The streets passed through rang with joyous acclamations. The Queen was dressed in white satin, with a deep trimming of Honiton lace. She also wore a Honiton veil, and was wreathed in orange-blossoms. The satin was manufactured at Spitalfield's, and the lace at Honiton. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
View from St. James Park.

Bishop of London took the service, and the Queen made the promise of "obedience" to her newly-naturalized subject. Then the cannons roared from the Tower and the parks, and the bells of London and Westminster pealed forth their congratulations. The wedding breakfast was given at Buckingham Palace.

The marriage was immensely popular. It was a true-love match, and the people rejoiced in it as though no such marriage of affection had ever taken place before. There was, however, a good deal of difficulty about settling the position of the Prince Consort. Parliament had given him £30,000 a year, instead of £50,000, which had been asked. His own good sense solved the difficulty of his position. In a letter to the Duke of Wellington, declining the command of the army which had been foolishly offered him, he described the principle on which he had acted from the first. It was to "sink his own individual position in that of the Queen—to aim at no power by himself or for himself, but to be the head of her household, her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government." Even in this line, to which he rigidly adhered, Prince Albert was often exposed to public suspicion, and at one period to considerable unpopularity. He certainly took much part in foreign affairs, and his very last act was to write a memorandum for the Queen on the communication which the Government proposed to make the United States on the affair of Trent. He wrote this on his death-bed on the 1st December, 1861.

The Queen was reverenced, as no other English monarch had ever been before, for domestic virtues which few other English sovereigns have ever possessed. She was known to

be a good mother, and Prince Albert was known to be a good father; and by these unusual titles to popular affection they gave new strength and popularity to the Throne itself.

The first of the Royal children to present itself was Victoria Adlaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of England, now the widowed Empress Frederick, of Germany. She was born at Buckingham Palace on November 21st, 1840. It is the constitutional duty of the members of the Privy Council to be in attendance at the birth of an Heir to the Throne; and, consequently, when the birth was announced there were present at the Palace the Lord Chancellor, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Sir John Russell, and many others, with the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a host of medical men. They received an early introduction to the Princess, but as the young lady was rather noisy, she was soon taken away. The Tower guns were fired in honor of the event, and there were many rejoicings in the country. On the 9th of the same month in the following year, the career of the Prince of Wales had its beginning. He was born at Buckingham Palace, the hour being eleven o'clock. He was also introduced at once to the Privy Councillors and other distinguished people, who signed a declaration in the usual way as to the birth of an heir to the British Crown. This second event made the Queen very happy.

The Prince was christened with great ceremonial at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Palace, on January 25th, 1842, the King of Prussia being chief sponsor. He was christened Albert Edward, the second name being that of his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Kent.

Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, afterward Duke of Edinburgh, was born in August, 1844. The Princess Helena (Princess

Christian), was born in 1846; Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) in 1848; Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught), in 1850; Prince Leopold (late Duke of Albany), in 1853; and Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), in 1857.

The totally unexpected death of Prince Albert was to the Queen so terrible a blow that she can be said never to have recovered from it. Like a destructive flash of lightning out of a perfectly clear sky, came the announcement of December 8th, 1861, that he was confined to his room by a very bad cold. A few days later the statement was made that he was suffering from fever, but that it was not attended by serious symptoms, though likely to be prolonged. In another day he was somewhat worse, but still no public apprehension was felt, and when, at midnight on Saturday, the 14th, the people who live within its sound heard St. Paul's bell tolling, and when on Sunday morning the people in the great towns were arrested by a funeral knell, nobody thought at first the meaning of the unusual sounds. The news on that fateful Sunday morning met the people on their way to church and chapel that the Prince had died at ten minutes to eleven the night before, and was everywhere received with consternation and surprise.

The body of the Prince Consort now rests in the noble mausoleum erected by the Queen at Frogmore. Since the death of her husband, the Queen—while not neglecting State affairs—has lived to a large extent a retired life, and the ceremonial duties of her position have been chiefly borne by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Prince Albert was in the very zenith of his fame and happiness when he was taken away. The Queen herself said of his death, that the loss to her was so great that it would be

JUDGE HUDDLESTON OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ENGLAND.

the beginning of a new reign. It was practically the beginning of a new reign. The Queen's widowhood severed her from politics. The Court was eclipsed; and for several years the widowed Queen made no public appearances.

The great event of the year 1863 was the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark. The whole country was alive with excitement and rejoicing. The Princess was accompanied to England by her father, mother, and sister, and was met at Gravesend by the Prince of Wales, who drove with her through the streets of London, amid the enthusiastic cheering of enormous crowds.

When Eton was reached, on the way to Windsor, the boys cheered again for the beautiful young Princess. The wedding took place at St. George's Chapel, on the 10th of March, the Queen attending in widow's weeds, but taking no part in the proceedings. All the other members of the family were present with the Prince of Prussia and members of many Royal families abroad. The Princess wore a dress of white satin and Honiton lace, with a silver-moire train. Her jewelry was very magnificent, a riviere of diamonds, presented by the City of London, being alone worth $50,000. An opal and diamond bracelet which she wore was the gift of the ladies of Manchester. At the close of the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom returned to the Castle, where they were received by the Queen. London and many other towns were brilliantly illuminated that night, and the scale on which the rejoicings were held proved the truth of the Laureate's line, "We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee." The honeymoon of the Royal pair was spent at Osborne, the Queen's beautiful home in the Isle of Wight.

A mournful incident, which brought the Royal family within

the circle of personal sympathy, even of multitudes who have never seen them, was the death of Princess Alice, on the 14th of December, 1878. The death of the Princess on the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort was naturally felt by the Queen as a re-opening of the old sorrows. She had been her father's tender and watchful nurse; she had lived as the exemplary wife of a Prince who was not rich as English Princes are; and she died of diphtheria caught in the nursing of one of her children.

A few years ago a great sensation was caused in European circles by the anonymous publication of a book which, under the title of the *Roi de Thessalie*, gave a very graphic and detailed account of the matrimonial adventures of the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the husband of the late Princess Alice, of Great Britain.

Notwithstanding her reported denial, there is not the slightest doubt but that the author of the book was Mme. de Kalomine, the divorced wife by second marriage of the Grand Duke, and if any further proofs thereof were needed beyond those contained in the narrative itself, the fact of its having been dedicated to the Grand Duchess Serge, of Russia, *née* Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, the only lady of the Royal family who showed any sympathy to her father's morganatic wife, would be sufficient to convince the most skeptical.

Under the most transparent of pseudonyms the story of the whole scandal is given, showing the part taken therein by Queen Victoria, and it is needless to add that the appearance of the book excited intense wrath in exalted quarters.

M. de Kalomine, who was at the time Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, became jealous of the unconcealed admiration on the part of the Grand Duke for his lovely wife,

on whose account he had already been obliged to fight three duels. Warned by an anonymous letter, he met her as she was riding home alone from a *tête-à-tête* promenade with the Grand Duke in the Heiligenberg woods, and accused her of being the paramour of the sovereign at whose Court he was accredited; he lashed her face repeatedly with his riding-whip, causing her horse to bolt. Falling from her saddle, and slightly injured, she was carried home, and remained confined three weeks to her bed with an attack of brain fever. On her recovery she found that in consequence of a private telegram from the Grand Duke her husband had been recalled, and had been dispatched on a special mission to Japan.

About a week after Mme. de Kalomine's recovery the Grand Duke visited her, and having declared his love, urged her to ask for a divorce on the ground of her husband's ill-treatment, and afterward to marry him. Louis IV of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was then only a little over forty years old, was still one of the handsomest and finest specimens of manhood in Europe. and it was not difficult for him to persuade her to separate from M. de Kalomine, who, with his correctly-trimmed whiskers, short, stout figure, and generally graceless appearance, presented but a sorry contrast to the Grand Duke.

Ten months later, in the spring of 1884, Mme. de Kalomine obtained her divorce, and the date on which she was free to marry again fell just two days before that fixed for the wedding of Princess Victoria of Hesse to Prince Louis of Battenberg. Mme. de Kalomine lived so retired and quietly during the whole time that although the Grand Duke's admiration for her was whispered about the city, nobody dreamed that anything serious was about to happen.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The day before the arrival of Queen Victoria to attend the wedding of her granddaughter, Mme. de Kalomine entreated the Grand Duke to hesitate before finally uniting himself to her. She had fears as to the future, and reminded him that Queen Victoria was most anxious that he should marry Princess Beatrice as soon as ever the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill had been passed in the English Parliament. The Grand Duke smilingly remarked in reply that his respected mother-in-law would know nothing about the matter until after the ceremony, when it would be too late for any kind of obstruction.

On the following day Queen Victoria reached Darmstadt with Princess Beatrice. At length the day—April 30th, 188.—fixed for the marriage of Princess Victoria arrived. The wedding was to take place without much pomp and ceremony in the evening. At 11 o'clock on the morning of the same day the secret marriage between the Grand Duke and Mme. de Kalomine took place in the Palace Chapel. The only persons present were the Ministers of Justice and of the Interior. At the moment of the benediction a terrible thunder-storm appeared to predict troubles and sorrows to the newly married couple, who immediately retired to the very room used by the late Princess Alice as her boudoir, where they remained several hours, while the old Minister of the Interior guarded the door, frightened out of his wits lest the Queen should notice her son-in-law's prolonged absence.

At 5 o'clock the grand ceremony of Princess Victoria's marriage took place. The royal cortege entered the chapel, the Grand Duke leading his daughter, the Queen following alone, then Princess Beatrice, and following her the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Battenberg family, etc.

The Queen was not present at the subsequent State banquet, preferring to dine alone with her younger grandchildren. Suddenly, about 11 o'clock at night, when she was about to retire to rest, the Crown Prince of Germany arrived and demanded an immediate audience on matters of the very highest importance. The Queen, frightened by the agitation depicted on his countenance, exclaimed, "Good heavens, Fritz, what has happened?" In a few words he informed her of the secret marriage which had taken place in the morning. On hearing this the Queen uttered a terrible cry. What! the husband of her favorite daughter Alice had dared to desecrate the memory of his dead wife by marrying a divorced woman —a mere nobody! She become so red in the face and experienced such difficulty in getting her breath that the Crown Prince, fearing an apoplectic fit, was about to summon help, when she stopped him. "Where are they now?" she exclaimed.

The Prince informed her that they had retired to rest over two hours ago. Furiously the old lady tore open her door and was about to rush to the Grand Duke's apartments, when the Crown Prince, foreseeing the scandal which would ensue, held her back by main force until she had become a little more calm. She then decided to summon the Grand Duke to her presence.

The latter was suddenly awakened from his sweet slumbers by the knocking at the door of a chamberlain, who, in trembling accents, informed his master that the Queen insisted on his appearing before her at once. His wife, very rightly fearing the worst, clung to him in despair, crying that she would never see him again. Her husband soothed her with promises as best he could, and twenty minutes later stood in the presence

of his irate mother-in-law, with whom were gathered the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and his own Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Justice whom the Queen had summoned.

"You must drive that horrible woman away this very night," exclaimed the latter, "and you must sign this decree of expulsion which I have already had drawn up by your Ministers. Good God! if I could drive the creature out of the place with my own hands," shrieked the Queen frantically. The Grand Duke who, although a giant in stature, is blessed with the weakest of characters, and has absolutely no strength of mind, after some hesitation gave way to his mother-in-law's wrath and signed the document.

His bride, who, notwithstanding her fright, had finally dropped off to sleep, was awakened about two hours later by the disagreeable old grand-mistress of the robes, who communicated to her in the most offensive manner possible the Royal decree of expulsion and stated that she had orders not to leave her until she left the Palace. The unfortunate woman, on seeing her husband's signature to the document, understood that she was forsaken by the man who, but a few hours previously, had sworn to love and protect her. While she was hurriedly dressing, with the assistance of her Russian maid, a post-chaise, with an escort of about forty mounted police, stopped at the nearest door of the Palace, and she was hustled into it and rapidly driven to the nearest frontier. The only person to wish her God-speed was the old nurse of Princess Elizabeth (subsequent Grand Duchess Serge of Russia), who conveyed messages of sympathy and affection from her young mistress to the unfortunate woman, and brough to her the Princess's own rug, as the night was

3 LADY BROOKE.

bitterly cold. As she drove away she caught a glimpse of the pale face of her husband peering out from the window, while at the next she perceived the angry face of the Queen.

The ex-Mme. de Kalomine took refuge at a convent just across the frontier. Two days later a Royal messenger arrived bearing a written offer on the part of the Grand Duke to create her Countess of Romrod, and to confer on her the estate of the same name, on the condition that she would surrender all her rights as wife of the sovereign, and never again set foot within his dominions.

She contented herself with returning the letter with an indorsement to the effect "that the Grand Duke's wife is not prepared to sell her rights." Summoning the leader of the opposition party at Darmstadt, who happened to be a very clever lawyer, she placed the whole matter in his hands. The latter commenced by having a certified copy of the marriage, with the Grand Duke's signature, published in all the German papers, and then proceeded to defend his client in the action for divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of temper, which the Grand Duke had brought against her. So cleverly was she defended, that the action was about to fall to the ground, when, at the last moment, the Presiding Judge, won over by the promise of a much coveted title of nobility, suddenly remembered that the Grand Duke held a command in the German army, and that officers are not allowed to marry without the Emperor's permission. On these preposterous grounds the marriage was declared annulled and illegal and the divorce decreed.

The poor woman now resides in relative poverty at Dresden with the little boy, issue of her marriage with the Grand Duke. The latter, immediately after the expulsion, was taken

off to England by his mother-in-law, who managed to keep him at Balmoral for over three months, by which time he had got over any feelings of regret for his lovely wife.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany left Darmstadt in disgust on the very night of the scandal, and the Prince and Princess of Wales did not attempt to conceal their sorrow and regret of so unseemly an affair.

Less than six years after the death of Princess Alice the Royal family had again to mourn a breach in its ranks. Prince Leopold had always been delicate, but of late years there had been more reason to hope that he might some day be well if not strong. He had gone to Cannes in the beginning of 1884 to escape from the asperities of an English spring. A sprain to his knee in running up-stairs laid him up, and a fit of epilepsy suddenly closed his life. He had not been married two years, and it was scarcely three since he had taken his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Albany. After his funeral the Queen wrote a letter to the nation, expressing her deep sense of the sympathy that had been felt by Her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany in their bereavement. When this letter was published, the Queen had gone over to Darmstadt to be present at the marriage of Prince Louis, of Battenberg, with her granddaughter, the Princess Victoria of Hesse. This marriage, as well as that of the Queen's youngest daughter to Prince Henry of Battenberg, gave great offense to the Prince of Wales, and to most members of the Royal family.

Prince Henry is the son of the Princess Julia of Battenberg, whose blood is of the most plebeian hue, and whose brother, a Hebrew socialist, of the name of Hauke, was killed by the military during a riot in 1849.

The Queen's infatuation for her son-in-law, Henry of Battenberg, is most extraordinary in a woman of her judgment and common sense, for the Prince, excepting for his good looks, has absolutely nothing to commend him. He is far from bright, and his conduct before and since his marriage has been anything but admirable.

How securely he stands in the Queen's favor is shown by the fact that he can afford to leave Court from time to time, and go either for cruises on the beautiful yacht presented to him by Her Majesty, or else visit his brother Alexander, who incurred Her Majesty's bitterest resentment by frustrating her pet project of a marriage between him and her granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Prussia, whom he jilted on the very eve of the date appointed for their wedding at Windsor Castle, in order to become the husband of the beautiful actress, Mlle. Loisinger.

One of the most popular, unassuming, and kind-hearted of all the members of the British Royal family, however, is the widowed Duchess of Albany, who has recently come before the public in the *rôle* of an inventor.

The Duchess, though not beautiful, has a very sweet and attractive face, and while she has truly and sincerely mourned her husband, yet, on the whole, she cannot but be happier with her children now as a widow than she was as the wife of the youngest of Queen Victoria's sons.

During the Duke's lifetime, after her marriage to him, she was never free from anxiety and care. For he was not only subject to terrible epileptic fits, but, moreover, he was deficient in the normal quota of epidermis. His veins and arteries were insufficiently covered and protected by skin, and the consequence was that the least exertion, the slightest scratch,

was wont to bring on hemorrhages of the most alarming character.

What rendered matters very difficult was that he was extremely self-willed; and he insisted on marrying the Duchess, notwithstanding the fact that every one of his family was opposed to the match on the ground of his precarious health. He died very suddenly at Cannes, as I said above, in the midst of a terrible fit of epilepsy and hemorrhage combined, brought on by over-exertion. Indeed, so great was the hemorrhage that it gave rise at the time to a widespread rumor that he had slashed himself to death with sharp scissors during the throes of the fit.

In one way, however, his marriage was a great relief to his family, for the Duke possessed the unfortunate habit while a bachelor of making friends and associates of people who were in every way unworthy of the honor.

Indeed, on more than one occasion was the Prince of Wales forced to interfere in a rather vigorous and stern manner to prevent his youngest and best-loved brother from showing himself in public with men of more than questionable reputation, whose association with the Duke gave rise to many malicious rumors concerning his character. The Duchess is a sister of the Queen Regent of Holland, a widow like herself. Both are now in easy circumstances, and their present affluence presents a striking contrast to the bitter penury of their youth at the impoverished Court of their father, the reigning Prince of the tiny principality of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

Only those who have had an opportunity of coming into frequent contact with Her Majesty the Queen are acquainted with the irritability and imperiousness of her character, which have not been diminished, but rather increased by a half a

century of rulership over a considerable portion of the globe.

Life at the English Court is by no means agreeable, and popular ideas as to the basking in the sunshine of Royalty are quickly dispelled by the frowns which so frequently cloud the countenance of "Her Most Gracious Majesty." The least trifle annoys her, and although under ordinary circumstances a woman of extraordinary common sense, she becomes at times utterly unreasonable, and even harsh.

Some of the most loyal and deserving members of her household have been dismissed and turned away almost at a moment's notice, not for any misconduct, but merely because their appearance had ceased to please, and had become tiresome to her very capricious Majesty.

There is one case, that of Lord Playfair, who, notwithstanding his long and devoted services to the Prince Consort, was removed from his post of gentleman-in-waiting because the Queen had objection to his legs, which, being short and deflected, did not appear to advantage in knee-breeches and silk stockings. Mr. Lyon Playfair, as he was then, has since been consoled by a peerage, and by his marriage to a very charming American girl, Miss Russel, of Boston.

Although the Queen's irritability keeps the members of her household in perpetual apprehension of Royal displeasure and wiggings that are extremely Imperial in their vigor, yet she is constantly doing little acts of considerate and motherly kindness which endear her to both her immediate entourage and to her subjects.

I saw the fact mentioned in a paper the other day that Queen Victoria had not enjoyed a dance since the year 1861, when she lost both her mother and her husband. This is

true as regards the State balls at Buckingham Palace, not one of which has been honored by her presence during the last thirty years.

PIPER 92D (GORDON) HIGHLANDERS.

It is a great mistake, however, to believe that she has never danced since then. For at the tenants' and servants' balls, which she gives every year at Balmoral Castle during her stay in the Highlands, she has frequently trod a measure with some one of her favorite attendants, who, it may well be imagined, enjoy the privilege with a keen relish.

On many occasions the late John Brown was her partner, and it was with mingled admiration and awe that both the numerous guests, whose good fortune it was to be among those present, staying at the Castle and the members of the house-

hold saw the stout little lady, their august sovereign, spinning about in the most lively fashion to the tune of a regular Scotch reel.

Indeed, so often did the Queen thus amuse herself that she aroused the ill-natured comment in the southern portion of her dominions, to the effect that if she was so fond of dancing she would do far better to select members of the old nobility as partners in dignified square dances than to dance jigs with Scotch menials.

Queen Victoria is by no means the only sovereign lady who is fond of dancing. Both Queen Marguerite of Italy and the Empress of Russia are passionately fond of waltzing, and are, moreover, indefatigable. They enjoy a very notable advantage over the remainder of their sex, for, whereas, under ordinary circumstances, women are forced to wait until invited to dance by men, ladies of royal rank have the privilege of selecting their partners. This they do through their chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting, who bear to the partner of their choice the Royal command to dance such and such a waltz with them.

If the cavalier in question happens to be already engaged for the dance with some other lady, he is forced to leave her in the lurch, as everything has to give way to these Royal commands.

The gardener of the Queen is a very important personage whose post is no sinecure, for Her Majesty absolutely refuses to eat any fruit save that which is grown at Frogmore, near Windsor, and there is a perpetual packing and sending off huge hampers of fruit and vegetables wherever the Queen may be.

By the way, the Queen has now to be very careful about

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

An Autograph Likeness presented to the Author.

her diet, and never eats underdone beef, mutton, or veal. Pork, Her Majesty never touches, except when made into sausages. Even the Royal cook has to chop the pork as fine as sand, and put plenty of stale bread-crumbs among the meat, and about ten grains of fine powdered dry sage in each sausage, and a little home-cured Melton Mowbray dried. Unsmoked bacon is always cooked with the sausages. Crabs or lobsters are not thought of, and very seldom oysters. The game put on the table must be high, but not too much so, and black currant jelly is always on the table. Her Majesty is a very healthy woman, but not very strong. She drinks little, but at luncheon enjoys a small glass of bitter ale. Then there is always afternoon coffee and milk cake.

The tea consumed by the Royal household in England is always bought at a quaint, old-fashioned shop in Pall Mall, and has been bought there during the reigns of Queen Victoria's five predecessors. It costs five shillings and fourpence a pound, and was for a long while known as "Earl Grey's Mixture," this nobleman having recommended this particular mixture to Her Majesty.

When a dinner is given at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, fish to the extent of $250 worth is ordered; but for an ordinary family dinner three kinds of fish are put on the table, whiting being almost invariably one of them. A sirloin of beef is cooked every day, and is put on the sideboard cold for luncheon. The Queen takes after her dinner one water biscuit and a piece of Cheddar cheese; the Prince of Wales eats a bit of Gorgonzola with a crust of home-made bread. The tea, the cheese, and the royal bed are always taken along whenever the Queen travels. Her Majesty's wine, which is well known to be incomparable, is kept in the cellars of St.

James's Palace, and is sent in baskets of three dozen to wherever she may be, this being done more for the household and guests than for herself, as when alone she drinks only very weak whiskey and water with her meals, by her physician's orders. At banquets, however, she takes two glasses of Burgundy. The clerk of the Royal kitchens, who always carves, receives $3,500 per annum, the head chef the same salary, and the confectioners $1,500 and $1,250.

An allusion which I saw in a London letter, published by one of the New York newspapers, to Queen Victoria's fondness for a "nightcap," in shape of Auld Kirk whiskey and Apollinaris, reminds me of an incident which took place on one occasion on board the Royal yacht, "Victoria and Albert." The Queen and her ladies had settled themselves in what they considered to be a very sheltered place, protected by the paddle-box! Suddenly, she observed a commotion among the sailors, little knots of men talking together, in a mysterious manner. First one officer came up, then another, looking puzzled, and at length the Captain appeared.

The Queen, whose curiosity had been aroused, asked what was the matter, and laughingly inquired of the Captain whether there was going to be a mutiny on board. The Captain replied that he really did not know what would happen unless Her Majesty were graciously pleased to remove her seat.

"Move my seat!" exclaimed the Queen. "Why should I? What harm am I doing here?"

"Well, ma'am," said the Captain, "the fact is that Your Majesty is sitting up against the door of the place where the grog tubs are kept, and so the men cannot have their grog."

"Oh! very well," smiled the Queen, "I will move on one condition—namely, that you bring me a glass of grog."

Frogmore, to which I alluded just now, when talking of the Queen's love for fruit, was the house in Windsor Park which was formerly inhabited by the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent. In 1863 it was assigned to the Prince of Wales as a country residence at the time of his marriage. It was there that his eldest son, Prince Eddie, was born, somewhat unexpectedly, I may say, for the Princess of Wales had spent the afternoon of the day on which he made his appearance in the world skating and sleighing on Virginia Water. The child was born so quickly after return home that there was no time to summon either the doctors, the Cabinet Minister, who should have been in attendance, or even the nurse. It was Lady Macclesfield, the favorite lady-in-waiting of the Princess, who performed the duty of monthly nurse and *sage-femme* for her Royal mistress, and who was the first to greet the tiny Prince on his arrival in this world.

The Prince of Wales soon afterward gave up Frogmore, finding it too damp, dreary, and above all, too near his mother, the Queen, for the latter is exceedingly despotic with her children, exercising her authority over them not only as mother, but also as sovereign, and ordering them hither and thither, without any regard to their convenience, comfort, or inclinations. The Prince loves his independence, and therefore sees just as little of his respected mother as he can possibly contrive to do. One of his greatest annoyances when in her presence is that he cannot smoke.

Queen Victoria, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, has a very strong dislike to tobacco smoke, and smoking is strictly forbidden in all those parts of the Palace at Osborne, Windsor, or Balmoral which she frequents.

Some time ago one of her Cabinet Ministers received a

Yours very truly

Salisbury

letter from her Private Secretary, General Sir Henry Ponsonby, saying that Her Majesty begged that in future he would not send his dispatches saturated with tobacco smoke.

The official in question turned the Royal snub onto a score of his colleagues, for he wrote to each in turn, saying that he had received a letter from the Queen, commanding that they should not smoke while writing their dispatches!

Her Majesty has, of late years, shown a tendency to ignore the claims and customs of Christmas. Before the Prince Consort died, in the days when the Queen's children were children indeed, Christmas created, literally, "a great stir" in the Royal house circle, for everybody had a hand in making the monster pudding that was subsequently to grace the Royal table, and great fun was invariably extracted out of the proceedings, but never did the mirth rise to such a pitch as on one memorable occasion when the Princess Beatrice, then the tiniest of toddlers, in reaching down into the recesses of the pan after a piece of candied peel, over-balanced her chubby little self, and tipped headforemost into the lithe mixture.

She was rescued in a moment, but not before her fair, curly pate and face were a sticky mass of currants, raisins, peel, and spice. Perhaps the Royal family never enjoyed a heartier laugh together, and certainly Princess Beatrice never screamed so loudly!

It may possibly interest my lady readers to learn that all the washing of the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and, in fact, of the entire Royal family, is done at Richmond, where a laundry has been organized for the special behoof of the Royal households.

The wages there are exceedingly low, the employees being presumably satisfied for the paucity of their remuneration by the honor which they possess of washing the soiled linen of Royalty. All the dresses and robes that Her Majesty the Queen has ever worn are kept stored and laid by in large cabinets at Windsor Castle. None are either sold or given away. The practice is a very old one with the British Royalty.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

II.

QUEEN VICTORIA devotes £10,000, or $50,000, every year to entertainments at Buckingham Palace. These consist of two State balls and two State Concerts, at each of which Her Majesty is represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Queen limits the expense of the State balls to $10,000 each, while that of the State concerts is fixed at $15,000. Under no circumstances are these figures permitted by the sovereign to be exceeded.

Court trains are not worn by the ladies at these entertainments, while the men, unless they belong to the army or the navy, are forced to don white knee-breeches and white silk stockings, which are very trying to the appearance.

The second category of the Queen's guests are those who attend her periodical afternoon receptions at Buckingham Palace, which are known by the name of "Drawing-rooms," and which are held for the express purpose of permitting *débutantes* to be presented to the Royal family.

The majority of American ladies who visit England for the first time appear to believe that presentation at the British Court carries with it the *entrée* to London society, invitations to Court entertainments, and a personal acquaintance with the members of the Royal family. This is a great mistake, for there is so little exclusiveness displayed by the Lord

Chamberlain's department, in restricting admission to the Queen's drawing-room, that the mere fact of presentation is absolutely without any social significance whatever.

I may add the ventilation of the Palace is terribly defective, with the alternate intense heat and icy draughts most injurious to the health, and that the crush is intolerable. Everybody wants to get ahead of everybody else, in order to get through the presentation and back to her carriage, for a Court presentation practically involves leaving one's house at noon, alighting at the Palace an hour later, after interminable waits, and standing upon one's feet thereafter, and amid an elbowing, pushing, somewhat selfish throng of women, in an atmosphere laden with strong perfumes, which are a combination of artificial scents, natural flowers, and cosmetics, until about four or five o'clock, when one finally re-enters the carriage, crumpled, dispirited, faint from hunger and fatigue, and thoroughly disappointed.

All this is undergone for the mere sake of spending about sixty seconds in the Throne-room, just the time required to walk from the door up to the spot where stands the Queen, or, as is more generally the case, one of the Princesses representing her, to whom a low courtesy is made. The Royal lady utters no word of welcome o greeting, but merely acknowledges the salute by a slight inclination of the head, and then the presentee has to back out of the room with all possible speed.

When the Court is at Windsor, invitations to the Castle are usually sent out by Sir John Cowell, but sometimes they come from the Lord Chamberlain, to whom the necessary instructions have been telegraphed from Windsor. Very short notice is given, and an invitation has sometimes reached

a guest on the afternoon of the day on which he was expected at the Castle.

As a rule, the Queen's guests travel by the 6.30 train from Paddington, and on arriving at the visitors' entrance of the Castle they are received by the pages of the chamber, who always have a list of the people who are expected in their respective apartments. The company assemble in the corridor by half-past eight, everybody being in full dress, and those who have a right to wear the Windsor uniform are expected to array themselves in that hideous garb. The Queen enters at a quarter to nine with the members of the Royal family, and then the company at once go to dinner. The only personal intercourse between a guest and the hostess takes place after dinner in the corrider, when the Queen always converses for a few minutes with each visitor in succession; and, after having gone round the circle, bows, and retires for the night.

The Queen then goes to her own apartments, where she reads or writes, or listens to a reader for about an hour. Her Majesty occupies either her own sitting-room or the adjoining one, which was formerly Prince Albert's study.

After the Queen has retired, the guests and the rest of the company adjourn to one of the drawing-rooms, of which there are three at Windsor, the Red, the White, and the Green, connected by doors covered with exquisite Chippendale carvings. These rooms are hung with portraits, and contain many cabinets which are virtually priceless. In the Green Drawing-Room is a Sevres dessert service which is valued at $250,000.

It is a curious fact that Windsor Castle should be one of the only great palaces in Europe which is not supposed to be

haunted, especially when it is borne in mind that it has been the residence of the most cruel and bloodthirsty of English Kings. Hampton Court is haunted, so is the Tower, the latter by an undoubted ghost which has been on the walk for centuries. Whitehall was haunted by the headless spectre of Charles I as long as there was anything to haunt there; in St. James's Palace, Queen Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II, wanders at night in the Throne room, uttering moans of deep distress, throwing her shadowy hands over her head in an attitude of entreaty. At the Hofburg or Imperial Palace of Vienna, the dread spectre of "The White Lady" roams around every time a misfortune is about to overtake the reigning family. It was last seen on the eve of the Crown Prince Rudolph's tragical death. At the Imperial Palace of Berlin a gigantic street sweeper, carrying a ghostly-looking broom, appears a week before the death of any member of the Hohenzollern race. In the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg it is a beautiful lady clothed in snowy draperies and crowned with white roses, who is the death messenger of the Romanoffs; while, according to tradition, a little man dressed in scarlet haunted the Tuileries until the day when the Republic was proclaimed in France and the torches of the Commune reduced the grand old pile to ruin and ashes. The superb old Castle of Heidelberg is visited at midnight on the vigil of St. John by a whole procession of shadowy figures, dressed in the fashion prevailing under the reign of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and it is asserted that their advent is invariably heralded by strains of the sweetest and most enthralling music.

Buckingham Palace is far from showy on the outside, and were it not for the red-coated sentinels who unceasingly

march up and down before the gates thereof, it would hardly give one the impression of being a Royal residence. The building has been considerably enlarged since it was first built, and is now used chiefly for drawing-rooms, State balls, and concerts, for the Queen seldom resides here for more than a few days at a time.

The front of this ugly building gives no idea of the pleasant rooms situated at the back, and which overlook a large and beautiful garden, into which one steps through the French windows opening on to a green lawn, shaded all around by fine and well-grown trees, giving no indication in their luxuriant foliage of being in the midst of London.

This verdant carpet leads to a crystal lake further on, where in quiet enjoyment broods of water-fowl and several swans live in contentment.

The galleries, ball-room, and concert-room, which are reached from the staircase, are of great magnificence. Wall seats, draped in satin, are provided for the company assembling in these rooms for a ball, a concert, or any other Royal function, and at one end many handsome chairs are placed for the accommodation of Royalty, with the Throne-room further on, where the Queen receives her guests in state; and where many *débutantes* with palpitating hearts, as well as more familiar ***habitués***, have made their courtesies.

The whole house is splendidly kept—not a suspicion of dust or anything, which in London means a great deal.

The deer-forest is the great sporting feature of the Queen's Highland country-seat at Balmoral, and it is now one of the best in Scotland, yielding from eighty to a hundred stags every season. Balmoral forest extends to about 10,000 acres; but the Queen leases from Mr. H. M. Gordon the adjoining

forests of Abergeldie and Whitemount, which give an additional 7,500 acres. The latter forest contains the celebrated Corrie Bin, which is the favorite feeding-ground of the red deer, and fine sport is always obtained. In 1874 the Queen enlarged her estate by purchasing from the late Colonel Farquharson, of Ivercauld, the magnificent forest of Ballochbuie, extending to 10,000 acres, which "marches" with the Balmoral ground.

The scenery is very grand in all parts of the Queen's forest, and, owing to the excellent configuration of the ground, three rifles may be out at the same time without interfering with each other's sport in any way. There is quite a network of bridle-paths in all directions, so that every part of the forest is easily reached. Prince Albert was a keen deer-stalker, and a fine shot. In Balmoral forest, on the Meikle Pass, the Queen has erected a cairn to mark the spot where the Prince shot his last stag, which was in October, 1861, on the day before he left Balmoral forever.

Next to the royal deer-forests, the principal sporting feature of the Balmoral domain is the salmon-fishing in the Dee. The Queen has a stretch of fourteen miles, including both banks of the river, and beginning at Invercauld Bridge. These waters yield splendid sport during the spring months, and the pools are easy to fish, eight of the casts being among the best in the Dee. There is very good trout-fishing in some of the lochs on the Royal estate, which were originally stocked with trout by Prince Albert.

Considering the fondness for horses that seems to be inborn in every American, it is strange that so few of the trans-Atlantic tourists should avail themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the Royal and Imperial stables of Europe.

This is a mistake, for horses constitute one of the pet luxuries of Kings and Emperors; and the cream-colored horses of Queen Victoria, the "Orloffs" of the Czar, the "Trakeners" of Emperor Francis-Joseph, and the "Mecklenburgers" of Emperor William are each in their way matchless.

Queen Victoria's cream-hued horses reside in the stables, or Royal mews adjoining Buckingham Palace. The first teams of cream-colored horses were brought from Hanover by King George I, and until Queen Victoria's accession to the Throne their successors were supplied from the celebrated breeding-stud at the city of Hanover. When, however, in the year 1837, Queen Victoria ascended the Throne, and the Crown of Hanover passed to Her Majesty's uncle, Duke Ernest of Cumberland, the Royal cream-colored horses ceased to be imported and were bred in England. The "Sacred Hanoverians," as the cream-colored are called, are very rarely seen by the public at large, save when taken out very early in the morning for an airing on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. They do no work except on State occasions and remain ever untampered with. They are very showy, dignified animals, conscious of their own importance, and look down on the bays, blacks, or roans in the Royal stables with evident pity and contempt.

Napoleon I was the cause of the cream-colored horses being abandoned on State occasions by British Royalty for black ones during the last great war between France and England. In 1803 Hanover was seized and occupied by the troops of Napoleon, and the French Emperor, who hated King George III, and who, besides all his genius and brilliant qualities, had an invincible propensity for appropriating

what pleased him most among other people's goods and chattels, stole the Elector of Hanover's cream-colored stud, to spite the King of England. Adding insult to injury, the Emperor had actually the audacity to have eight cream-colored horses harnessed to the gorgeous and much-gilded State carriage in which he and Empress Josephine were drawn to Notre Dame to be crowned. This was too much for the infuriated English King, and in a paroxysm of rage he ordered the cream-hued stud at the mews in London to be discarded in favor of black ones. This state of affairs continued until the downfall of Napoleon in 1814, at which period the British monarch claimed from the French Government the cream-colored stud stolen by Napoleon in 1803, but every horse of that tint had mysteriously disappeared from France, and to this day it remains impossible to discover what became of them.

The State carriages which are also kept in Buckingham Palace ought to be scarcely less attractive to American visitors than the historical "cream-colored" above mentioned. The "gilded ark" in which Queen Victoria rode to her coronation has a very noteworthy history of its own, and certainly is a most remarkable-looking object. It was built in 1761. It is seventeen feet long, weighs four tons, and the figures of the four Tritons supporting the traces are of exquisite Italian workmanship. The panels are beautifully painted, and it is surmounted by a golden Royal Crown.

The majority of the other carriages in the Royal coach-houses convey the impression of being built on altogether too heavy lines, and in fact of lacking modern grace; but, of course, they are exceedingly stately and some of them extremely gorgeous in their appointments. They all, however,

look as if they had been specially constructed for traction by the huge "Clevelands," which, until a few years ago, were the only horses used by Royalty in London.

Within a stone's throw of the mews is the Royal Riding School, standing in the superb garden at the back of Buckingham Palace. It is there that all the Queen's children were

AUDIENCE CHAMBER AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

taught riding by a riding-master of the name of Meyer, whom Prince Albert had imported for the purpose from Darmstadt. It is to his instruction that must be attributed the thoroughly German seat of the Prince of Wales and of his brothers in the saddle. Indeed, it is only the Queen's grandchildren who ride with the incomparably superior English seat.

The stables are under the control of the "Master of the Horse"—one of the grand officers of the household—who at the present time is the Duke of Portland. He changes with the Ministry. His deputy and the permanent superintendent is Colonel Sir Charles Maude, who bears the title of Crown Equerry.

For her own personal use at Windsor and in other places in the country the Queen invariably makes use of a four-seated barouche, with a rumble behind for servants in attendance, and drawn by four invariably gray horses, less than sixteen hands high, and ridden by two postillions in very sober liveries. Ordinarily their jackets are black. The carriage is preceded by a single outrider, and on each side canter two equerries on duty. These equerries, who are colonels or generals in the army, belong to the department of the Master of the Horse.

The latter has numerous peculiar privileges, one of which is the use of the Royal liveries during his term of office, and the second is his right on all State occasions to a seat in the Queen's own carriage.

The Prince of Wales stables are at Sandringham, where His Royal Highness goes in extensively for breeding hackneys and cart horses. During the summer his hunting stud is sent down to Windsor for grazing in the Home Park. His stables cost him $80,000 a year. This, of course, does not include the cost of his racing stud.

The Queen's fox and buck-hounds are magnificently kept and trained animals. The historical associations of the Royal pack go back to times beyond the research of conscientious modern historians, as there were kennels at Swinley before Henry VIII ascended the throne; and it is alleged by

DUKE OF NORFOLK, K. G.

Premier Peer of Great Britain and Earl Marshal of the United Kingdom.

Robert Huish that for at least four centuries wild stags and hinds were hunted by English monarchs. Every one who is an habitué of the meets of the buck-hounds at Uxbridge Common or Ruislip Town End, or a dozen other trysts, must have heard of the famous run of Charles II's reign from Ascot after a warrantable stag, which was not caught until night had fallen, the eager hounds, with their bristles erect,

A FOX-HUNT—THE START.

running into their prey at a remote point in Essex, more than seventy-five miles distant from the spot where they found him.

It has long been customary in autumn for the huntsmen of the Royal Buck-hounds, assisted by Her Majesty's chief game-keeper, and many other employees, to select from the herd in Windsor Great Park the red deer intended to be uncarted in the ensuing winter before four or five-and-twenty couples of

the best fox-hounds that Belvoir, Badminton, and other famous private kennels can supply. The usual place of deer capture is a grassy paddock below Cranbourne town—a sheltered spot, belted with primeval oaks and colossal beeches. The driving of these selected quarries—all of which have names bestowed upon them, with a view to their becoming as popular as "Harkaway," or "Lord Charles," or "Savernake," or

A FOX-HUNT—THE FINISH.

"Coningsby," excites the greatest interest and curiosity, and is generally witnessed by a small party of invited ladies and gentlemen, whose names are well known at the meets over which Her Majesty's huntsmen are wont to preside. Both the Prince of Wales and Prince George are passionately fond of fox-hunting, and so likewise was the late Duke of Clarence, who was also an excellent polo-player.

During his last stay with his regiment at York the Duke

HAMPTON COURT.

One of the Queen's Palaces.

was in the habit of devoting several hours a day to this, one of his favorite pastimes.

A large number of cats are kept about the mews, one of which, called "Jack," is supposed to be the State cat *par excellence*. He is a magnificent Persian, of an extremely aristocratic nature, as he refuses to acknowledge a helper or liveryman, or, in fact, any one beneath the dignity of the State coachman. It was noticed, however, on the occasion of the visit paid by the Prince of Naples to the stables, that "Jack" at once recognized the presence of Royalty, and immediately paid his grateful respects to the Prince.

Formerly there used to be a number of what might be called "performing" cats kept about the mews, and these, on the occasion of Her Majesty's visits, were always made to go through their performances, one of which consisted in their jumping from the back of a horse on to the stall-post, and so on throughout the whole ten-stall stables.

The Jubilee landau is so named as it was used by Her Majesty on the occasion of her jubilee.

It is a posting landau, driven by postillions, and is drawn by six of the cream-colored horses. Like the other carriages it is colored, lake and vermillion, picked out with gold, and is also decorated on either side with the Royal Arms. The wheels are red and gold with springs. This landau has been all over the country when the Queen has laid foundation stones or opened exhibitions. In addition to these carriages, there are no less than seventy carriages of all kinds for private use, such as when the Queen pays a visit to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. These are driven by postillions with four horses, and plain liveries are worn. The Queen's coachman is Mr. Miller, who was strongly recom-

mended by Lord Bridport. Mr. Miller's special duty, in the early days of his employment, was to look after the thirty-five saddle-horses then kept for the use of the Royal family for riding. It is the maxim of the Royal Mews that every horse should be treated with kindness as well as firmness.

The young ones are brought up to look upon the stablemen as their friends; the result is that while they retain their spirited nature, at the same time they acquire wonderful docility. No bearing reins of any degree of tightness are used in connection with the Buckingham Palace stables. It is interesting, in visiting the State horses in company with Mr. Miller, to see how every one of the horses seem to know and like him. Immediately he enters the stables they seem to perceive he is there, and they turn their heads, as if asking for some recognition. One important point in training the State horses consists in making them accustomed to the sound of the drums and bands. It is the practice at the mews for the children belonging to the various stable officials to be sent into the stables frequently with their tiny drums; and in order that the horses may get accustomed to the bands, Mr. Miller says that whenever he meets a band while he is exercising the horse, he makes it a point of always following it closely.

In the Royal kennels, the Queen's pets are Pomeranian dogs which would not only win the hearts of any dog-lover for their beauty, but who have also earned the exacting admiration of the judges. These dogs belong to the Eskimo type of the canine species. They have a long, thick coat that seems to stand out from the body, a tail which curls tightly and lies close to the back, a foxy head, small, erect ears, rather short legs, short back, and a generally square and

thick-set appearance, in spite of which, however, they are active as kittens. Her Majesty's pets are not Pomeranians in the ordinary acceptance of the term, being rather Italian Spitz dogs. They came from Florence, where they were purchased in 1888. The Queen always names the dogs herself.

Collies have always been a breed for which Her Majesty has also shown a preference, and this accounts for their number in the Royal kennels. The majority of them are black-white-and-tan.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

III.

ALTHOUGH it would be considered as rank treason in England to question in the slightest degree the reputation for good taste, chic, and elegance in dress enjoyed by the Princess of Wales, yet the fact remains that it is altogether and entirely undeserved. The merit of telling the fashion for the fair sex in Great Britain belongs not, as is generally supposed, to her, but to her husband, the Prince.

The latter's taste, formed as it has been by his intercourse with the Comtess de Pourtalès, the Marquise de Galliffet, the Marquise de Castellane, and others of the most famous grande mondaines at Paris, is above reproach. It is he who, amid his other multifarious occupations, finds time to personally supervise every detail of the Princess's toilets, and no innovation of dress or coiffure is ever inaugurated by Her Royal Highness which has not previously been submitted to the approval and received the sanction of the Prince.

The only occasion when she was permitted to follow her own ideas with regard to dress was while her husband was in India, and the result was simply appalling, for by birth and education she is thoroughly German, and her personal taste with regard to dress is likewise German.

Until she married she was entirely ignorant of all the delicate elegances of the "toilette intime" of a Parisienne. For a time she had her own way with regard to the dress of

her three daughters, and in consequence, although they are nice and pretty girls, they appeared the most dowdy and inelegant young ladies in the whole of the United Kingdom. It has only been since the Prince was induced to interfere in their behalf that they have been dressed with any degree of chic. The most recent instance, however, of the Princess's somewhat commonplace, and what would be described in London as Bloomsbury tastes, is her craze for photographing on china.

The Court Journals gravely announced a little over a year ago that she had completed the entire tea service adorned with the portraits of her family.

One can imagine, therefore, the feelings of the Prince gazing on his wife's breakfast table decked with this photograph-stained porcelain, when he saw a deep golden stream of tea running down the cheek of his revered mother's face on the teapot while helping himself to milk from a milk jug adorned with the features of his son, and subsequently rinsing his cup in a slop-basin decorated with a group of his family taken in front of the library window at Sandringham.

The Princess, who, besides being a pianist of rare talent, plays exquisitely on that most difficult of all instruments, the zither, has now turned her attention to the sweet-toned philomele, a stringed instrument very much in shape like a violin, but much more comfortably handled. Not only the Princess herself and her daughters, but also her sisters-in-law are taking lessons, and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is particularly distinguishing herself on this queer-shaped instrument.

A pretty story is told about the Princess. The scene of it was the Mansion House, the occasion was a ball that was given

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

some years ago, and to which, among other "invités," was a provincial Mayor, who had the honor of being introduced to the pretty Princess. The tale goes, and the truth of it is vouched for, that upon his Worship asking, against all rules of "etiquette," the Princess to grant him a dance, she replied with a touch of delicate humor: "I do not know whether you will not be rather afraid; some of my children are only just recovering from the measles, and you might take them." The wearer of the civic chain, however, was equal to the occasion, for, bowing low, he replied: "I should be delighted to take anything from so charming a source."

Those employed about the Court and thus brought personally into contact with the different members of the Royal family, speak somewhat strongly about the different manners in which the offspring of the various princes and princesses are being trained up, or, to put it in the homely vernacular of the domestics themselves, "taught to behave." The children of the Princess of Wales have won golden opinions in all directions during their years of pupilage. Her sons, when quite little fellows, used to be allowed to join in the games of some of the Windsor lodge-keepers' children, and would amuse themselves for many a long morning swinging and being swung by their lowlier playmates, with hearty enjoyment that never degenerated into boisterous or unruly proceedings.

When the Princess was complimented on their pretty behavior, she remarked that it was her especial object to teach courtesy and good feeling. The Duchess of Albany has now the same charming repute for inciting her little ones to speak politely to their attendants and to treat all classes alike with gentle consideration. When taking her morning

walks with her tiny daughter, if the Duchess chance to meet a gardener or laborer in the grounds, she is at once heard saying to the little Princess: "Now don't forget to say 'Good morning,' darling." But the Duchess of Connaught, excellent woman though she is, has educated her offspring on an entirely opposite system; and rich stories are told of the magniloquence and exacting demeanor of these young people. One of them was heard to impart to his father, with dire indignation: "Papa, I passed by the sentry in the grounds this morning and he did not salute me." "I dare say, my dear," placidly replied the good-natured Duke of Connaught. "But, papa, won't you have him put into the guardroom for such a piece of neglect?" This, however, the Duke declined to do, to the exceeding disgust of his offended son.

Strange indeed is the blight that appears to rest upon the first-born sons of the Imperial and Royal families of Europe. The list of Princes holding the position either of Heir Apparent or Heir Presumptive to the Throne of the old world, who have been overtaken by premature death is one of considerable length, and includes the names of the Crown Prince of Austria, of the Duke of Brabant, and Prince Baldwin, of Flanders, of the Prince of Orange, the Czarowitz Nicolas Alexandrowitz, the Duke of Orleans, the Prince Imperial of France, besides those of many others, including the name of Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The ultimate demise of the young Prince on the eve of his marriage constituted the partial fulfillment of a popular superstition current in England, according to which Queen Victoria is destined to outlive both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, and to be succeeded on the

Throne of Great Britain by a King bearing the name of George V.

Possibly it was just the knowledge of this widespread belief, coupled with the dread of witnessing the realization of the public premonition on the subject, that caused both the Prince and Princess of Wales, to regard their eldest boy with sentiments of more than ordinary parental affection. Delicate from the very moment of his premature birth at Frogmore, he was always a source of particular care and of considerable anxiety to his parents. The Prince of Wales himself gave public expression to a feeling of this kind in 1879, in an address which he delivered on the eve of the departure of his two boys for their first cruise as naval cadets on board the "Bacchante." His Royal Highness declared on that occasion that he thought so much of the navy, and had received so much kindness from that branch of the Queen's service in different parts of the world, and that he had at first intended to make sailors of both his boys. But he feared that the delicate state of his eldest son's health precluded the hope. Still, he trusted that his second son, George, who was sturdy, would carry out the traditions of the service, and make a good sailor.

Fortunately, the seafaring life on board the "Bacchante" proved beneficial to Prince Eddie's constitution, and when, four years later, he took up his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, after having sailed round the world, and visited every portion of the vast British Empire, it was believed that he had in a great measure outgrown his delicacy of health.

At the University, Prince Edward displayed the same amiable characteristics which had endeared him to all those with whom he had been brought into contact during his life on

DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

board the "Bacchante." And it must be borne in mind that qualities of no ordinary kind are requisite to win and retain the regard of one's associates in a position such as that occupied by the Duke-Prince. Young England is essentially democratic, and reverence for rank must be regarded as being one of quality that is conspicuously absent from its constitution. It is therefore necessary for the Prince, both on board ship and at college, as well as subsequently in regimental barracks, to steer midway between hauteur and that familiarity which is apt to degenerate into contempt. This he succeeded in doing remarkably well, and in such a manner as to win golden opinions from all with whom he was brought into contact, displaying in the matter much of that genial tact and considerate forethought which renders his father, the Prince of Wales, so deservedly popular.

Nothing could be more touching than to watch him with his mother, to whom he bore much moral and physical resemblance. She held, at any rate until the date of his betrothal to the pretty and winsome Princess May of Teck, always the foremost place in his thought and in his conversation. He surrounded her with the most loving attentions, and it was in her society almost alone that he appeared to lose that diffidence which was not one of the least attractive phases of his nature. He seemed to realize that she understood and appreciated him more fully than any one else, and that she at least would never be guilty of attributing to lack of intellectual brilliancy a silence that was ascribable in the main to an unusually modest and retiring disposition.

Not that this timidity of manner ever extended to the length of in any way affecting his personal courage and pluck. That was beyond reproach, and manifested especially

on one occasion in the saddle as a steeple-chase rider over an exceedingly stiff course at York. He rode his own horse, Skraptoft. There were numerous bad falls. But the Duke was more fortunate than his companions, and went over hedges, ditches, and walls in fine style, and without a single spill. He presented an amusing contrast to the other riders; for while they, every one of them, manifested intense animation and excitement, he retained an absolutely impassive demeanor from the start to the finish. His color never varied, and so imperturbable was his gravity that one might have been led from the aspect of his features to believe instead of riding a spirited and difficult horse in a steeple-chase, he was seated at dinner with the Archbishop of York.

It may interest the young clubmen in this country to know that the late Duke of Clarence received an annual allowance of $50,000 from his father. In addition to this, the Duke had his pay as a Major of the 10th Hussars, amounting to fifteen shillings a day, with the usual allowance for forage. Not that the regiment pay can be considered as having been of any great help, for it did not even suffice to cover his mess-bill. These mess expenses consisted of 50 cents a day for his breakfast, half a crown, or 65 cents, for luncheon, $1 for dinner, and $2 for wine at the same, besides incidental "pegs" and bottles of bitter beer throughout the day.

From this it will be seen that an officer in the British army requires a considerable private income in addition to his scanty pay in order to make both ends meet. Nor did Prince Eddie's $50,000 a year go very far, for, as a Prince of the blood, he was expected to subscribe to all kinds of charities; to keep a first-rate stable, as well as steeple-chasers to run in the military handicaps, and to pay the salaries of at least a

couple of gentlemen in waiting. This naturally ran away with most of the money, and it is greatly to the credit of the late Duke that he never exceeded his allowance, and died without leaving any debts behind him.

His surviving brother, the Duke of York, who up to the date of his brother's demise had to content himself with an annual allowance of $25,000, now receives $75,000, notwithstanding which he is frequently in debt, being far more inclined to extravagance in money matters than Prince Eddie.

Until the death of her Royal lover, H. S. H. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck was like that nation which was declared to be exceptionally happy because it had no history. She was born some twenty-four years ago, at Kensington Palace, and is the eldest child and only daughter of His Royal Highness the Duke of Teck, and Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Queen's first cousin, and most popular member of the English Royal family. Even when quite a little girl, "Princess Polly with the golden hair" was much beloved by the British public, who had first seen her, a pretty, rosy-cheeked maiden of five, leaning over the balcony of Cambridge House, watching the glittering pageant of the Coronation pass slowly along Piccadilly on its way to Westminster Abbey.

The Duchess of Teck and her daughter have their own sitting-room in the wing once occupied by the Prince of Wales some thirty years ago, when he was first allowed by his parents the dignity of a bachelor establishment.

The business-room and boudoir combined show clearly how Princess May and her mother spend their time. The list of their good and practicable charitable works cannot be given

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA MAY OF TECK.

here; suffice it to say that both the Duchess and her daughter take the keenest interest in all sorts of good works.

Princess May has a plainly-furnished sitting-room of her own, close to the little study used by her three brothers when they happen to be at home. There she now sits for hours together gazing listlessly through the large window at the beautiful landscape beyond. Since the Duke of Clarence's death, the once so gay and joyous Princess has become an entirely different being. She looks as if she were yet stunned by the blow which she sustained, her sunny smile has disappeared, and her light-hearted merry laugh is never heard echoing as of yore through the halls and passages of the White Lodge.

A poetical figure, draped in the sculptural folds of a sable crape gown, a pale, delicate face lighted by inexpressibly sad and wistful eyes, a step out of which all vigor and buoyancy have disappeared, and a voice now low and subdued as had the silvery ring of youth died out of it, this is what remains of the happy young Princess whom the Duke of Clarence used to call "his jolly little May-blossom."

The Duke and Duchess of Teck are generally considered as the ne'er-do-wells of the Royal family. The Duchess, it is true, has retained much of her former popularity among the masses, but by both Court and the smart set of London, the Duke and herself are treated very much in the manner of poor relations. To such an extent do these sentiments prevail that the Marquis of Bath, one of the haughtiest of British Peers, declined to permit his eldest son to marry pretty Princess May, to whom he had become engaged, and that the Queen herself never lost an opportunity of displaying the most marked unfriendliness and coldness toward the entire

family until she was made to consent to her grandson's engagement to the Princess.

This aversion of the Queen and Duchess dates back to the time when both were young girls together, and when the popularity and striking beauty of the daughter of the old Duke of Cambridge contrasted glaringly with the unpopularity of the Duke of Kent's daughter. For the latter, before her accession to the Throne, was by no means liked by either the classes or the masses. Indeed, the recent attacks of the English press on the Prince of Wales, in connection with the Baccarat case, appear as milk and water when compared with the bitter and even brutal insults hurled in those days by platform, pamphlet, and press at the head of the young Queen.

Although the great beauty of Princess Mary of Cambridge brought her many suitors, both from home and from abroad, and notwithstanding the fact that her hand was sought by at least three reigning sovereigns, yet the Queen as chief of the family, made a point, for reasons which can only be attributed to personal jealousy, of declining to sanction alliances proffered to her cousin.

At length, when over forty, Princess Mary revolted against the tyranny to which she had so been subjected, and announced her intention of marrying with or without the Queen's permission a handsome young officer of the Austrian army who had struck her fancy.

The officer in question, many years the Princess's junior, was the penniless Prince of Teck, who has since been advanced to the rank of German Duke. He is the morganatic issue of a left-hand marriage between a Prince of a reigning House of Wurtemburg and a Countess Rheday. His birth and status

were scarcely of a character to render him a desirable match for an English Royal Princess, but "Fat Mary" was determined—not to say desperate—and the marriage took place at Kew, near London.

Unfortunately the Duke, although a charming and amiable fellow, with the good and bad points of a typical Austrian cavalry officer, possessed a very susceptible heart and afforded many opportunities to his wife's English relatives to rail against him. On one memorable occasion he actually eloped with the pretty governess of his children to the Continent and had to be brought back from Vienna by his brother-in-law, the Duke of Cambridge, who was sent off after him in hot pursuit. Nor was this the only incident of the kind, and "keeping brother-in-law Frank straight" has taken up almost as much of the Duke of Cambridge's time as his duties of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

Another reproach to which the Duke and Duchess of Teck laid themselves open was that of extravagance. Although provided with a town residence at Kensington Palace, in Hyde Park, and a suburban home at White Lodge in Richmond Park, they lived beyond their means, and about eight years ago there was a most disgraceful smash-up. Neither the Queen nor any other members of the Royal family consented to come to their assistance, and the consequence was that London was treated to the extraordinary and very *fin de siecle* spectacle of a Royal household being sold out at public auction for the benefit of the confiding tradesmen who, unmindful of the Psalmist, had put their "trust in Princes."

The auction actually took place at the historical palace of Kensington, where the Queen was born, and innumerable heirlooms and relics, which for very decency's sake should

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

have been retained in the Royal family, were disposed of to the public.

The Queen, by way of punishing the Tecks for this scandal, which she could easily have prevented—for the indebtedness was not so very great—deprived her cousins of their apartments at Kensington Palace, and insisted that they should reside abroad for several years. It was not, indeed, until the death of the Duchess of Teck's mother, the nonogenarian Duchess of Cambridge, that the Queen relented and allowed them once more to reside in England, though no longer at Kensington Palace.

The late Duke of Clarence's younger brother George, who stepped into the vacant place as Heir Presumptive to the British Crown, bears a striking likeness to the Princess of Wales's sister, the Princess Dagmar, present Empress of Russia, not only in the general form and cast of countenance, but also in detail of feature and expression.

For the first eighteen years of his life he was the inseparable companion of his brother; and probably there have rarely if ever been two brothers that were more attached to each other than these two. Each seemed to find in the other the complement of his own individual characteristics. The quick liveliness of Prince George acted as a constant and welcome stimulus both in work and play hours to the more lymphatic temperament of his brother, while the brother's quiet staidness often served as a counterpoise to the younger's impulsive decisiveness. Were they following the hounds together as boys, it was Prince George whose pony had to take the fence or hedge the first, and give Prince Eddy the lead; were they bathing together in the sea, it was Prince George who was the first to leap off the ship or yacht into the

water, and not till he was swimming around and encouraging his brother to follow him did the elder take the inevitable plunge. In many ways the elder constantly leant upon the younger brother; and the younger reciprocated the confidence with warm-hearted manliness and devotion.

Prince George is full of vivacity, spirit, and go; he has always been regarded from childhood as the *enfant terrible* of the Royal family, and innumerable are the stories related of his wicked practical jokes and everlasting scrapes. The mere mention of his name in England is sufficient to cause the features of John Bull to relax, and to develop into a broad grin. He is as noted for his facility of getting into mischief as his eldest brother is for keeping out of it; and it is possibly this which has endowed him with a popularity among the masses that was withheld from the Duke of Clarence until the last few weeks previous to his death.

Moreover, England being essentially a maritime power, sailors hold a strong place in the regard and affections of their countrymen, who are ready to extend to seafaring men an indulgence withheld from every other profession. This, too, is no doubt accountable for much of the public favor accorded to Prince George. The latter has now, however, been forced to give up all further active service in the navy, and to settle down on dry land. His life has become doubly precious to his family, as well as to the nation. Aside from the question of love and affection there are grave considerations of a dynastic and political nature which render it imperative that he should be prevented from incurring any risk, at any rate until he has married and provided one or two heirs to the Crown. For were he to die unmarried, it would be his sister, the Duchess of Fife, who would assume his place in

the line of succession to the Crown, and the British people would be brought within a measurable distance of seeing a Commoner, in the person of the Duchess of Fife's little daughter, Miss Alexandra Duff, styled Lady Alexandra merely by courtesy, seated on the Throne of England. Were this ever to occur, the very foundations of the monarchy would be shaken, for the prestige attached to Royal blood and Royal birth, which forms the chief basis of the monarchical system in England, would become a thing of the past.

If the Duke of York ever comes to the Throne of England, his subjects will, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that he has a practical knowledge, to his cost, I may add, of the meaning of the good old-fashioned word spanking.

When serving as midshipman he declined one night to turn out, as he should have done, to go on watch. His fellow middy, whom he was designated to relieve, and who wanted to turn in, endeavored to arouse the Prince.

The latter, after receiving two or three good shakings, suddenly opened his eyes, swore a big oath, and let drive his fist at his fellow middy's right eye. The young fellow made no response, but returned to his post, resumed his watch, and thus did duty for the Prince.

But on the following day he stated his case and showed his eye to his comrades. The midshipmen held a drum-head court-martial, found the Prince guilty, and sentenced him to be spanked by the lad whose eye he had blackened.

Accordingly, the Royal culprit was seized by four of the seniors and held face downward on a table, while the midshipman with the disfigured optic, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, carried out the sentence of the midshipmen's court until his hands smarted.

SIGNOR TOSTI.

Queen Victoria's Favorite Singer and Musician.

When the Prince was released he was furious with rage, and threatened vengeance, but in a day or two he thought better of it, and went to his messmate who had spanked him and apologized for the blow which he had given him.

The midshipman accepted his apology, and tendered his own in return for the spanking which he had administered.

During the remainder of the cruise, the Prince put on no airs, but he was as agreeable and charming a young fellow as could be. There is no doubt that he was benefited by the spanking.

The death of the Duke of Clarence drew public attention to the direct and collateral line of succession to the Royal Crown of Great Britain and the Imperial Crown of India.

The Crown of England descends like a barony in fee, to the nearest heir of the last wearer, be that heir male or female—daughters being, of course, postponed to sons. Were Prince George of Wales to die unmarried, the Crown would pass to the Duchess of Fife, and afterward descend to her, at present infant daughter, the Lady Alexandra Duff, always supposing that a son was not born to her in the meantime. In that place the son would naturally take precedence. We might then (and the possibility is by no means remote) witness the curious sight of a Marquis of Macduff stepping direct from the Guards, or the benches of the House of Commons, to the Throne.

In that case, the junior partner in the great London Banking house of Scott & Co. would find himself in a position even more anomalous than that of the late Prince Albert—a position, in fact, to find a parallel for which it is necessary to go back to the days of Mary Queen of Scots and the Earl of Darnley.

The Duke of Fife who, besides his income derived from his partnership in the banks, and from his directorships in various railroads and industrial enterprises, enjoys the revenues of a vast estate of some three hundred thousand acres, is one of those fortunate men who, in high favor at Court, and blessed munificently with rank, wealth, and talents of every kind, has succeeded in achieving an immense popularity with all classes of the people. He has never been known to do a mean, unchivalrous or in any way questionable action, and while by no means a saint by nature, and exposed to every kind of temptation, his private life has hitherto been without reproach.

Of Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and possibly Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, there is but little to say. She has been most carefully trained, and brought up in the very simplest manner by her mother, the Princess of Wales. While neither so graceful nor so captivating as her mother, the young Princess is much liked by all those who know her, her behavior being singularly simple, natural, and unaffected. Many of the hats and dresses worn during the past years by her two sisters and herself have been made entirely with their own hands.

Little Lady Alexandra Victoria Duff, the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who was held at the font on the occasion of her christening by no less a personage than her great-grandmother, the Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, etc., possesses three aunts, sisters of her father, whose aquaintance she will never be permitted to make. Their social position is such that, although sisters of the Duke, and the only surviving members of his immediate family, it was found impossible to invite them to be present

at their brother's wedding. Unfortunately, they all three take after their mother, the late Countess of Fife, who, to put the matter as mildly as possible, was the reverse of respectable, and who rendered herself so conspicuous that her son was not allowed to see her during his youth.

The youngest of these three sisters of the Duke of Fife is Lady Agnes Cooper. She was married early in the seventies to the late Lord Dupplin. "Duppy" was, however, neither physically nor morally what might be termed a model husband, and one fine morning in the very height of the season —I think it was on the Cup-day of the Ascot races—the word passed that the Viscountess had fled with Herbert Flower, who enjoyed the well-deserved reputation of being the handsomest and finest-looking man in England. Lord Dupplin took matters philosophically, and secured a divorce from Lady Agnes, who forthwith married the companion of her flight. In 1881, Herbert Flower died, and after a few months of widowhood Lady Agnes married a third husband, the famous surgeon, Dr. Alfred Cooper, by whom she had several children. Of course she was ostracized by society and cut by her brother.

The second sister is Lady Ida Wilson, who, after marrying Mr. Adrian Hope, scandalized all Vanity Fair by repeatedly appearing on the promenade of Rotten Row in a state of noisy intoxication, and then capped matters by eloping with her courier. For some time she resided in Switzerland with her *valet de cœur*, but has now returned to London to brazen matters out as the wife of one William Wilson, whom nobody knows, but who is generally believed to be the courier referred to above.

The Duke's eldest sister, the Marchioness of Townsend,

has the advantage of possessing a half-crazy husband, who while closing his eyes to her numerous indiscretions, is by no means blind to the violations of the vagrancy and mendicancy laws. Until the moment when his own eccentricities and the conduct of his wife necessitated his leaving London he was in the habit of causing the arrest and of prosecuting in person every beggar that he could catch sight of.

To such an extent did he carry this mania that it was impossible to open a daily newspaper without seeing an account of his appearance in Court against some unfortunate mendicant or other. I may add that, his son being childless, the Marquisate will in due time devolve upon a man who is now a five-hundred-dollar clerk in a city merchant's office, and who is, moreover, the husband of an actress of the cross-river variety and music-hall stage.

Everything that the Duke of Fife touches seems to turn to gold. Some founders' shares, which had cost him $150 apiece a few years ago, have just been disposed of by him at the rate of £45,000 or $225,000 each. Notwithstanding the prevailing depression in the value of land in the United Kingdom, he has been obtaining exceptionally high prices for the farms, houses, and estates which he has been selling up in Scotland. His reason for thus getting rid of the larger part of his landed property, is because the latter only yields him an interest of 2½ per cent., whereas he can obtain double that amount, and even more, by investing its value in the well-known and prosperous London bank of Samuel Scott & Co., of which he is now the principal and managing partner.

It may be of interest to give here a list of the line of succession as it now stands, comprising the names

of every possible Heir to the Throne claiming through George III.

There are other heirs descending from earlier monarchs of the House of Brunswick; but they are so exceedingly remote that it is not worth while to trace them.

There are, of course, also in the following list certain personages who would obviously, from motives of public policy, never be allowed to succeed, *e. g.*, the German Emperor; but foreign nationality, or the possession of a foreign Crown, does not of itself vitiate their right. Parliament could, and in the case of the Throne passing to a foreign sovereign, would bar their claim, save perhaps in the case of the Duke of Edinburgh. That Prince will, in the course of nature, become Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and in the lamentable and highly improbable case of a failure of all the Queen's more immediate heirs, he would have to choose between Coburg and England. The Prince of Wales, it will be remembered, became upon his father's death heir presumptive to the Duchy of Coburg; but to avoid the inconvenience of a potential British monarch being also the heir of a Continental reigning sovereign, he renounced his rights in Coburg in favor of his next brother. It is sometimes said that such-and-such a female member of the Royal family, has renounced her right of succession. Neither the Act of Settlement, however, under which the Crown devolves, nor any other Act, make provision for renunciation upon any ground whatsoever. It will be observed that the Princess May, whose melancholy position has excited sympathy so wide and so keen, stands last, and that, had she become Duchess of Clarence, she would have been at once elevated from the last to the second place in the list:

THE DESCENDANTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA RANGE AS FOLLOWS:

1. The Prince of Wales, son.

Children of the Prince of Wales:

2. Prince George, grandson.
3. Duchess of Fife, granddaughter.

Grandchild of the Prince of Wales:

4. The Lady Alexandra Duff, great-granddaughter.

Children of the Prince of Wales:

5. Princess Victoria of Wales, granddaughter.
6. Princess Maud of Wales, granddaughter.
7. The Duke of Edinburgh, son. *Second son of Queen Victoria.*

Children of Duke of Edinburgh:

8. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, grandson.
9. Princess Marie of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
10. Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
11. Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
12. Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, granddaughter.
13. The Duke of Connaught, son. *Third son of Queen Victoria.*

Children of Duke of Connaught:

14. Prince Arthur of Connaught, grandson.
15. Princess Margaret of Connaught, granddaughter.
16. Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, granddaughter.

Children of Queen Victoria's 4th son, Duke of Albany, who died 1884:

17. The Duke of Albany, grandson.
18. Princess Alice of Albany, granddaughter.
19. The Empress Frederick of Germany, daughter. *Princess Royal of England.*

20. The German Emperor, grandson. *Grandson of Queen Victoria.*

Children of German Emperor:

21. The Crown Prince of Prussia, great-grandson.

22. Prince William Frederick of Prussia, great-grandson.

Children of German Emperor:

23. Prince Adalbert of Prussia, great-grandson.

24. Prince August of Prussia, great-grandson.

25. Prince Oscar of Prussia, great-grandson.

26. Prince Joachim Franz Humbert of Prussia, great-grandson.

27. Prince Henry of Prussia, grandson. *Brother of German Emperor.*

28. Prince Waldemar of Prussia, great-grandson. *Son of Prince Henry.*

29. The Hereditary Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen granddaughter of Queen Victoria, sister of German Emperor.

30. Princess Fedora of Saxe-Meiningen, grandaughter of Queen Victoria, daughter of Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen.

31. Princess Victoria of Prussia, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and sister of German Emperor.

32. The Crown Princess of Greece, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and sister of German Emperor.

33. Prince George of Greece, great-grandson of Queen Victoria and son of Crown Princess of Greece.

34. Princess Margaretta of Prussia, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and sister of German Emperor.

35. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of her second daughter, Princess Alice.

36. Princess Louis of Battenberg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of the late Princess Alice.

37. Princess Victoria Alice of Battenberg, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Louis of Battenberg.

38. Princess Louise Alexandra of Battenberg, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Louis of Battenberg.

39. The Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of the late Princess Alice of England.

40. Prince Henry of Prussia, wife of No. 27, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Alice.

41. Princess Victoria Alice Helena of Hesse, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Alice.

42. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, third daughter of Queen Victoria.

43. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Christian.

44. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Christian.

45. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Christian.

46. Princess Franziska of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Christian.

47. The Marchioness of Lorne, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria.

48. Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, fifth daughter of Queen Victoria.

49. Prince Alexander Albert of Battenberg, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Beatrice.

50. Prince Leopold of Battenberg, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Beatrice.

51. Prince Donald of Battenberg, grandson of Queen Victoria, and son of Princess Beatrice.

52. Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and daughter of Princess Beatrice.

DESCENDANTS OF KING GEORGE III.

53. The Duke of Cumberland, great-grandson.

54. Prince George of Cumberland, great-great-grandson.

55. Prince Christian of Cumberland, great-great-grandson.

56. Prince Ernest of Cumberland, great-great-grandson.

57. Princess Mary of Cumberland, great-granddaughter.

58. Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, great-great-granddaughter.

59. Princess Olga of Cumberland, great-great-granddaughter.

60. Princess Fredrica of Hanover, Baroness von Pawel Rammingen, great-grandaughter.

61. Princess Mary Ernestina of Hanover, great-granddaughter.

62. The Duke of Cambridge, grandson.

63. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, granddaughter.

64. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, great-grandson.

65. Prince Frederick George of Mecklenburg, great-grandson.

66. Princess Victoria Mary of Mecklenburg, great-granddaughter.

67. Princess Augusta of Mecklenburg, great-granddaughter.

68. The Duchess of Teck, granddaughter.

69. Prince Adolphus of Teck, great-grandson.

70. Prince Francis of Teck, great-grandson.

71. Prince Alexander of Teck, great-grandson.

72. Princess May, great-granddaughter.

There are, therefore, 52 princely personages in the direct line of succession as descendants of the Queen, twenty more being descendants of George III, who come in as collateral heirs. It does not, of course, follow that if the Crown of England were inherited by the German Emperor (and stranger things than that have happened in the chequered history of Royal successions), or, still more unlikely, by the Duke of Cumberland, either the one or the other would be allowed to wear it. The first eventually, is improbable, and the second, humanly speaking, is impossible. But it is a curious fact that there is at this moment practically only one life—that of Prince George—between a Commoner and the Throne. A repetition of the terrible calamity of January 14th would make the Lady Alexandra Duff heiress presumptive, once removed, to the Throne; although she might, of course, be set aside at any moment by the birth of a son to the Duchess of Fife. As I said above, the possibility of a Commoner mounting the Throne is apparently regarded with alarm by a number of persons in whom the historical sense is not strong. But when we remember that the crystallization of Royalty into an exclusive caste is, in England, a good deal less than two hundred years old, there is nothing either very new or very

strange in the possibility. Lady Jane Grey was a Commoner; so was Lady Margaret Beaufort, the mother of Henry VII, and the last Lady Knight of the Garter. Queen Anne and Queen Mary II were daughters of a Commoner mother and the granddaughters of a self-made man. There is nothing alarming in the possibility—which we all trust that Providence may avert—of the Duke of Fife becoming a Royal consort. He is himself a great-grandson of William IV, and his children will consequently possess a Royal descent from both the present and the last occupant of the Throne.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, brother-in-law to Her Majesty the Queen, may be said to be one of her pet aversions.

It is difficult to imagine any more striking contrast than that which existed between him and his younger brother, the late Prince Consort of Great Britain.

The latter's conduct was beyond reproach, and so blameless that it won for him the name of "Albert the Good."

The elder brother is noted throughout Germany for his drinking propensities, and for his fondness for the society of ladies of questionable reputation.

Indeed, there are few wives of any of the sovereigns now reigning who have been subjected to more constant abuse, neglect, and infidelity than Duchess Alexandriana, who is a sister of the reigning Duke of Baden.

It was about a couple of years ago that the Duke openly quarreled with his nephew and heir, the Duke of Edinburgh, owing to the Duchess of Edinburgh's refusal to invite to one of her entertainments a couple of ladies who were on terms of too marked intimacy with Duke Ernest.

The latter stormed and raged, urging that his two fair

THE MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD.

friends should be invited. The Duchess of Edinburgh, however, who has all the obstinacy of her brother the Czar, refused to accede to his demands, and for more than a year the Edinburghs were not on speaking terms with their uncle of Saxe-Coburg.

Recently, however, there has been a reconciliation between them, but Queen Victoria absolutely declines to have anything to do with her brother-in-law, who has offended her, not only in this matter, but also by his mode of life, and by his unauthorized publication of a number of confidential letters which the Prince Consort addressed to him on English political affairs. His publication of these letters was a source of immense embarrassment and annoyance to the Queen.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has played a very important *rôle* in international politics. The wife of the least popular of all Queen Victoria's children, occupying an altogether subordinate position among the members of the British Royal family, since she is forced to yield the "pas" even to Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, and possessed of no personal beauty or charm, she has nevertheless succeeded in acquiring an influence over European politics, which has produced a complete and most beneficial change of their hitherto clouded aspect.

In the first place, she has utilized her relationship to the Czar, whose only sister she is, to bring about a relaxation of the tension between Germany and Russia, and it was her influence alone that led the Muscovite ruler to atone for his past discourtesy to the Emperor William by visiting the latter at Kiel.

It is the Duchess to whom belongs the credit of having negotiated the marriage between the Crown-Prince of Rou-

mania and her eldest daughter, Marie—a matrimonial alliance that will contribute more than anything else to the peaceful settlement of the ever-smoldering Eastern question.

For a long time the Czar declined to give his consent to the marriage of his favorite niece to the Roumanian heir apparent, who is a member of the Prussian House of Hohenzollern, but at last he yielded to his sister's arguments and signified his approval of the match.

The latter gives universal satisfaction, and is regarded as a powerful guarantee of peace in connection with the Balkan difficulty. It invests the Court of Bucharest with ties of close and intimate relationship with that of Russia and of Great Britain, which cannot fail to impart strength and solidity to the hitherto perilous Roumanian throne.

It also pleases the Roumanian people, who being of the orthodox Greek faith, are glad to find in their future Queen a Princess of the same Church. For, while the sons of the Duke of Edinburgh are brought up as Protestants, his daughters, according to the terms of the marriage contract, are educated as members of the Greek Church.

The principal danger to which the Roumanian throne has hitherto been exposed is that of Russian invasion, and the entire resources of the kingdom have been devoted toward putting the country in a fit state of defense. Henceforth this menace will not exist, since the Czar, more than any one else, will be interested in the welfare of his favorite niece, the future Queen of Roumania.

Princess Marie of Edinburgh is by far the prettiest of the Queen's granddaughters, though Princess Maud of Wales runs her very close in point of looks. She has been very carefully and strictly brought up under the supervision of the

Duchess, who is certainly an excellent mother. She is accomplished in many ways, is an excellent linguist, and a good musician. Her study of Russian will help her with the Roumanian tongue, which is near akin to Russian. In personal appearance she takes after her father, whereas her two sisters rather favor the Duchess.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is a woman of remarkable strength of mind and common sense. The expression of her features is not pleasant, as it gives one an impression both of sulkiness, bad temper, and arrogance. But she is really a very kind woman at heart, and when among her intimate friends, simplicity itself.

That she is very fond of England and of the English, it would be idle to assert. As the only daughter of the late Czar, and his favorite child, she had been spoiled in the most extraordinary manner, and, owing to the delicate health of her mother, she occupied, until her marriage, the Empress's place at all the Court ceremonies and functions in Russia.

When, therefore, she came to England and found herself relegated to almost the tail-end of the Royal family there, and regarded with public ill-will by reason of her husband's excessive unpopularity, she naturally felt both disappointed and dissatisfied.

The only persons of the English Royal family with whom she is able to get along well are the Princess of Wales, who is full of kindly attentions and affectionate deference toward her, and her mother-in-law, the Queen.

The Duchess, indeed, is the sole member of the British Royal family over whom Her Majesty does not attempt to domineer. With her other children the old lady is exceedingly imperious, and, in her double capacity of mother and

sovereign, orders them about in the most despotic manner, exacting implicit and unswerving obedience.

The Duchess, however, assumes a very independent attitude toward her, does not permit herself to be bullied, and answers her Royal mother-in-law in the latter's own fashion, giving her, so to speak, a taste of her own medicine.

The result is that "Marie," as she is called by her relatives, enjoys an altogether extraordinary consideration at Windsor, and her portrait is the only one which adorns the walls of the Queen's private breakfast room, which looks out on the great quadrangle.

The Duchess, who does not like the free-and-easy way of the British people toward their Royalty, spends as little time in England as possible. She makes her home in the beautiful castle of Rosenau, near Coburg, a country of which she will become the reigning Duchess on the death of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The Duchess keeps all her effects at Rosenau, where she is surrounded by a little court and treated with an immense amount of honor and consideration. Her husband, however, makes his headquarters in the Royal palace, known as Clarence House, which has been assigned to him by the Queen as his London residence. It is there that he keeps his valuable collection of barbaric weapons, hunting trophies, glass, and rare porcelain.

True, the Duke has never given rise by his conduct to any matrimonial scandal. But he is blest with an abominable temper, the most glaring want of tact, and has lost much of that comeliness which caused the Grand Duchess Marie to fall in love with him, and to persist in marrying him notwithstanding the objections made by his relatives.

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The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, is probably the most popular man of the Royal family. A great deal of good-natured fun is poked at him by the press, but, notwithstanding this, there is no doubt that he is more in touch with the English public than any of the others. He is a fine, tall old man, with white mustache and whiskers, white hair and very florid face. His manner is frank, bluff, and hearty, his grasp of the hand honest, and his whole being inspires good-will and sympathy. He is noted for the picturesque character of his language, which is almost as highly colored as his complexion. His oaths are strange and awe-inspiring, and his temper being exceedingly short, they are somewhat frequent. His remarks during an inspection of troops when everything is not in first-rate condition are of a nature to be remembered. With all that he is very kind of heart, and his anger, though violent, is quickly over.

Born about two months before his cousin, Queen Victoria, he spent most of his youth in Germany, first of all at Hanover, where his father acted as British viceroy until it was converted into an independent kingdom in 1837, and afterward at Berlin. The result is that his English, like that of the Queen and her children, is distinguished by a strong and gutteral Teutonic accent. That is, however, about the only German thing about him, for in everything else he is English to the very core.

He will leave no heirs to his name, for I regret to say that his children are not legitimate. In his early days he was the hero of many love affairs, being gay, dashing, brilliant, and, above all, a Royal Prince. He was fortunate enough to succeed in keeping his name out of the divorce court, and

never permitted himself to become incriminated in any public scandal.

His *affaires de cœur* culminated in a marriage with a Dublin actress, which ceremony, being unsanctioned by the Queen, was, in the eyes of the law, null and void, for the English statute-book, prescribes that no marriage of a member of the British Royal family shall be regarded as valid unless specially authorized by the sovereign.

After his marriage, the Duke George settled down and remained true to his actress-wife until her death a couple of years ago. She did not live with him at his residence at Gloucester House, Picadilly, but in a smaller mansion, in an adjacent street, where he has wont to visit her every day, and to take at least one meal. At his country residence, at Coombe, near Wimbledon, where he possesses a large estate, they lived together as husband and wife, she being known by the name of Mrs. Fitz George, which is the patronymic borne by her five children. Two of these are girls, both of them now married; while the other three are sons, one in the navy and the others in the army. They are very popular, both in military and social circles, and one or the other is always in attendance on the old Duke.

Mrs. Fitz George was altogether unknown to society, and was a very simple-minded, worthy lady, perfectly contented to remain entirely in the background. The only person besides herself who shared the Duke's attentions was his mother, the venerable Duchess of Cambridge, who died within a few months after the death of her plebeian daughter-in-law. The Duke was the most dutiful of sons to her, and never allowed a single day to pass when in town without going around to St. James's Palace, where she resided, to spend an

hour in retailing to her the gossip of the town, in which she, to the very last, displayed a most extraordinary interest. She was a wonderful old lady, a German Princess by birth, and at the age of fourteen witnessed from the terrace of her father's chateau the retreat of Napoleon I after his defeat at the battle of Leipzig.

The Duke distinguished himself by his personal gallantry, though not by his generalship, in the Crimean war, where his conduct presented a marked contrast with that of Prince Napoleon, and where he won for himself a considerable amount of popularity among the British soldiers. It is this popularity which causes them to close their eyes to his idiosyncrasies and mannerisms, such as, for instance, when he undertakes to review them seated on horseback in full war paint, and holding an umbrella over his head to shield him from the rain. In fact, this led to his being named the "Umbrella Duke."

Whenever his cousin, the Queen, has hinted to him that he has reached the age appointed by the statutes for the retirement of her officers from active service, he has invariably responded by suggesting that he was still quite as capable of performing the duties in connection with the Commander-in-Chief of the army as she was to fulfill her duties as Queen of England! In claiming that his faculties are unimpaired by age, he is not far wrong, for, never having been very brilliant or remarkable for the penetration of his mind, his senility has not yet become very conspicuous, and the evidences of his age are limited to his falling asleep after dinner, and sometimes even during the meal, when his head is apt to slip on the shoulder of the lady to his right or left, and the conversation to be temporarily hushed by a snore of Royal and Georgian proportions.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

IV.

AMONG other picturesque and ornamental features of Queen Victoria's Court are her two body-guards, the one composed of pensioned Colonels and Majors, with distinguished service records, who are entitled the "Gentlemen-at-Arms," whilst the other is recruited from non-commissioned officers, and its members are known by the name of the "Yeomen of the Guard," the public, however, for some reason or other, designating them as "Beefeaters."

A yeoman usher and a party of yeomen now compose the Guard that attends in the Great Chamber on Levee days and Drawing-Room days, their office being to keep the passage clear, that the nobility who frequent the Court may pass without inconvenience. The usher is posted at the head of the room, close by the door leading into the Presence Chamber, to whom, when persons of a certain distinction enter from the stairs, the lowermost yeoman next to the entrance of the Chamber calls aloud, "Yeoman Usher!" to apprise him of such approach. To this the Usher makes answer by audibly crying, "Stand by!" to warn all indifferent persons to leave the passage clear.

The Captain of the "Yeomen of the Guard," who is invariably a Peer of the Realm, and who changes with each administration, receives a salary of $5,000. He is *ex-officio* a member of the Privy Council, wears, like other officers of the

corps, a military uniform, and carries an ebony baton tipped with gold as his badge of office.

The Lieutenant of the "Yeomen of the Guard" receives $2,500 per annum, and his baton is only mounted in silver instead of being mounted in gold. Then again there is an Ensign, enjoying a salary of $750 per annum, although there does not exist the smallest evidence that the Corps ever possessed either banner or standard. Like the Lieutenant, the Ensign bears an ebony baton mounted in silver. Then there are four Exempts, Exons, or Corporals, and these gentlemen command in the absence of the Lieutenant or Ensign, one of them sleeping at St. James' Palace, as Commandant of the Yeomen on duty, a thing which no other officer of the Corps does, and having in this way a delegated authority, which he exercises in the absence of his superior officer.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms, when instituted by Henry VIII, were intended to be recruited from a higher class of his subjects than the "Yeomen of the Guard." Avowedly, like many similar corps in other Courts, an imitation of the "Gentlemen of the French King's House," a body composed almost entirely of young grandees, the members of the new guard were to be "chosen of gentlemen, not that to be commen and extracte of Noble Blood."

All the Captains have been noblemen of high rank, and the present corps is composed entirely of ex-commissioned officers of distinction. For a long time the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard were the only standing forces tolerated in the Kingdom. In those days they figured in all ceremonials—marriages, coronations, and funerals. They received Ambassadors, and escorted foreign Princes on visits to the Sovereign, *et militare runt non sine gloria*, for they

were at the seige of Boulogne, the Battle of Spurs, and on other battle-fields of France.

When the Queen came to the Throne only three of the Guard were old soldiers, though all of them bore the courtesy title of "Captain," and in precedence ranked immediately after Privy Councillors. The Corps now contains over 40 members, every one of whom has served with more or less distinction, and perhaps at no period in its history has the ancient Guard reached a higher social standard.

One of the most peculiar offices in connection with the Royal household is that of the "Queen's Champion," which is held by the Hon. F. S. Dymoke, by right of inheritance.

The "Champion of England," for that is his official title, only appears once during the reign of a British Monarch—namely, at the coronation. While the coronation banquet is in progress, which has hitherto always taken place in Westminster Hall, the Champion enters on horseback, arrayed from head to foot in steel armor, and with closed visor.

Raising the visor, he challenges all comers to deny the title of the sovereign, and offers, if necessary, to fight them on the spot. It is needless to add that no one is ever found to take up the gauntlet which he casts down on the floor. A golden goblet full of wine is then handed to him, which he drains to the health of the monarch, after which he backs his charger from the Royal presence, carrying with him the magnificently chased golden goblet as his perquisite.

The office is a very ancient one, and is popularly supposed to have been instituted by William the Conqueror, who conferred it upon Robert de Marmion, with the Castle of Tamworth and the Manor of Scrivelsby. At the coronation of Richard II the office was claimed by Sir John Dymoke, of

Scrivelsby Manor, and Baldwin de Trevill, of Tamworth Castle. It was finally decided that the title of Champion of England went with the Manor of Scrivelsby, and belonged to Sir John Dymoke, in whose family it has remained until the present day. Should Mr. Dymoke die, it will be his nearest male relative who will inherit the manor and office.

Her Majesty's footmen are exceedingly imposing and superb. They used, however, to be somewhat more exalted personages than they are now. Early in the Queen's reign the salary of the Royal footman was $550 a year, with a possible rise to the rank of a Senior footman with $600 a year. This was not, it may be thought, very splendid, but the dignity of the service, and the fact that it was always followed by a pension, and sometimes led to higher rank, rendered it attractive to stalwart members of the respectable middle class on the lookout for a career. Moreover, there were perquisites—bread and beer money, for instance—amounting to $70 a year. Besides this, a footman sent on a journey, however short, would have six shillings a day for refreshment. All that, however, was in the good days before the besom Reform swept out the Queen's establishment, when Prince Albert was in the prime of his vigor. Nowadays even so gorgeous a gentleman as the Queen's footman has to begin with a modest $250 a year, which in course of time may expand to $400, but no further. Perquisites, too, have been abolished or curtailed. There is an allowance of six guineas and a half for hair-powder, bag, and stockings; but, sad to say, each man has to find his own blacking and boot-brushes, and to pay for his own washing. A suit of State livery is said to cost $650. They are rarely used, and of course rarely renewed. When they are renewed, however, the old garments become the

perquisites of the wearers, and the gold lace upon them is, of course, of considerable value. The Queen has fifteen footmen, and one sergeant-footman with a salary of $650 a year. Formerly the sergeant-footmen or one of the six senior footmen was often promoted to the position of Page of the Presence or of a Queen's Messenger, either of which was worth $1,500, or $2,000 a year. But this practice has gone the way of most of the perquisites, and the position of a Royal footman is no longer sought for as it used to be, though, of course, there are plenty who would be glad to get it. But there are corresponding positions in less exalted households in which a well-built young man, with the necessary development of calf, who aspires to become a footman, may do better for his fortunes than in the service of the Crown.

Next to Her Majesty's footmen, the State trumpeters are among the most popular of functionaries on all great occasions. There are eight of them, with a sergeant at their head. They form part of the State band, which, distinct from Her Majesty's private band, is only called upon on important occasions. As in the case of the footmen, their gorgeous raiment, their silver trumpets, and their stately demeanor might suggest to the uninitiated dignitaries of large emoluments, if not of exalted rank. Their sergeant gets $500 a year, and each of the eight minor musicians $200, though there are, in addition, fees paid to each of them on each occasion of their performing in public.

From footmen and trumpeters to pursuivants, heralds, and kings-at-arms is a great stride up the social and ceremonial ladder. These functionaries have both a popular and historical interest. Their quaintly gorgeous costumes always attract attention on State occasions, and their undoubted an-

tiquity and mysterious functions—their declarations of war and of peace, their announcements at coronations, and their solemn annunciations of titles and dignities over illustrious graves—all tend to invest them with a curious interest in the eyes of all beholders.

The heralds must be gentlemen "skilled in the ancient and modern languages, good historians, and conversant in the genealogies of the nobility and gentry." The direct emoluments of the office are trivial. But it is their function "to grant coats armorial and supporters to the same to such as are properly authorized to bear them; where no armorial arms are known to belong to the party applying for the grant they invent devices and emblazon them in the most applicable manner, so as to reflect credit upon their own fertility of knowledge, and to afford satisfaction to the wearer." They are, of course, entitled to more liberal fees than fall to the lot of most inventors, and, moreover, they are the great sources of the genealogical lore. Pursuivants, heralds, and kings-at-arms are under the Earl-Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, and, indeed, are now created by him. Formerly when kings-at-arms were more important functionaries than they are now, they were crowned veritable kings by the sovereign himself. They go through the same ceremony of installation now, but it is performed by the Earl-Marshal, by Royal warrant. Upon this occasion the chosen functionary takes his oath, wine is poured out of a gilt cup with a cover, his title is pronounced, and he is invested with a tabret of the Royal arms richly embroidered upon velvet, a collar of SS, with two portcullises of silver gilt, a gold chain, with a badge of his office. Then the Earl-Marshal places on his head a crown of a king-of-arms, which formerly resembled a ducal

coronet; but since the Restoration it has been adorned with leaves resembling those of the oak, and circumscribed according to ancient customs with the words, "*Miserere mei Deus secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.*"

Garter has also a mantle of crimson satin as an officer of the order, and a white rod or sceptre with the sovereign's arms upon the top, which he bears in the presence of the sovereign. There are three kings-at-arms. Garter is King-at-arms of England, Clarencieux is king of the province south of the Trent, and Norroy is king of the northern provinces. The heralds go through an initiatory ceremony as the kings, except the crowning. They are all military and civil officers, and in token of this they are all sworn on sword and Bible.

The office of Earl-Marshal is among the highest and oldest. He is the eighth great officer of State, and is the only Earl who is an Earl by virtue of his office.

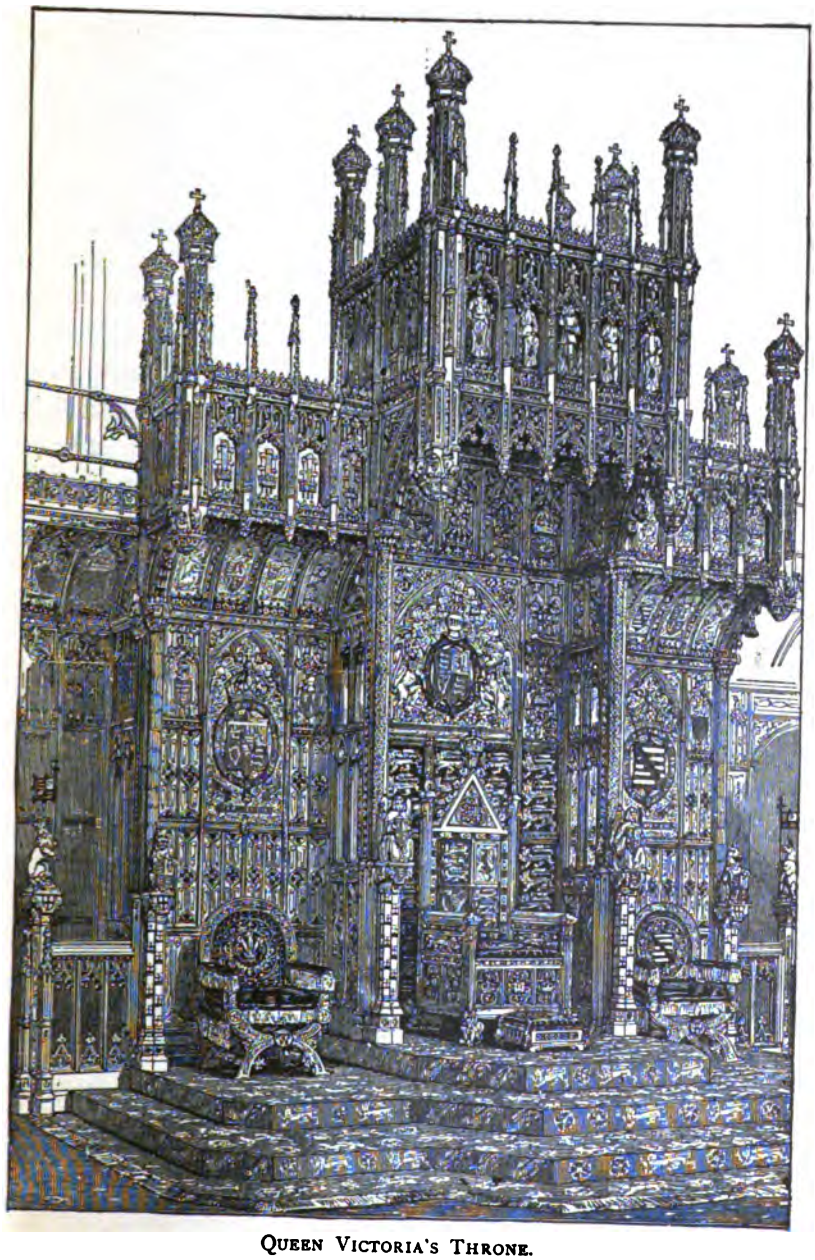
The Lord Steward is another holder of a slip from the sceptre. He has a white wand as an emblem of his authority under the Crown. He is supposed to have the sole direction of the Queen's household, and receives $10,000 a year, though except on State occasions he is not required at Court, the practical functions of his office being discharged by the resident master of the household. The Queen's establishments, however, excepting only the chamber, stables, and chapel, are supposed to be under his entire control. All his commands are to be obeyed, and he has power to hold courts for the administration of justice, and for settling disputes between the Queen's servants. The Lord Steward always bears his white wand when in the presence of the sovereign, and on all ceremonial occasions when the sovereign is not present the wand is borne before him by a footman walking bare-

headed. He takes this symbol of delegated power directly from the sovereign's hand, and has no other formal grant of office. On the death of the monarch the Lord Steward breaks his wand of office over the corpse, and his functions are at an end, and all the officers of the Royal household are virtually discharged.

The principal throne of Queen Victoria is in the House of Lords. It is elevated on a dais, the central portion having three, and the sides two steps, covered with a carpet of the richest velvet pile. The ground color of the carpet is a bright scarlet, and the pattern on it consists of roses and lions, alternately. A gold-colored fringe borders the carpet.

The canopy to the Throne is divided into three apartments, the central one, much loftier than the others, for Her Majesty, that on the right hand for the Prince of Wales, and on the left that which used to be Prince Albert's. The back of the central compartment is paneled in the most exquisite manner. The three lowest tiers have the lions passant of England, carved and gilded on a red ground, and above them in a wide panel, arched, and enriched with dainty carvings, are the Royal arms of England, surrounded by the Garter, with its supporters, helmet and crest, and an elaborate mantling forming a rich and varied background. The motto, "*Dieu et Mon Droit*," is on a horizontal band of deep blue tint. In small panels, traceried, parallel with the large arched one, are roses, shamrocks, and thistles, clustered together, and crowned; and above them, in double arched panels, the Royal monogram, crowned and interwoven by a cord, are introduced.

The Crown Jewels of Great Britain are kept at the Tower of London, and are entrusted to the care of the "Keeper of the Regalia." The office dates back to the reign of King



QUEEN VICTORIA'S THRONE.

Charles II, when Colonel Blood attempted to steal the Royal crown, and the holder thereof ranks *ex-officio* with the first Knight Bachelor of the Kingdom.

It may be of interest to the many American visitors to the Tower to learn that there is no foundation for the popular belief that the crown, the orb, and the other symbols of Royalty borne before the Queen on State occasions are merely imitations of the originals. This belief, however, is not one of long standing, and it may possibly have originated in the fact that some years ago a noble duke, to whom had been entrusted the proud and much envied privilege of carrying the crown on a cushion before the sovereign, accidentally dropped it. This was considered at the time an occurrence of ill-omen, especially as one of the famous stones was forced out of its setting by the fall and rolled upon the floor. It is the genuine Crown which is always taken to the House of Parliament and brought back to the Tower in one of the Royal carriages, escorted by Tower warders and by a strong force of mounted police.

The civil list which the Queen receives from Parliament amounts to $3,000,000, out of which she pays the salaries of the Royal Household, amounting to over $1,000,000. The Prince of Wales receives from the State an annual income of $500,000 and his wife $50,000 per annum. In addition to this, the Prince of Wales receives another $200,000 from the State for the use of his children. Each of the younger sons of the Queen receives from the State an allowance of $125,000 per annum, while Her Majesty's daughters have to remain content with allowances of $30,000 per annum. In addition to this, Queen Victoria's daughters have each received from the State a dowry of $150,000 at the time of

their marriage. All the vast Crown domains which formerly belonged to the reigning family were surrendered to the National Government during the reign of Queen Victoria's uncle, King George IV. The Queen's private property is far smaller than generally supposed and her landed property limited in extent.

The Jewel-house contains all the crown jewels of England, inclosed in an immense case. Prominent among them is the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, at the expense of about $600,000. Among the profusion of diamonds is the large ruby worn by the Black Prince, mentioned above; the crown made for the coronation of Charles II; the crown of the Prince of Wales, and that of the late Prince Consort; the crown made for the coronation of James II's Queen; also her ivory sceptre. The coronation spoon, and bracelets and royal spurs, swords of Mercy and Justice, are among the other jewels. Here, too, is the silver-gilt baptismal font, in which is deposited the christening water for the Royal children, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, the present property of Queen Victoria, and the object of such interest at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851. It formerly belonged to Runjeet Singh, chief of Lahore, and was called the "Mountain of Light," and its value is untold.

The Queen's two railway saloons for Continental journeys, which are the private property of Her Majesty, and which are kept at Brussels, at the Gare du Nord, are connected by a passage, and are fitted with electric bells, and lighted with oil lamps, as the Queen does not like the electric light for reading or writing. The day saloon is furnished with sofas, arm-chairs of various kinds, and foot-stools, all covered with blue silk, with fringes and tassels of yellow. The walls are

hung with blue and pearl-gray silk, brocaded with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in yellow. There is a writing-table of walnut-wood, two small tables, and one large one, on which meals are served during a journey. The floor is covered with an Indian carpet of dark blue, and the curtains are blue and white. There is a separate compartment in front for the Queen's Highland attendant, Francis Clark, the successor of John Brown.

The night saloon is a larger carriage, and it is divided into several compartments. The dressing-room is decorated in Japanese style, and the floor is covered with bamboo. There is a white metal bath, and the toilet service and large basins on the washstand (which is covered with dark morocco leather) are of the same material. The bed-room is decorated in gray and light brown, and contains two beds, the largest of which is occupied by the Queen. There is another compartment, in which is stored away the luggage needed by the Queen during the journey, and two maids occupy it, and sleep on sofas.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.
V.

IF the chivalrous and knightly character of the Austrian Emperor reminds one of ancient rather than modern times, that of the Prince of Wales, on the other hand, must be regarded as thoroughly in keeping with the present age. England's future King is exceedingly what the French describe as "*fin de siecle*" (end of the century), whereas Francis Joseph would be set down by many as an old-fashioned man. The one is the knight of the Round-Table epoch, the other the gentleman of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and possessing all the merits and a few of the vices of the English club-man of to-day.

That the Prince is quite as fully imbued as others with the sacred character of Royalty is clearly to be seen from the harsh and cutting manner in which he has resented his sister Louise's marriage to Lord Lorne and that of Princess Beatrice to the Hebrew-descended Henry of Battenberg. While, however, he loses no opportunity of making these two brothers-in-law of his feel the impassable gulf which separates his rank and station from theirs, he is most careful to conceal from the general public his opinions as to the divinity that hedges Kings and their offspring from the common herd. He possesses in the most marked degree that principal ingredient of power, influence and success, namely tact, and it is to this particular that he owes his widespread popularity.

I remember witnessing an amusing manifestation of this tact on the part of the Prince. The Right Honorable A.

Mundella, who was born in England as the son of an exiled Carbonari, held for many years the leadership of the extreme Radical—nay, I might almost say, the Republican Party in the Kingdom. He was a bitter foe of Royalty, and as member of Parliament for Sheffield was always the first to protest against money being granted to the members of the Sovereign's family. One autumn day the Prince and Princess of Wales happened to pass through Sheffield on their way to their Scotch castle at Abergeldie. Their train only halted for about ten minutes in the station—just long enough to change engines and to examine the wheels. But the Prince made good use of the time. Hearing that Mr. Mundella was on the platform of the station awaiting some friends, and that he was billed to deliver one of his usual inflammatory and almost revolutionary addresses in the afternoon, the Prince caused him to be summoned to the door of his saloon carriage. After shaking hands most heartily, he presented him to the Princess, who, following her husband's cue, was equally gracious to the Radical leader. The Prince thereupon exclaimed:

"I hear, my dear Mr. Mundella, that you are about to deliver one of your eloquent addresses to your constituents this afternoon. I do wish you would oblige both the Princess and myself by availing yourself of that opportunity to inform the good people of Sheffield how sorry we are not to be able to stay here for a few days on our way north, and that you would tell them with what pleasure we look back to the royal and enthusiastic demonstrations with which they welcomed us on the occasion of our last visit."

At that moment the engine whistled, the bell clanged and the royal train moved out of the station, leaving Mr. Mun-

THE PRINCE OF WALES
In Royal Attire.

della bowing low in response to the friendly smiles and waves of the hand of the Prince and Princess. That same afternoon he completely staggered his constituents by appearing in the guise of an emissary from Royalty, instead of that of its most bitter assailant. On rising to address the meeting, he began: "Gentlemen, I have been commissioned by their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to communicate to you the following gracious message," which he then proceeded to deliver in his most unctuous and sententious manner. After such an opening it was obviously out of the question to expect him to deliver his customary diatribes against Royalty, and, like Balaam of old, he blessed those whom he had been summoned to curse. From that date forth Mr. Mundella's political sentiments underwent a considerable change. The ex-factory boy became a frequent guest at Marlborough-House, and in a short time became so much reconciled to the doctrines of Royalty that he abandoned his hopes of a future Presidency of an eventual British Republic to become a Privy Councillor to the Queen. He has since held office as Cabinet Minister, and according to present appearances will die a rabid and bigoted Tory of the old school.

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited to illustrate the Prince's extraordinary tact. The latter is indeed one of the principal sources of his power in England. For although jealously debarred by his queenly mother from any active share in the Government of the nation, he wields a sovereignty of his own creation,—an extremely beneficial one in many respects—which is far more powerful and autocratic than hers. Its character is of a social nature, and he is able to decree either the social success or the social death of

any one that may attract his notice. A few quiet hints as to the fact that he objects to some particular individual is sufficient to cause the social ostracism of the latter, whereas a word of commendation from his lips is all that is needed to become a fair leader of society. It is he alone who has made the social position of the Rothschilds in London, and that, too, within the last fifteen years. Before that they were kept outside the pale of the social world, whereas now they are becoming its leaders. Baron Hirsch, the Hebrew millionaire, is another case in point. His financial dealings with the Sublime Porte and with other Governments were of so exceedingly unsavory a nature that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Orleans Princes to secure his election, he was blackballed by the Paris Jockey Club. The Prince, however, took him up a short time ago and pitchforked him into the whirlpool of London society, of which he has now become a shining light. The financier whose reputation was considered as being too shady to admit of his election to the Paris Jockey Club has been honored in London with the exceedingly rare privilege of the private *entree* at Buckingham Palace, and has blossomed forth into an honored guest, not only at Marlborough-House, but also at the mansions of men so exclusive as the Dukes of Richmond and Westminster, which the Prince frequents. I mention these cases to show the Prince's extraordinary social power, an autocracy which, all things considered, has been of a beneficent and fortunate nature. Good-natured almost to a fault, his otherwise sound judgment and common-sense become sometimes warped by the insidious influences of unworthy friends.

When his record comes to be written in the Great Book, I think that it will be found that the chief and almost only

wrong-doings of this most happy and pleasure-loving Prince will be on the score of bad companionship. It is, however, impossible to retain any notions as to the divine or sacred character of his Royalty when hearing of him as bandying witticisms of a rather *risqué* nature with sprightly French actresses, and absorbing a hearty midnight supper in some boulevard restaurant with a few boon companions. Moreover, it seems to me rather incongruous that right reverend fathers in God, such as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, should ever be called upon to kiss the hand which has a moment before clasped that of some frail queen of the opera bouffe; and rather than attempt to force myself to regard his jovial Royal Highness with the awe and veneration due to an anointed of the Lord, if not *in esse*, at any rate *in futuro*, I prefer to continue to consider him in the light of a warm-hearted friend, as an honorable and kindly gentleman in every sense of the word, and as a man whom, either as Prince or peasant, any one would be proud and happy to possess as a friend.

With traits of character such as these, it is only natural that he should be exceedingly popular with all classes. Indeed it is open to question whether the English people do not prefer the presence to the absence of his faults. For the latter are those of a generous, pleasure-loving nature, and without these "*petits vices*," as the French call them, he would run the risk of being regarded with the same disfavor as his father, the Prince Consort, whose blameless life and faultless character led to his being considered by the English people at large as something of a prig.

On the whole, they are right to view the faults of the Royal Welshman with indulgence. For, aside from the natural dis-

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

wrong-doings of this most happy and pleasure-loving Prince will be on the score of bad companionship. It is, however, impossible to retain any notions as to the divine or sacred character of his Royalty when hearing of him as bandying witticisms of a rather *risqué* nature with sprightly French actresses, and absorbing a hearty midnight supper in some boulevard restaurant with a few boon companions. Moreover, it seems to me rather incongruous that right reverend fathers in God, such as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, should ever be called upon to kiss the hand which has a moment before clasped that of some frail queen of the opera bouffe; and rather than attempt to force myself to regard his jovial Royal Highness with the awe and veneration due to an anointed of the Lord, if not *in esse*, at any rate *in futuro*, I prefer to continue to consider him in the light of a warm-hearted friend, as an honorable and kindly gentleman in every sense of the word, and as a man whom, either as Prince or peasant, any one would be proud and happy to possess as a friend.

With traits of character such as these, it is only natural that he should be exceedingly popular with all classes. Indeed it is open to question whether the English people do not prefer the presence to the absence of his faults. For the latter are those of a generous, pleasure-loving nature, and without these "*petits vices*," as the French call them, he would run the risk of being regarded with the same disfavor as his father, the Prince Consort, whose blameless life and faultless character led to his being considered by the English people at large as something of a prig.

On the whole, they are right to view the faults of the Royal Welshman with indulgence. For, aside from the natural dis-

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perfectly appalling. The very marked decline of that vice—which was formerly regarded as a peculiarly English failing—is due to the Prince of Wales. It is entirely owing to the influence of that social despot that hard drinking is no longer countenanced by society; and as in everything else so also in this the masses follow in the steps of the classes. Drunkenness is now regarded as being bad form in the banqueting halls of the Peer, as well as in the back parlor of the small shopkeeper, in the smoking-room of the crack London Clubs as in the café or barroom of the suburban "pub" or gin-mill.

Swearing and coarse language too have gone out of fashion. Neither Lord nor commoner deems it necessary any longer to preface every remark with an oath or to interlard each sentence with blood-curdling blasphemy. This change for the better is, like the decrease of hard drinking, attributable to the Prince of Wales. One of the very best features of the English people is the respect which they, one and all, manifest towards the ordinances of the Church. It may be that there is more conventionality than real heart-felt religion in the attitude of many of them, but be the motives and causes what they may, the result achieved is an excellent one. For regular attendance at church is certain to exercise an influence far more beneficial than injurious, and the moral tone of a nation which has been brought by its social autocrat to look upon this regular attendance at church as a *sine qua non* of respectability, cannot be considered otherwise than as healthy in the extreme. Now this church-going is but another instance of the potency of the Prince's influence. He makes a point of never missing to put in an appearance at church at least once every

Sunday. The classes have scrupulously followed his example in the matter, and so too again have the masses.

Anent this phase of the Prince's character nothing can be more amusing than to watch him when at Sandringham marshalling his guests off to church on Sunday morning. Shortly before eleven he will make his appearance in the hall, and chaffingly order everybody *nolens volens* to get ready for church. Those who happen to belong to the Catholic creed are sent off in carriages to King's-Lynn, while the Church of England people walk through the Park to the small but exceedingly pretty little church which the Prince had built on his Norfolk estate. He will invariably remain in the hall until he has seen the whole party off, and will then bring up the rear guard himself, keeping a sharp lookout for stragglers.

I do not desire to be regarded in any way as an apologist of the Prince—the kindest, most considerate and thoughtful of friends. For an apology always implies evil perpetrated. But I should like to show the Prince as he really is: I may claim to know something about him, much more probably than those who, without any personal or direct knowledge of the man, have so systematically blackened his reputation, both in speech and print. Among all those persons who are so especially ready to write and repeat stories of the Prince's profligacy and depravity there is very likely not a single one who has been personally acquainted with him, or who knew of his mode of life otherwise than by hearsay.

The best criterion of a man's character is furnished by his home life, and writing from personal experience I do not believe that in all the broad lands of old England, there exists a more unaffected, happy, and altogether charming home than that of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. There are

doubtless many country houses as luxurious and some more magnificent, but there is hardly another where so much comfort is united with such exquisite taste and refinement. It is the Prince himself who welcomes the arriving guests in the hall, and who, after taking you off to the Princess's room on the ground floor for refreshment in the shape of five o'clock tea, brings you upstairs himself to your room, in order to see that you have everything you want. Nor will he leave you until he has rung the bell and instructed one of the servants to specially attend to your wants and comforts. Dinner, which usually takes place at a number of small round tables, each laid for a party of six or eight at the very most, does not usually last more than an hour, for the Prince, although a great gourmet, hates long and overloaded menus. After the ladies have retired to the drawing rooms, the men remain to discuss a glass of claret and smoke a cigarette; then they join the ladies. At about midnight the latter withdraw, while the men accompany the Prince to the smoking and billiard rooms.

One of the favorite guests at Sandringham is the American Duchess of Manchester, whose infamous treatment by her late husband had aroused the sympathy of both the Prince and Princess in her behalf. Everything that both of them could possibly invent to brighten her unhappy lot was done, and I should imagine that some of the very best moments of her otherwise sorrowful life have been spent under the roof of her kind-hearted and considerate friends, the Prince and Princess of Wales. She is usually accompanied by one or more of her children. Children indeed, and young people in general, constitute one of the most attractive features of the house-parties at Sandringham, and the Prince is seen at his best when among them. I remember often silently wishing

that some of his calumniators could have the opportunity of watching him surrounded by a group of merry and affectionate children, in all of whose sports he is wont to join in the most boyish and unconstrained manner. For it is sufficient to banish from one's thoughts all unkindly feeling, as well as all belief in the stories which set him down as a selfish and heartless libertine. Children are proverbially the best judges of character, and in order to form an estimation of the manner in which the Prince is regarded by them, it is only necessary to hear with what degree of tenderness all his numerous nephews and nieces talk of "Uncle Bertie."

Another phase of the Prince's life which affords an indication of his character is his behavior to the Princess. I am fully aware that there are many, on both sides of the Atlantic, who regard Her Royal Highness with feelings of commiseration, and who look upon her as a woman deeply injured by the innumerable infidelities ascribed to the Prince. The pity of these sympathizers has been, however, altogether wasted, for I do not know of any couple who throughout thirty years of married life have maintained such intimate and loving relations to one another—relations which constitute the best refutation of all the calumnies circulated about the Prince. When at Sandringham, and at Marlborough-House, the Royal Couple invariably occupy the same room —a trivial bit of information, yet indicative of the feelings that exist between husband and wife. For it is manifest that had one-thousandth part of the stories about the Prince's depravity been true, the Princess, who is a woman of far more spirit than she is credited with, would never tolerate such intimacy.

Quite a number of these stories owe their origin to ladies

who desire to have their names coupled with his. It is perfectly impossible for any one who has not witnessed it to conceive the absolutely flagrant manner in which ladies, even of the highest rank, set their caps at him and hunt him down like a quarry. At balls, garden parties, race meetings, etc., the whole aim of the fair sex present is to have their presence noticed by the Heir Apparent, who, apart from his power as autocrat of English society, possesses the most gracious and winsome manner imaginable. He has the reputation, and justly so, of being an admirer of the fair sex, and hence the members of the latter are wont to put forth all their charms and wiles in attempts to obtain the privilege of basking in the Royal Sunshine. Nothing can be more entertaining than to watch one of these fair ones with cheeks flushed and eyes charged with magnetism, bending forward to the Prince. "No harm meant"—but they are prepared to go many lengths to obtain, and after that to retain the special favor and good will of the genial despot. The Prince, who is the essence of good nature, seldom repels these gushing demonstrations of the dame, and the result is that fresh stories are hinted forth to the effect that the Lady A, or Mrs. B, has become another victim of His Royal Highness's depravity.

Many persons on reading this will feel disposed to interrupt me with the remark, "But what about Lady Mordaunt?" In reply thereto I would merely draw their attention to the fact that the Prince declining to avail himself of his legal immunities and privileged station voluntarily entered the witness box, submitted both to examination and cross-examination by counsel, and was finally acquitted by a jury composed of his countrymen. Like many members of London society, he is on terms of friendship with Lady Mordaunt as well as

with her sisters, the Countess of Dudley, the Duchess of Athole, and Lady Forbes. In consequence of the etiquette which prohibits the presence of any other visitors during a Royal afternoon call, the Prince generally saw Lady Mordaunt alone, and hence had peculiar difficulty in justifying himself. He was placed in an exceptionally painful position from which he issued with flying colors and increased popularity.

While on the subject of the Prince's appearance before Courts of Justice, it may be as well to say a few words concerning the circumstances which led to his only other *acte de presence* in the witness box. Of course, I refer to the much-discussed baccarat scandal. While it is quite possible and even probable that the unfortunate and impardonable behavior of the Wilson family in the matter was prompted by a malice and a hatred towards Sir William Gordon Cumming, which prevented them from acting with either discretion, tact or hospitality in the affair, it is altogether a mistake to waste any sympathy upon the Baronet. But few people are aware of the fact that when the charge of cheating at cards brought against him first became known, his brother officers of the Scots Guards Regiment met together and offered him to form themselves into a private and non-official Court of Inquiry. They added that the honor of the Regiment was at stake and that on this ground as well as on that of old comradeship they were anxious that he should furnish them with means of convincing all others of their firm belief in his innocence, thus enabling each officer of the corps to become a champion of his (Gordon Cumming's) cause, and of his honor. Notwithstanding their assurance that the inquiry should be conducted with entire secrecy and not as an official investigation, but as

a private endeavor on the part of a number of good and true fellows to get a friend out of a scrape into which he had become involved by signing the promise never to play cards again. Sir William declined the offer. It was then, and then only, that his fellow-officers and former friends cut loose from him, for his refusal was equivalent to a confession of guilt. Moreover, I doubt whether many women will continue to feel sympathy for him when they learn that his habit of bragging about his gallantries and his liaisons had led to his being dubbed in London with the significant nickname of "William Tell."

Far from ever being guilty of disloyalty to a friend—a charge which was brought against him in connection with Sir William Gordon Cumming, the Prince's one great fault throughout his life has been that his loyalty has led him to cling to friends that have proved themselves unworthy of the honor, and to persist in closing his eyes to the shortcomings on their part that were patent to everybody else. No man that I have ever known has stuck more closely and loyally to his friends, a fact in itself sufficient to win for him the good will of every one possessed of proper feeling. Every member of his large household, from Lords-in-waiting and equerries, down to the very lowest stable-help and under-gardener, has been in his employ for ten, twenty, and in more than one case even thirty years. Few people who enter the service of the Prince either care or are forced to leave it, save only when they cover themselves with terrible disgrace, such as in the altogether exceptional case of Lord Arthur Somerset.

The Prince of Wales when he comes to the throne will be an ideal constitutional Sovereign, far more so even than Queen Victoria, for whereas the latter has repeatedly manifested her

very strong preferences for the Tories, the Prince has never throughout his long career furnished the slightest indication as to his political inclinations. Neither his friends and acquaintances, nor yet the public, have the remotest idea whether his tendencies are in the direction of the Conservatives or in that of the Liberals. Indeed no one can even boast of knowing how the Prince feels on the subject of Irish Home Rule. He displays just as much good-will, courtesy and attention towards Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, as towards Lord and Lady Salisbury, and not a birthday of the Grand Old Man has ever been permitted to pass by without his receiving a kindly telegram of good-will and congratulation from the Prince, whom the venerable Statesman, so often subjected to unmerited neglect by the Queen, must long to hail as King before called upon to intone his *Nunc Dimittis*. This extraordinary impartiality displayed by the Prince in all political matters—a characteristic in which he offers a most striking contrast to every other Prince of Wales who has ever stood on the steps of the Throne—must not be in any way ascribed to indifference, for the Heir Apparent is far too good and true a Briton, to remain unmoved or uninterested by the political questions of his day. There is no more familiar figure than his, seated in the Peer's Gallery whenever an important debate takes place in the House of Commons, and it is with every appearance of the most keen attention that he leans forward, his irreproachably gloved hands folded in one another, and resting on the balcony rail as he gazes down on the oftentimes tumultuous scene below. Moreover the Foreign Office in accordance with his request is wont to forward to Marlborough-House a copy of every despatch received or sent that is submitted to the Queen. There is every reason

to believe therefore that the Prince is quite as keen a politician as the majority of Englishmen, and under the circumstances the fact that he should have even in the moments of greatest popular excitement been able to maintain a demeanor so impassive that no one could discover the direction of his sentiments affords an extraordinary and striking illustration of his wonderful power of self-control, of his marvellous tact, and his altogether unparalleled obedience to that unwritten clause of the British Constitution which demands strict political impartiality on the part of the Sovereign either in *esse* or in *futuro*.

Throughout the last five and twenty years there has not been a single philanthropic or charitable enterprise of any importance which has not been indebted to the Prince of Wales for vital assistance, and in numerous cases for initiation. He renders charity and philanthropy fashionable, and many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been devoted by wealthy persons to good works in the knowledge that there was no surer road to the Prince's favor than unstinted and free-handed charity. It was with the object of pleasing the Prince that Sir Francis Cook, the London merchant, gave $200,000 towards the endowment of a home for girls attending the Royal College of Music, and it was with the same purpose in view that the great building contractor, Sir Thomas Lucas, constructed and presented a building worth another $200,000 for use as the home in question. Both men earned the Prince's good will, which took the form of a couple of Baronetcies. The number of hospitals which have been founded by the Heir Apparent, or which have been assisted by him either with direct donation or with appeals to the public, reaches over a hundred, and up to this time the Prince has

brought into life no less than forty Orphanages. Moreover, he is responsible, in a great measure, for the enormous development of the art of industry and trade which has followed the various national and international exhibitions held in Great Britain under the patronage, and in many cases, under the personal and active direction of the Heir Apparent. With such a record as the one which I have attempted to describe, it is impossible to do otherwise than to admit the claims of the Prince to have a place not alone in the hearts of his countrymen, but also in the history of the nation, His life, which may at first sight appear to superficial observers frivolous, useless, and altogether wasted in selfish pleasures, will now bear a different aspect in their eyes. Few men, and certainly no Princes, are able to have the consciousness of having done so much, both directly and indirectly, to improve the condition of their fellow-creatures—aye, and of the dumb animals as well. While no one will ever dream of attempting to canonize Albert Edward, and to include him in the list of more or less reputable Saints when he dies, I venture to assert that he will figure on the pages of the Great Book with far more good to his record than many a man with a greater reputation for Saintliness. The life of the Prince is an extremely useful one to his fellow-countrymen to whom he devotes it, and the benefits of his long work in their behalf are likely to endure, not alone in their hearts, but also in letters of gold on some of the brightest pages of the History of England.

More than any other Englishman, either in official or private life, is the Prince an advocate of the maintenance of the closest possible relations between Great Britain and the United States. His sentiments toward the latter seem to

have dated from the period of his visit to America. One of the most memorable incidents of this visit by-the-by was when he, the grandson of King George III, bowed his head in prayer before the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, and subsequently planted a tree in the adjoining ground for the purpose of commemorating his pilgrimage to that historic spot. No non-English people ever receive a more hearty welcome at Marlborough House than Americans, whom he prefers to regard not as foreigners but as kinsmen. Indeed, so marked is the predilection which he manifests for the society of Americans that his own subjects frequently allude to Marlborough House as the "Yankee Mecca."

A peculiarity of the Prince of Wales is the amazing fashion in which he keeps a clear head under the most trying circumstances. The following amusing account, of which the truth is vouched for, is given of the scene which took place with the Prince on the occasion of the earthquake along the Riviera.

It appears that His Royal Highness had come back in the early morning from a dance, and after a quiet half cigar on the balcony—the night was exquisite—had gone to bed and very soon fell asleep. The hotel was silent, as usual, the only sound upon the air being the distant rumble of the baggage-car on its way to the station, and the occasional wail of a *cor de chasse*, which some night-walking wretch down on the Promenade de la Croisette was fitfully and tipsily blowing. And then all of a sudden came the earthquake. Every room in the hotel groaned with its walls, creaked with its floor and rattled with its furniture. All the dogs in it howled together, and the noisy macaw in the manager's office screeched at the top of his voice. Then came a lull, as sudden as the disturb-

ance, and the smothered sound of many slippered feet and soft rustling dressing-gowns were hurrying along the corridors and down the marble stairs. And the Prince? At the first suggestion of danger his faithful equerry, Col. Clarke, bounded out of bed, and making his way across the smoking saloon knocked at the door of the Prince's bedroom:

"What's the matter?" asked a drowsy voice.

"There's an earthquake come, Sir," was the shouted reply.

"Then why didn't you send it away?" was the Royal answer.

"Won't you come outside, Sir?"

"Outside? No, certainly not. I'm in bed. Go away."

The equerry, his duty performed, followed the hurrying crowd out into the open air, under the deep blue sky and tranquil stars. After an hour of this peaceful scene, alarm died away and every one had returned to the hotel to dress when the second shock came, driving them all out again into the garden.

The equerry's thoughts again at once flew to the sleeping Prince. The Heir Apparent to the Throne of Great Britain was, in a measure, in his special charge. How had he acquitted himself of his sacred stewardship? A twinge of conscience made him feel uncomfortable as he sat out there in the still garden on an inverted watering-pot, expecting the tall chimneys of the diplomat's house across the square to come toppling down over him. He had not aroused the Prince at the second shock. So he got up, returned to the hotel, and, passing through the public rooms—His Royal Highness was on the ground floor, in a sort of annex, that projected into a private flower-planted court—reached the Prince's door and knocked. There was no response. He

knocked again. Still no answer. A third, louder than before, loud enough in fact to rouse all the seven sleepers. But still no answering voice. And then the horrid truth, sudden as was the earthquake shock, flashed into the wretched equerry's mind. Something was wrong. Had the Prince perished?

In an instant he had flung the door open and dashed across the ante-room. The curtains at the door of the bed chamber were drawn close together. With a frenzied hand he seized them and drew them apart. As he did so, something, but whether an aerolite, a thunder-bolt, or a falling beam, he knew not, struck him full in the face.

Strange lights danced before his eyes. His head swam, and in a momentary faintness he leant against the door. But the next moment a voice fell on his ear, grave and reproachful: "Look here, Clarke, I won't have any more of this, and if you don't shut up making that beastly row and let me go to sleep, I'll shy the other boot at you."

The Prince does not as a rule, I must confess, find the atmosphere of the continental courts congenial, and he fails to hit it off with any of the Monarchs now reigning. He does not get on well for any length of time with his nephew, the Emperor of Germany.

The Emperor of Austria, who was once fond of him, has become exceedingly cold and distant toward him since the scandal in connection with his attempt to force the company of Baron Hirsch upon the various members of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy, who made preparation to entertain him.

Neither King Humbert nor the Czar, nor yet the young King of Portugal, has ever liked him, while it is antipathy

rather than sympathy that exists between King Leopold and his English cousin, the Prince of Wales.

With all this, few people enjoy more universal popularity among the people at large in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Rome, than the British Heir Apparent.

The reason of the ill-will, manifested in a more or less silent fashion by the various Monarchs of Europe toward the Royal Welshman, is attributable mainly to the fact that they, one and all, regard him as too careless of his princely dignity, and altogether too free and easy and *sans facon*.

The fact is that the Prince of Wales is altogether too unaffected and too little *poseur* to suit their tastes. Continental rulers are almost invariably in uniform, belted, spurred, sabred and decorated, and that the Prince should prefer a pot hat, a shooting jacket and a cane to regimentals is to them altogether inexplicable.

They seem to like what may be termed the theatrical and decorative part of their work. They want to show the people that they govern, and from morning to evening they are at "attention," in full regimentals.

The majority of them would no more think of going about their capitals without some distinctive mark of their rank than Leo XIII. would of taking off his white cassock and of donning a derby hat and tweed suit for a stroll on the Corso, with a cigarette between his lips.

Pomp, parade and show are the very breath of their life, whereas there is nothing that the Prince of Wales detests so much. He is far more of the world than one who aims to be above the world. Ceremony and all the theatrical portion of Royalty are to him an insufferable bore, and he infinitely prefers a good cigar and a chat with a pretty woman or a

clever man to galloping about, reviewing troops or presiding over state functions.

In a word, the Prince of Wales, in the eyes of the Continental Sovereigns, permits his role as the private gentleman and the leader of society to encroach too largely on his Royal dignity.

In this, however, it is he who is right, and they who are wrong, for, as the arbiter of English society, of the entire social system of the British Empire, the Prince exercises a far greater and more real power than any foreign despot.

The very strongest proof of the truth of my assertion is furnished by the acknowledged fact that he is able to maintain his rank and to possess intimate friends among his future subjects without being forced to adopt any of the safeguards that are needed by the European Monarchs to protect their dignity from the presumption and impertinence of inferiors.

There are few European Sovereigns who venture to address a subordinate in rank without imparting to their voice and to their manner a kind of condescending tone, with a view of thoroughly keeping the person with whom they are speaking at a distance and in his proper place.

There are some potentates indeed who even go so far as to assume almost a baby voice, as if speaking to a child, when addressing an inferior and wishing to be particularly amiable and pleasant.

With the Prince of Wales, however, there is no necessity for any such manœuvres as these.

He has no need of affecting condescension, and when he does condescend, he conceals the fact with the greatest delicacy and tact. With all this, he is the last to tolerate pre-

sumption, but so careful and so diplomatic is his manner that he has scarcely ever been exposed thereto.

Cards are not the only amusement patronized by the Prince of Wales. He is exceedingly fond of shooting, and a first-rate shot. He contrives, however, to get the largest amount of sport possible with the least amount of exertion. His personal attendants are given the benefit of most of the exercise, and His Royal Highness gets the fun.

Unconsciously, the Heir Apparent is most exacting when out for a day's shooting, and wants more waiting upon than a woman in delicate health. "Just do this," and "Just do that," are his constant commands, and the end of the day finds his victims weary beyond expression and fit for nothing but bed.

The joke is that the Prince always looks perfectly innocent of the undue demands he is making upon the endurance of those about him, and having escaped all exertion himself, cannot understand how it is that his companions are so fatigued.

The Prince never liked cricket, at least never since the date of a memorable game organized specially for his entertainment shortly after he took up his residence at Sandringham, about five and twenty years ago.

It was in this match that the Prince was to make his debut as a cricketer, and all the local magnates were present. It was Mr. Charles Wright who was the captain of the eleven opposing that of the Prince.

Before the game commenced Mr. Wright carefully coached each one of his men on the necessity of letting the Prince have a chance and of helping him to run up a nice little score, which might conduce to that self-satisfaction so essential to enthusiasm in any pursuit.

All went well until the Prince came to take his innings, when, Mr. Wright being the bowler, either forgetting his elaborate cautions to others, or else unable to resist the temptation to add to his fame, incontinently bowled his future King out with the first ball, and so ended forever the hopes of the Prince of Wales's patronage for the cricket fraternity. The Prince could never be prevailed upon to play again.

Among the idiosyncrasies of the Prince of Wales, which those about to make his acquaintance would do well to know, is his invincible horror of black ties with evening dress. The sight of a man thus arrayed at any entertainment which he may happen to attend is sufficient to upset and to sour him for the entire evening, and in his eyes it is an unpardonable infraction of the laws of good taste and good form.

The rural home at Sandringham of the Heir to the Throne of Britain lies in the warm sheltered hollow behind the range of low-wooded bluffs that line the southern margin of the Wash. From the low-lying station of Wolferton the road traversed by the visitors to Sandringham Hall gradually ascends through a region, the natural bleakness and barrenness of which is slowly and reluctantly yielding before the persistent energy of taste and skill. Carefully tended young plantations of fir and birch stud the undulating expanse of scrub and heather, and the quaint rustic gables of the "Folly" peep out from the heart of a clump of sturdy evergreens, backed up by well-grown and vigorous young pines, by the edge of which the Princess's favorite drive wends away to the left through the bushy copses of the Josceline wood that mantles the indented crest and undulating summit of the upland ridge, looming down over the intermediate low-lying fields, farmsteadings and plantations upon the broad bosom

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of the great estuary. Presently the heather gives place to greensward, and the pine thickets are succeeded by the mossy boles and spreading branches of fine ancestral oaks and beeches, which but partially screen the view of the wide-stretching expanse of the home park, where the deer are pasturing in the glades, and the water, set in a cincture of luxuriant evergreens, gleams mirror-like in still glassy pools, or sparkles and tumbles over the picturesque rockwork of reddish brown. Close on the left rises the hoary square tower of the quaint little Sandringham Church, within whose walls Prince and peasant worship together in the modest God's acre, surrounding which rest side by side the mortal remains of the babe of the blood royal and the child of the peasant.

There is a glimpse, over the sward and the water and the rockwork, of the long, picturesquely broken garden front of the Hall—a mere passing gleam of warm red, here and there, hidden in the loving embrace of the dark-green ivy; and then with a wide sweep the road turns the corner of the park, the beautiful "Norwich Gates," with their delicate ironwork tracery, are passed, and there remains but a short drive along a broad, straight avenue, lined on either side by massive old trees, to the principal entrance of the Hall. At a glance it is apparent that Sandringham is no stately palace where comfort is a secondary consideration to splendor, where sumptuous suits of apartments bear the chilling impress of being uninhabited and uninhabitable; but a veritable English home, designed not for show, but to be lived in, every detail eloquent of unostentatious taste and refined domesticity. The keynote to the theme of *dulce domum* (home, sweet home) is struck on the very threshold. In the inner wall of the vestibule above the Hall door is set a tablet bearing the inscription,

in old English characters: "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870." The home-savor of Sandringham begins from the very door-step, for there is no formal entrance-hall. The vestibule is simply a part and portion of the great salon which may be called the family parlor of the house. This noble apartment has a lofty roof of open oakwork; its walls are covered with pictures, and its area is almost encumbered with cosy chairs, occasional tables, pictures on easels, musical instruments, flowers in stands, flowers in pots, flowers in vases, and a thousand and one pretty trifles, each one of which has an association and a history linked to it. Peering out from under the palm-fronds are two miniature cannon, which were a present from the late Emperor to the Royal children. Above Count Zichy's charming sketch in water colors, illustrative of the various phases of home-life at Sandringham, is a large picture of the birthplace of the Princess. Over the fire-place is Borlasc's oil painting of the Prince and Princess, with two of their children. The King and Queen of Denmark look down from the walls on the scene of the afternoon romp of their English grandchildren. On one of the round tables stands the casket in which the Sandringham tenantry inclosed their address of congratulation on the Prince's safe return from India. Above the arch of the vestibule facing the main entrance is fixed the beautiful, fierce head of the Chillingham bull, shot by the Prince in 1872, with Scott's fervid lines underneath:

"Fierce on the hunter's quivered band
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand
And tosses high his mane of snow."

From the salon opens the business room, occupied by General Sir Dighton Probyn, V. C., the Controller of the Prince's household, and by Sir Francis Knollys, His Royal Highness's Private Secretary; and in this room it is where the Prince transacts his correspondence, gives interview to other than social visitors, sees his tenants on questions of improvements —for His Royal Highness shirks none of the obligations of a landed proprietor—and gives his personal instructions to his land steward, gardener and head-keeper.

A plain room, furnished in a plain and business-like style, this apartment has for its sole embellishment a few portraits, among which may be mentioned those of the late Admiral Rous and of Field Marshal Lord Napier, of Magdala. On the right of the vestibule, as one enters the house, lies the library; a pleasant room in blue and light oak, the shelves of which are filled with books belonging almost exclusively to the departments of history and travels. A whole compartment is devoted to works on the Crimean War, another to books—many of which are hard reading enough—on India, both British and native. The "Greville Memoirs" are sandwiched between the "Nelson Dispatches" and the "Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition," and the "Seven Weeks' War" is in close proximity to the "Rise of the Mahometan Power in India." Through the equerry's room, the next of the suit, is reached the second library, which might appropriately bear the name of the "Serapis Room," for it is full of the belongings of His Royal Highness during his voyages in the big troop-ship, and the familiar feathers in gold between the initials "A. E." meet the eye everywhere.

This room opens into the vestibule of the garden-entrance, which, by reason of its proximity to the drawing-rooms, is

always used on ball nights. From the main corridor stretching to the great staircase there open, on the right, the principal reception rooms; but before these are reached there is passed the Prince's private morning room, a family room, pure and simple. The admixture of feminine and masculine tastes, of which this pretty room is, more than others in the house, an exemplar, speaks eloquently of lives blended in an accord of close-knit domesticity. The walls of cool neutral tint are partly decorated with rare china and pottery, partly paneled with crayon pictures of deer-stalking episodes in the Highlands by the most celebrated English painters of our day.

A large windowed projection, which is in part a lounge, in part a boudoir, and in part a writing-room, is half partitioned off from the rest of the room by a screen devoted to the display of family photographs. A truss of mignonette trees, with lilies of the valley blossoming around the bushy stem, half hides the panel on which Leighton's brush has depicted "The Bringing the Deer Home;" the spreading skin of a huge tiger, shot by the Prince in India, lies on a quilt-carpet of patchwork, which was a tribute of loving respect to the Princess from the children of one of the schools she finds time to foster with so much personal attention.

From this room a door opens into the ante-room of the great drawing-room, a pretty little apartment in French grey, having for its chief ornament a large picture of the Emperor of Russia and the Prince driving together in a sledge, whose three horses, in a furious gallop, are fore-shortened with great skill and fine effect.

The principal drawing-room, like all the rooms on this side of the house, looks out into the park, across the flower beds, water and rockery, to where the antlered deer are browsing

in the beech-glades. It is a room of fine proportions, the walls of which are in a pale salmon color, and its fixed decorations are studiously simple, consisting merely of a few mirrors placed panelwise, some floral mouldings, a painted ceiling and a single group of statuary. Mme. Jerichau's "Bathing Girls" embrace each other on a pedestal, from around the base of which flowers and blossoming exotic shrubs rear the glories of their bloom and the quieter hue of their foliage against the pale marble. The sweet scent of spring violets nestling among moss perfumes the air, and there are flowers everywhere; indeed the whole house is a floral bower, for the Princess is passionately fond of flowers, and literally lives among them. A door-window of the drawing-room "gives" on a small domed conservatory projecting from the garden front of the house. Here the arched fronds of the palms form a sombre glory over the pedestal, upon which Jerichau's two white marble children press lip to lip within an encircling thicket of flowers, in which the orange of the euphorbia, the pale rose of the calanthe, the wax-like trusses of the white hyacinth, the gleaming scarlet of the poinsetia, the blushing purple of the primula, and the fair pale sweetness of the lily of the valley at once vie and blend with each other. En suite with the drawing-room is the dining-room, a warm-tinted, genial-looking room, suggestive of comfort in its every item. A great bow window expands from the centre of its front, whence the light streams in upon Landseer's "Mare and Foal" above the oaken side-board. Over the fire-place, where the logs are blazing on the wide open hearth, is a full-length portrait of the Prince in the blue-and-gold of the Tenth Hussars. "Unzer Fritz" and his Princess flank Landseer's *chef-d'œuvre* on either side, and life-size portraits of the Princesses Alice

and Louisa hang on either side of the door opening from the drawing-room.

From the dining-room the way leads through a "Corridor of Weapons," where the "white arms" of all ages are arranged in glass-fronted cabinets on the walls, to the billiard-room. Here the walls are brightened by Leech's inimitable hunting sketches, and there are three-side windows, set in ivy, looking out on the Italian gardens on the site of the old fish-ponds, and so athwart the park of the church. The annexed smoking-room is the ante-chamber to the long vista of the bowling alley, lighted both from sides and roof, with raised seats at the upper end, whence ladies may look down on the tournament of their squires. Beyond the bowling alley is a little room over which Macdonald reigns supreme—the gun-room, in whose glass-fixed cupboards are arranged shooting-irons in bewildering number and variety.

The chief adornment of the main staircase is a fine portrait in oils of the Princess in riding-dress. Immediately at the top of the stairs a door opens to the right of the school-room, a light, pleasant room, in which flowers and photographs compete for elbow room with school books and story books. The impulse is to pause here in this sketchy description of the interior of Sandringham Hall, lest the going further savor of intrusiveness. Yet it is hard to shun a reference to that beautiful room on the same floor, with its pale salmon-colored and French-gray walls; its pink and lace hangings round the deep bay of the bow window; its medley of old China, photographs, water colors, dwarf palms, flowers; its thousand and one pretty knick-knacks; its singing birds; and with the indescribable, yet felt, although unseen, presence of delicate and refined womanhood which pervades the whole

of the exquisite chamber. This is the boudoir of the Princess —the room that so grew into the heart of Her Royal Highness, because of early grateful memories associated with it, that when Sandringham Hall was rebuilt she made it her special stipulation that it should be reconstructed on "the ancient lines" in the minutest particular. No excuse is needed for an allusion to a room in the same corridor, because of the deep historical interest which attaches to it. It is difficult, indeed, standing to-day in the big comfortable home-like chamber, whither, through the open door, comes the song of the linnets in the Princess' dressing-room; whither, through the open bay window in the great recess beyond the crimson Priedieu on the further side of the bed, with its hangings of blue and white to correspond with the tapestry paper on the walls, is wafted on the breeze the fresh, briny scent of the sea—it is difficult to realize the scene to which these silent walls could bear witness; the time when the Prince, on this same bed, battled for breath in the very straits of the dark valley, while his dearest kinsfolks were gathered around for the sad, solemn duty of bidding him a final farewell, while in the corridor hushed retainers wept for the imminent untimely fate of one not less loved than honored, and while outside in the snow-slush grief-stricken laboring folk longed yet feared for tidings of their "master." Yet there in the ceiling above the bed is the mark of the orifice whence projected the hook supporting the trapeze cunningly devised by Bentley, and by the aid of which the Prince, when on the slow and weary road towards convalescence, was wont to change his recumbent position, or pull himself up into a sitting posture.

During the shooting season the routine of Sandringham

life has for variety little other than the change of scene and of sport. One day the battue may be Flitcham for partridge-driving; the next may be dedicated to the pheasants of the Commodore and Dersingham Woods; or the "hot corner" may be at the angle of Woodcock Wood, with the "Folly" as the luncheon rendezvous. The start is at 10.30, and, if there is any distance to be traversed, the gunners travel to the scene of their sport in the char-a-banc and wagonette. The Sandringham corps of beaters is forty strong, each member wearing a Norfolk smock-frock of brown fustian, with a number on a red badge. Luncheon is at two, served in a *marquee* in some convenient spot, and at this meal the Princess, who drives to the trysting place her own four-in-hand team of pretty ponies, joins the gentlemen with the ladies who are her guests. During the afternoon shooting, which takes the homeward direction, the ladies walk, or ride on pony-back, with the guns. Afternoon tea, to which all the guests join in the saloon, is one of the great institutions of Sandringham home-life. M. Zichy has sketched the scene of charming informal domesticity with appreciative felicity. The Prince, tea cup in hand, stands with his back to the vestibule fire, one of his sons and a group of his male friends standing about him. The Princess is at the tea-table, with one of her daughters by her side and a number of guests of both sexes around the board. An adult gentleman with a mustache is obviously flirting with a young lady, over whose flaxen curls quite seven summers must have passed. From 6 to 7.30 the Prince addresses himself to correspondence and business in Sir Francis Knollys's room; but indeed there is hardly an hour in the day which His Royal Highness devotes wholly to pleasure, for his land steward generally accompanies him in

shooting excursions, at hand to note suggestions as to improvements which may occur to the Prince as he tramps over the estate. It is reputed of the Prince in Norfolk that no landlord in the country is better acquainted with the details of his property, and with a greater zeal for its improvement. The dinner hour is 8 London time, 8.30 Sandringham time, for the Prince will have Sandringham time half an hour fast, the better to insure "taking time by the forelock." On the dinner table the chief decorations are flowers brought fresh every night from the region of glass and heated air. On the birthday of His Royal Highness, afternoon tea gives place to a visit to the stable-yard, in one of the coach-houses of which all the laborers on the estate, some two hundred in number, are entertained at a "square meal" of the most substantial character. On the night of the same day occurs the annual country ball; while on the night of the Princess' birthday is given the annual tenants' ball, to which are bidden not alone the tenantry of the Sandringham estate but representative tenants from the various properties which the Prince has visited in his shooting expeditions.

The Sunday is the most characteristic day of the week at Sandringham. After luncheon the whole house-party walk out past the "Bachelor's Cottage," which is now being organized as a separate residence for the Duke of York, to the kennels. A flock of foreign goats immediately beset the Princess, wise in their generation and in the full expectancy of tid-bits. There is a leisurely stroll through the pheasantry and along the snugly sheltered cages in which are housed the Nepaulese birds which were one of Sir Jung Bahadoor's gifts. The bear-pit looked down into, and the bears coaxed to climb the pole, the dogs claim attention. The noble Hima-

layan deerhounds are clamorous for liberation, and effusively grateful when that has been accorded—a boon which Her Royal Highness may extend to the shaggy Scotch terriers which have greeted her so noisily. The monkey-house cannot be passed over; and then the party, with multitudinous dogs as *eclaireurs*, stroll away to the gardens. New Indian plants developing unexpected characteristics; cacti from Rangoon flourishing like green bay trees, and rare flora from South America putting forth quaintly beautiful blossoms. From the hot-houses and gardens the pleasant peregrination is pursued to the farm-yard, where there is quite as great an *embarras de richesse* in the way of things that ought to be seen and are seen, as in the kennels or the gardens, and where everything is as clean as a new pin. The big cross and the two dainty Devons that are in feeding for next year's Smithfield Club show are paraded and criticised; the pretty Alderney calves find admirers and connoisseurs among the ladies; and cart-horse stalls are found in the occupation of shaggy Heratee ponies, and of the team of pretty Corsicans which, with their miniature drag, were the Prince's parting present to the Princess on the day he left Sandringham for his Indian tour.

From the Indian bullocks in the paddock it is but a step to the sheep-house, where the Southdowns are feeding for winning some more prizes, the certificates of which adorn the rafters of their snug abode. While the gentlemen are tramping it over the grass-land to the site of the new works which are presently to supply virgin spring water to the hall and its dependencies, the Princess is showing to her lady guests her dainty dairy, with the exquisite little tea-room attached, whose panels are gradually filled up with votive decorative tiles.

There is no lack of occupation for days not devoted to sport. The laboring folk in Sandringham Parish have been all comfortably housed in model cottages, the reformation of the cottage architecture and accommodation of the Parish of Wolferton—an out-lying portion of the estate—has been steadily improved under the personal supervision of the Princess herself, who sets her face determinedly against defective and unpicturesque homes for her laboring people. At a farm in his own hands in Wolferton Parish, the Prince has some fine pedigree short-horn stock, and is gradually rearing a herd whose influence must benefit his neighbors without the expenditure of sensational prices for the fancy of a particular strain. Sandringham is the chosen rural home of their Royal Highnesses; they have watched it grow into beauty as their children grow up around their own hearth. It is endeared to them as the scene of much sweet serene happiness and also of some great sorrows, and in Sandringham it is given to them—nor do they forego the opportunity—to do much good in this place they love so well.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

ITALY.

THE character of Umberto I, second King of Italy, may be summed up in one single word which would go far toward explaining his acts, his preferences, and his faults. I mean the word courage. None of his long line of ancestors have been more thoroughly imbued with the motto of his house, "*Devant Savoie.*" No sovereign, however glorious, has displayed so enthusiastic an admiration for bravery, and his calm appearance and somewhat distant manner are only due to a constant effort to suppress the longings of a nature apt to attract him to every danger. It is indeed unfortunate that he, the scion of a warrior race, whose education has been entirely military, should have been forced by circumstances to become a mere constitutional monarch. At the battle of Custozza, in 1866, he was at the head of the advance guard, among the first to throw himself into the ranks of the enemy, whence he was only rescued with the greatest difficulty by General Nino Bixio. Instead of being grateful to the latter, he apostrophized him, rudely exclaiming:

"I will never forgive you for not having allowed me to fight my way out of the difficulty by myself." King Humbert's warm sympathy for Germany is due to his peculiar temperament. He loves victory not for the sake of conquest, but for the sake of its glory. A victorious army appears to him as the most enviable jewel in a sovereign's crown. French people reproach the King with ingratitude. I do not believe that he wished France to be defeated in 1870, but I

am certain that his feelings toward France would have been entirely different had the latter been victorious on any occasion during the war. The one thing he could not forgive was that she should have allowed herself to be beaten. Another reason why he does not like France is in consequence of the ill-dissembled hopes of the French clerical party, that he may soon be driven out of Rome.

UMBERTO I, SECOND KING OF ITALY.

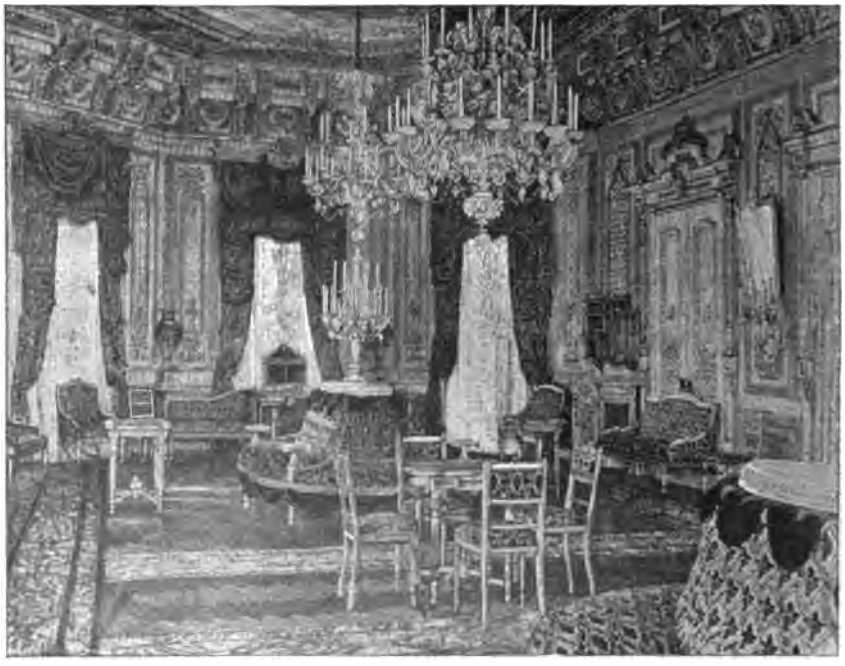
At Naples, during the cholera, his conduct was splendid, and aroused the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the people. When he fearlessly visited the worst cases, the dirtiest slums, he was extremely amazed to find his conduct praised. Again and again he repeated, almost impatiently, "I have done nothing but my duty." Again when Passanante attempted to assassinate him, he showed the greatest coolness and courage.

A thorough Piedmontese, he is a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word, a splendid cavalry officer, serious, grave, and reserved. He has a holy horror of brag, exaggeration, and superlative epithets. The difference between the characters of the people in the North and South of Italy is that of fire and water, and this will go far to explain His Majesty's lack of sympathy for the Southern portions of his dominions. Like his grandfather and his father, his education has been exclusively military, and like them he has never really understood the real meaning of politics. The various political parties are considered more in the light of a game of cards, and parliamentarism is only liked on account of the excitement of the game. The misfortune of this is that notwithstanding the cleverness which he displays in handling the parliamentary cards, nothing is ever considered in the broad-minded, intellectual, and moral point of view. Too much importance is given to intrigues, and to the personality of individuals.

King Humbert always makes a point of reading all the newspapers in order to keep himself *au courant* of public opinion. His Majesty, however, never takes up a book. Like his forefathers he knows nothing of political philosophy. But this is more than compensated by the fact that he is a singularly upright man, and gifted with a rare amount of common sense. The King hates talking politics, and as a rule, avoids conversations with politicians. He loathes theories and always wants to be placed face to face with facts.

He is of an exceedingly generous nature. He likes jewels and has presented magnificent ones to the Queen, but, like his ancestors, he has absolutely no artistic tastes. He scarcely

knows a Raphael from a Rubens, and like his father and grandfather hates all music except that of the trumpet and the drùm. Like most of the Princes of his family, his sympathies are more in accord with the masses than with the aristocracy. He needs to make no effort in order to be cordial with the mob, and displays almost as much graciousness in



PRIVATE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE KING.

conversing with the lower classes as he would in talking with his equals. This is why he is often nicknamed *Le Roi des Marmottes.*

He is essentially a democratic monarch, and rather a perfect gentleman than a grand seigneur. In his youth he was

always exceedingly delicate in health and appearance, and he remained somewhat frail-looking and small in stature.

One day, during the lifetime of his father, a newly-arrived diplomat was stupid enough to mistake King Victor Emanuel's illegitimate son, the Marquis de Mirafiori, for Prince Humbert. The *Re Galaut 'uorno* immediately turned on him and shouted with a thundering voice for the edification of the gamekeepers and surrounding crowd: "No, no, that is the Prince; this is Mirafiori; look at him; it is the blood of kings mingled with that of the people."

King Humbert, however, possesses a very elegant figure, his manners are easy, while somewhat cold. He is a splendid horseman—the *beau-ideal*, in fact, of a cavalry officer.

At one time he smoked to excess; but his doctors having prescribed abstention from tobacco, he has now completely renounced the habit. It is related that when the advice was given that he should give up smoking for a time, he answered, "On my kingly honor, I will never smoke again." And he has kept his word.

Without leading the mountaineer's life affected by his father, his greatest pleasure consists in passing whole weeks under canvas in the mountains of the valley of Aosta, stalking the chamois and subsisting on the same simple fare as the peasants. He rises at early dawn, and confronts all weathers with the utmost indifference. Even when dressed in civilian costume he does not hesitate to allow a heavy downpour to wet him to the skin rather than put up an umbrella, nor does he shrink from standing for hours, if need be, under the scorching rays of the sun on the occasion of some popular *fête*, mocking at those who seek shade and shelter.

One of Umberto's first acts on ascending the throne earned

for him well-merited praise. As is well known, Victor Emmanuel was most extravagant, not so much with regard to the gratification of his personal tastes as to his charities. His open-handedness, indeed, knew no bounds. It was found on his death that his debts were very considerable, and it was proposed by Parliament that these should be paid by the State. This, however, Umberto resolutely refused, declaring that his father's debts were his own, and that he should undertake the liquidation thereof.

MARGUER.TE, QUEEN OF ITALY.

In 1878, an attempt to assassinate King Umberto was made by an Italian named Giovanni Passanante, a cook by occupation, and 29 years of age. The King, accompanied by the Queen Marguerite, the young Prince of Naples, and Premier Cairoli, had arrived at Naples at twenty minutes after two o'clock, and was given a most enthusiastic reception by all orders of the populace. The royal carriage stopped for a moment to enable a delegation to present a petition to the King, when Passanante, who had been carrying a banner in

the trade processions which were taking part in the reception, rushed forward with a dagger and succeeded in inflicting a slight scratch upon King Humbert's left arm. Signor Cairoli seized the would-be assassin by the hair, and received a wound in the left thigh, while the King whipped out his sword and struck the culprit on the head. The Queen and the young Prince of Naples retained their presence of mind in a wonderful manner, and altogether the royal party behaved with great coolness and courage. A captain of cuirassiers ended the struggle by seizing the culprit, who was promptly consigned to prison. He had no excuse to offer except that he was poor, and "did not like kings." He further averred that he belonged to no society, and if he told the truth in this regard, neither the Socialists nor the Red Republicans of the day, nor even the organized Carbonari of the past were to blame, as organizations, for the attempted assassination.

Since the great Democratic upheaval in 1848, there have been numerous attempts, successful and otherwise, to assassinate hereditary rulers in Italy. The list begins with an attack upon the Duke of Modena on November 26th, 1848; and then came an attack on the late King Victor Emmanuel on April 16th, 1853, while he was ruler of Sardinia only; the killing of Ferdinand-Charles III, Duke of Parma, on March 20th, 1854, by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the abdomen; and the stabbing of Ferdinand III, King of Naples, on December 8th, 1856, by a soldier named Angesilas Milano, who used his bayonet in the murderous work. Italians have also figured during the same period in three different conspiracies against the late Emperor of the French—three Italians attempted to end his earthly career in 1857, the fa-

mous Orsini plot of 1858, and another tripartite conspiracy by the Italians against him in 1862.

The only person given to extravagance at the present Court is perhaps the Queen, who shares with her countrywomen an inordinate love of dress—a matter in which she unfortunately sets her subjects a bad example, encouraging them yet further to dress beyond their means.

At the last Court Ball of the season this year, Queen Marguerite was, as usual, the belle of the *fête*, and her dress was remarkably elegant and becoming. It was one which no one but so perfect a beauty as Her Majesty could have ventured to wear. The train was of pale green faille, trimmed all around with a raised pattern of leaves in varied and darker shades of green. An underskirt of a still paler shade, visible only at one side, was embroidered with gold. Her Majesty wore long gloves of the very latest shades of *café-au-lait*. A coronet of diamonds and large emeralds, surmounting her superb hair, and a splendid necklace, bracelets, and shoulder clasps of the same gems made up this truly regal toilette. The emeralds were indeed the subject of universal admiration, being of great size and beauty and harmonizing perfectly with the details of the dress. This magnificent get-up, with the jewels to match, were a present from the King, who is exceedingly proud of his wife's remarkable beauty, and is never so pleased as when she is dazzling the eyes of all who attend the Court functions. The ceremonial of an Italian Court Ball is at once graceful and essentially hospitable.

Ranged round three sides of the ball-room are a triple row of crimson-cushioned sofas, behind which a certain space is left clear. The ladies, as they enter, are conducted to these

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seats by the masters of ceremonies, while their attendant cavaliers take up their position in several ranks behind them. All the guests are, of course, expected to have assembled before the entrance of the King and Queen, and the ladies rise as a few bars of the Royal march announce the arrival of their Majesties. They are preceded by the chamberlains and attended by their ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting.

The Royal chairs of State are placed on a raised crimson dais in the centre of one of the sides of the room. The King leads his wife to her seat and, as she quits his arm, she makes him a graceful obesiance before sitting down. Queen Marguerite is really remarkable for the grace and finely-graduated meaning of all her ceremonial salutations, and her mode of curtseying to the King in public especially is always quite perfect. The King does not sit down, but remains standing near Her Majesty. Queen Marguerite then bows to all the company, taking the three sides of the room, one after another, bows which say so expressively: "You are all welcome; pray, sit down!" that the signs of the masters of the ceremonies inviting the ladies to resume their seats are hardly necessary. The King never dances, but the Queen opens the ball by dancing the *quadrille d'honneur* with one of the Ambassadors, and after that general dancing is carried on according to the programme. The dance favor presented to the ladies on entering is usually quite a little work of art in velvet, satin, silver, etc., the one prepared for the Queen being identical in design, although more richly ornamented.

Early in life the Queen was very delicate, and so thin as to be almost transparent; but in the course of years she has grown stouter, and now may be said to be almost too stout for beauty. She knows both German and Italian literature

well, is fond of music, and sings herself with taste and feeling. She likes the society of men of thought and letters, and at her intimate evening teas may be met some of the leading men of the land, who drop into chat away an hour without ceremony.

The Italians have a sort of sentimental cultus for their

BOUDOIR OF QUEEN MARGUERITE.

Queen; her name, Marguerite (Daisy), is symbolized in many ways, and the daisy occurs in every form of festive decoration. Her own favorite emblem is the pearl, of which she wears strings upon strings around her neck, so that by her rows of pearls the Queen can always be recognized if by no other sign. Every year these rows of pearls grow richer, for the

King, who shares the Queen's semi-barbarian love of precious stones, adds annually a string to the precious necklet, until it now descends far below her waist, and has really lost some of its elegant and decorative character.

Whilst talking of the jewels of Queen Marguerite of Italy, it may be worth while mentioning that the Queen Regent of Spain owns the very finest pearl in the universe. It is called the Peregrina, and was fished up in the year 1560 by a negro boy. The latter considering the oyster almost too small to be worth opening, was about to throw it back into the sea. But thinking better of his resolve he pulled the shells asunder, and found between them the priceless jewel, which at present forms the most valuable ornament of the Spanish regalia. The master of the little negro boy presented it to King Philip II, but it was not recorded what remuneration was given in return.

The King and Queen of Italy are a most devoted couple, and Umberto relies much on his wife's judgment, which is both clear and sound. Some pretty anecdotes are told of their domestic life. Thus the Queen was anxious that her husband should follow the example of his father, and the fashion among early Piedmontese officers, and dye his hair, which has become quite white. Her pleadings were in vain. Umberto's is an honest nature, that does not love these subterfuges. Seeing entreaties were in vain, the Queen had recourse to stratagem. She caused a quantity of fine hair-dye to be sent from Paris and put in the King's dressing-room, together with directions for its use, making, however, no allusion to the subject. The King, too, said nothing, though he could not fail to see the pigments. Now the Queen has a large white poodle of which she is very fond. What was her horror, a few days later, to

see her pet come running into her room with his snowy locks of the deepest black hue. King Umberto had expended the dyes upon changing the color of the poodle's hair! From that day forth the subject of hair-dyeing was dropped between the Royal couple.

On yet another occasion the husband gave the wife one of those quiet rebuffs into which enters a sense of humor, and which are on that account less hard to bear. It appears that Umberto once asked one of the Queen's secretaries what would be an acceptable Christmas present for Her Majesty. This gentleman, a truer friend than courtier, had the courage to suggest to the King that the Queen had a large number of unpaid milliners' and dressmakers' bills. The King took the hint, and begged that they should all be given to him. On Christmas morning Umberto placed all these bills, receipted, under the Queen's table-napkin. There was no other present! It is said that she took the hint, and has been less extravagant since.

The Queen has built herself a chalet in the Alpine Valley of Gressonay, where she spends perhaps the pleasantest days of the year every summer.

As soon as the sovereign arrives there she adopts the costume of the country, which is very picturesque, consisting of a skirt of fine scarlet cloth; attached to the skirt is a bodice, without sleeves, of the same cloth, covering a chemisette of white muslin, with high neck and long sleeves; over this, when it is cold, is worn a smart, short jacket of black cloth, bound with silver braid, or embroidered with the same, and a black silk apron. A prettier and more becoming costume cannot be seen. On the head the Gressonaises wear a sort of gold cap; that is, a band of gold, richly en-

graved on the forehead, and over this a sort of sparkling diadem, also of gold; but, of course, all the Gressonaises do not wear this, as it is very heavy and costly. Most of the women wear a black silk handkerchief round the head, as in Southern Italy; but the Queen prefers a black veil. The Queen receives no visitors. Those families who are in the

QUEEN MARGUERITE'S BED-ROOM.

neighborhood write their names in a book kept for that purpose in the ante-room, out of politeness; but they do not see Her Majesty. If they meet her on the road, Marguerite bows to them, and nothing more.

On Sundays and *fête* days the Queen goes to hear mass at the village church at eleven o'clock—the so-called Queen's Mass. Her Majesty wears the usual costume, and

goes and kneels down close to the high altar. She appears to pray most fervently among her faithful mountain friends. An old organ with a thin, soft tone plays old melodies of the hills, and after mass the Priest blesses the Queen and the people. To an ancient air two choristers sing the "Tantum ergo," and during the benediction the congregation draw out of their pockets small wax lights, and burn them while the Monstrans is held up alike over the heads of the Queen and the contadini. Another interesting moment is the coming out of the church, when Her Majesty stops to talk a few minutes with the people she knows; but it is soon over, and the pretty red dress moves off and disappears over the little bridge and through the iron gate of the villa. In the afternoon, sweet songs are heard in the valley, and if it be not rainy or windy, in the evening bonfires are lit on the hills as a sign of respect of the simple villagers for their Queen, thus bidding her *au-revoir* and good night.

The Prince of Naples, eldest son of the King of Italy, is a very charming young fellow, although far too small in stature to be called handsome. The idolized son of his mother, he has inherited from her the charm of manner that won from her loving subjects the name of the "Pearl of Savoy;" from his father a rectitude and unswerving integrity which are not the least characteristic of his race.

The King, who has a vast deal of common-sense, insisted on the strong, practical elements of his education; the Queen, by her presence and solicitude, invested it with a soft poetical grace.

He had foreign nurses and an excellent English governess in his childhood, the best masters as he grew older; he could speak three languages fluently when other children barely

lisp their own, and, far from being indulged because he was Heir to the Throne, he was early taught that less immunities and greater efforts were his lot in life.

Good examples have not been wanting. From his boyhood he has seen his parents conscientiously fulfilling their duties, sacrificing their tastes and inclinations to the exigencies of royalty, forsaking their well-beloved Monza, the most perfect residence in the fertile plains of Lombardy, to visit in rotation Turin, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and in each city, in each province, making their name respected and their sovereignty revered. Prince Victor Emmanuel worships his beautiful mother, and the ties that unite them are closer and more tender than is often the case even in the private domestic circle. Unbounded confidence exists in their intercourse, spontaneous on one side, unexacting on the other. They understand each other with a word, a look, a mute pressure of the hand, and when their eyes meet they have a touching, tender glance, which is almost a caress.

CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

Queen Marguerite has had the courage not to spoil her son by over-indulgence. She has carried out, or allowed her husband's system to be carried out, and by her judicious training has developed the truthfulness and respect for his word which the King so highly prizes. The young Prince has given many instances of his steadfast loyalty and affection for his mother; insignificant little traits, perhaps, but showing sufficiently of what stuff he is made. Once at home, when he could not have been more than seven years old, he was called into the drawing-room after dinner and told to go and speak with an Italian Ambassador at Berlin, Count de Launay, who was on a visit to his parents. He advanced at once and shook hands; the Count immediately attempted to draw him into conversation; the child, who, however, did not seem in the least shy, smiled prettily, nodded his answers, but never opened his lips, whether he was addressed in French or Italian.

The Queen, after repeatedly ordering him to talk and finding him still mute, a little sternly gave the order for his removal. He retired silently, obediently, his eyes filling with unshed tears at his mother's evident displeasure. Late that evening she came, as was her wont, to bid him good night. He threw himself into her arms, sobbing and crying. "Oh! do not be angry; and tell Count de Launay I was not rude or naughty; but it was Sunday, and you made me promise the other day that I would only speak English on Sundays, and he would talk nothing but French or Italian."

His allowance of pocket-money in those days was so small that it would have excited the derision of any moderately well-tipped schoolboy; but the King had so willed it, making, moreover, a rule that he should husband his weekly income

so as never to exceed his budget. Grandly generous in all his dealings with others, Umberto practices as far as he is personally concerned a praiseworthy self-denial; by strict economy and judicious retrenchments he has been able to pay off the heavy debts which King Victor Emmanuel left behind him, and cleared the memory of Il Galantuomo from the posthumous reproach of improvident extravagance. The Prince of Naples, conscientious in this, as in all things, had never been in debt, nor did the child ever complain of being stinted in his little allowance.

At one time the Queen noticed that he left off making any purchases; that he refused to buy a somewhat costly toy which he had long coveted, although she had suspected him of hoarding his pocket-money for that purpose. She forbore to question him till one day he asked her what the price of a silk gown was. On receiving an approximate answer, he emptied the contents of his money-box in his mother's lap, saying, "I don't think there is quite as much, but if you will let me go out on foot one morning and go alone into a shop, I can bargain for a dress and get it cheaper, and I do so want to buy one for my nurse, who won't have to wait any longer."

In the same way he would sacrifice his childish fancies to buy a present for the Queen, more especially when he went with her to Courmayeur, in the picturesque Aosta valley, during the summer, where he enjoyed freedom and more of her company. There the mother and son lived happily and quietly at the Hotel Royal, an inn of small pretensions and less comfort, which the Queen patronized because its chief recommendation in her eyes was that it faces the glorious prospect of mountain scenery and can be reached without passing through the little town. She would leave her jewels

and matchless toilettes behind her in the cities and walk abroad all day dressed in a short, serviceable woolen gown and plain straw hat, talking unrestrainedly with her lady-in-waiting and her aide-de-camp, while the Prince, strengthened and exhilarated by the Alpine air, was as bright, active, and joyous a lad as ever spent his holidays 5,000 feet above the level of the sea.

His first Gouverneur was General Osio, formerly military attaché to the Embassy at Berlin, and that officer is with him now. It was an excellent choice, the General being not only a man of great merit, but of high moral authority. He has acquitted himself of his charge with conscientious ability. He was accused by some of undue severity, but the strong affection his pupil bears him shows the accusation to have been groundless. In the earlier days of their companionship, when the boy had successfully accomplished some difficult task which he had not been allowed to lay aside, he would bring it to his instructor, and, watching his face anxiously, say, "Colonel, are you pleased with your little Prince?" Even now he frequently refers to him, seeks his advice, and values his approval.

The Prince of Naples is below middle height. His physical development was slow, while his mental one was unusually rapid. His hair is fair, his complexion pale, his eyes blue and soft; he bears a striking resemblance to his maternal grandfather, King John, of Saxony, and has few of the more characteristic features of the House of Savoy. His memory is remarkable in so young a man; his favorite study is history. Few Princes in Europe, whatever their age, are so thoroughly master of the involved history of the Middle Ages; he knows in all its details the complicated part played

by Italy at that period, and he has in elucidation and complement to his researches begun a collection of medals and coins which bids fair to become very interesting.

In 1886, the King sent him on an extended traveling tour which lasted a twelvemonth. The journey was undertaken merely for pleasure, but had a more serious import; it was his father's wish that he should see with his own eyes what was going on in foreign countries, be initiated to the workings of other Governments, and under enlightened guidance from his own judgment, enlarge his views, and gain personal experience, in a word fit himself to become in his turn a ruler of men. Those who know best say that the Prince more than fulfilled the expectations of King Umberto; that on his return to Rome, the stripling had become a man, matured in mind, and gravely impressed with the magnitude of his future responsibilities, having lost, however, nothing of the gentle, submissive charm which is so endearing to his mother.

It was not the King's wish that the Prince should remain too long under tutelage, and to this the Queen consented—as she would do anything her husband thinks best. Albeit, with a regretful sense that her boy was no longer all her own. The Queen has a deep sense of her obligations and duties, and is ever ready to relinquish her own wishes if they clash with political or diplomatic claims. For instance, not very long ago it had been her great desire to be present in Dresden, at the marriage of her cousin, Princess Josepha, of Saxony. She had manifested her intention of so doing, and made all her preparations to start for Germany with her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Genoa, sister of the King of Saxony. But King Umberto disapproved of the journey. The Emperor

of Austria was bidden to the wedding, but as he had not yet returned the visit of the King of Italy to Vienna, complications might arise which it was wise to avoid. Queen Marguerite pleaded her relationship to the bride. 'You are her cousin, it is true," answered the King, "but you are also

VIA ROMA, THE LEADING THOROUGHFARE OF NAPLES.

Queen of Italy, which is more." Without further demur the "Queen of Italy" gave up her projected visit.

The Prince of Naples looks well on horseback, and more to his advantage than on foot, owing to his diminutive stature. When he arrived at Berlin in March, 1888, for Kaiser Wil-

helm's funeral, he was met at the station by the chief members of the Embassy, and by the dignitaries of the German Court attached to his person during his stay. The Ambassador had brought a superb wreath of violets, bound with broad ribbons of the Italian colors, to be deposited by the Prince on the dead Emperor's coffin. When he was asked whether he would repair at once to the Cathedral or go first to the quarters prepared for him, he shot a quick glance at Colonel Osio, and apparently understanding the meaning conveyed, expressed his intention of first doing homage at the Dom. This decision seemed to gratify the German escort, which took their place at his side, and with him left the platform.

As fate would have it, two of the tallest of the gigantic generals of the Prussian Army had been deputed to attend him, and as he walked out of the station between them he looked even more slender and delicate, but withal possessed with such sweet simplicity of manner and grave composure in this, his first representative mission, that he won the warm regard of his colossal companions.

The Duke of Aosta, although as yet but a very young man, having been born in 1869, has witnessed many vicissitudes and changes in his family. He is the eldest son of the late Prince Amadæus, a brother of King Humbert, by his wife, the beautiful Princess Maria dal Pozzo della Cisterna, and was named Emmanuel after his paternal grandfather. At the tender age of two, he accompanied his parents to Madrid, his father having been elected King of Spain in December, 1870. However, the Duke de Pouilles—as the baby was then styled —occupied the position of heir-apparent to the Spanish throne but two years, until his father abdicated in 1875. The Duke's mother died in 1876, and in 1888 his father married

Princess Letitia Bonaparte, his niece, who was only three years older than her stepson.

Prince Emmanuel is a captain of the 18th Regiment of Artillery, and an officer of the highest promise, with all the sterling qualities of character hereditary in the House of Savoy. After his cousin, the Prince of Naples, heir-apparent to the Italian throne, the Duke of Aosta, stands next in order of succession.

Shortly after the old Duke of Aosta's death, rumors became current in Italy concerning the disposal of the hand of the widowed Duchess at the close of the customary twelve months of mourning. The bridegroom chosen by popular report was no less a person than her stepson, the eldest of the three children of the late Duke by his first marriage. In 1888 the young Prince was not only deeply attached, but head over ears in love with his cousin Letitia, and only awaited his twenty-first birthday in order to make a request in due form for her hand. His father, the Duke, may or may not have been aware of his son's sentiments in the matter. At any rate, he appeared to ignore them, and put forward his own more mature pretensions to his niece's heart. The boy, horrified at the idea of becoming the rival in love of his father, to whom he was passionately devoted, started off on foreign travels, from which he did not return until three months after the wedding had taken place.

The Prince is exceedingly handsome, bearing a striking resemblance to his mother. As he has inherited an enormous fortune from the latter, his marriage with the widowed Duchess would have cleared up the money difficulties which she is called upon to face, her husband having left her almost penniless and dependent on the bounty of King Humbert.

The affinity between the Prince and his stepmother would not, according to the Canon law of the Church, have constituted as difficult an impediment to the marriage as that which subsisted between the late Duke and his niece, and in view of the fact that the young man stands next to the weakly and delicate Crown Prince in the line of direct succession to the throne, and that he is, like his father, very devout, it is probable that the Vatican would have granted the necessary dispensation.

Should the marriage ever take place, it is to be hoped that the ceremony will not be attended by the same ominous accidents which occurred at the wedding of the late Duke Probably the most tragical of these incidents was the death of the Duke's favorite aide-de-camp, Count de Castiglione, who, having galloped alongside the carriage which bore the newly-married couple to the Castle of Stupinigi, where they were to pass their honeymoon, was stricken with apoplexy and fell dead from his horse as the carriage drew up in the courtyard of the chateau.

Princess Letitia Bonaparte, widow of the Duke of Aosta, is at the present moment one of the most beautiful women in Europe, bearing a striking resemblance to the portraits in existence of Pauline Bonaparte, the lovely sister of the first Napoleon.

Pauline, it will be remembered, was the Princess Borghese who posed for the sculptor Canovas in such exceedingly scanty attire, and who, in response to an inquiry as to whether she had not felt uncomfortable in showing herself thus to the artist, replied: "Oh! no; there was a fire in the room!"

From what I know of Princess Letitia, I should say that her beauty, her insouciance, and her disinvolture render her

perfectly capable of emulating her grand-aunt Pauline, even to the extent of the characteristic reply above quoted, for Letitia is a thorough Bonaparte, morally and physically, and unless I am very much mistaken, will yet become the heroine of some sensational episode. Her *début* in life, at any rate, furnishes grounds for the anticipations of this nature.

The young Duke of Aosta is still madly in love with Princess Letitia, who is not devoid of ambition, and who, seeing no other crown within her reach, would gladly place herself once more in the line of succession to that of Italy.

It was for the sake of eventually becoming the Queen of Italy that Letitia formerly jilted the son, whom she loved, to marry the father, who stood nearer to the throne; and now that her old and ill-favored husband is dead, and that her calculations have been disappointed, she would be perfectly willing to repair matters by marrying the eldest son of her late husband.

As an illustration of Princess Letitia's truly Bonapartist carelessness with regard to the conventionalities of life, I may mention that, although in mourning for her husband and for her father, she startled the good people of Paris during her last stay there by her unconstrained gayety as well as by the gorgeousness of her manifold-hued toilets.

The Count of Turin, the second son of King Humbert's only brother, the Duke of Aosta, is a tall, handsome young fellow about 22 years old, who has inherited not alone a moiety of the enormous fortune of his mother, but also a considerable share of her comeliness.

For the sake of the Italian Royal family it is to be hoped that his reported engagement to Dona Teresa, the 16-year-old daughter of the Duke of Torlonia-Ceri will prove to be

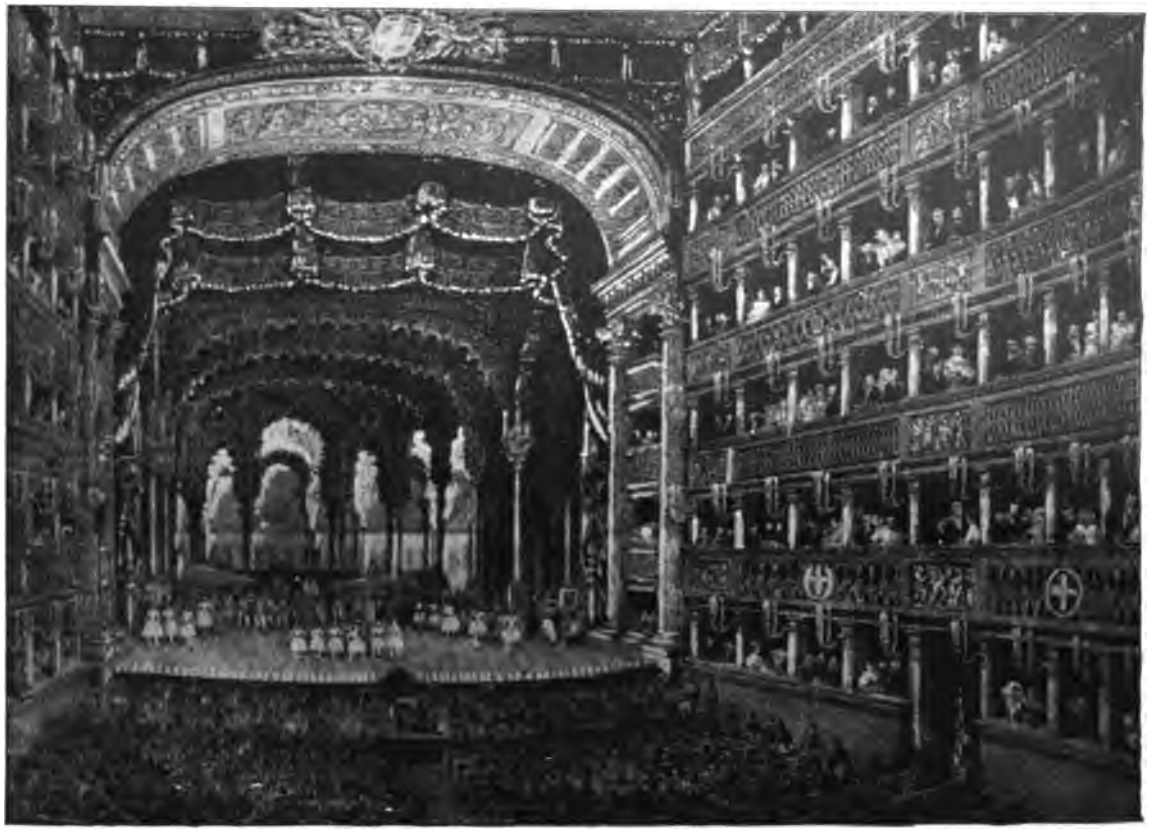
without foundation. While it is perfectly easy to understand the attractions which are to be found even for a Royal personage in a dowry of $4,000,000, yet not even that sum should blind the young Prince to the disadvantages of such an alliance.

The fact is, that the family of the young girl who appears to have been selected as the bride of the Count of Turin constitutes one of the least desirable branches of the House of Torlonia. The Duchess of Torlonia-Ceri's mother died a raving maniac; her only sister likewise died demented, while she has herself the half-sad, half-vacant look of her large black eyes, which gives one the impression of being a woman who is fated sooner or later to lose her reason.

With regard to the Duke of Torlonia-Ceri, he is not a Torlonia by birth.. He is a younger brother of the Prince Paul Borghese, whose bankruptcy created so great a sensation throughout the civilized world.

Giulio, for that is his name, at the time of his marriage with old Alessandro Torlonia's daughter, whose dowry amounted to no less than $25,000,000, was induced in consideration thereof to abandon his grand old family name of Borghese, so celebrated in mediæval history, in order to adopt the comparatively plebeian patronymic of his wife. He is a handsome man from a physical point of view; but with regard to his intellect, the less said about it the better.

If any further indication was required of the character of this man, who traded his name and his lineage for the Torlonia-Ceri gold and the Torlonia-Ceri strain of insanity, it would be furnished by the fact that when his elder brother became insolvent he declined to contribute even the smallest sum from his colossal wealth toward saving the historical



THE SUPERB SAN CARLOS THEATRE—FAVORITE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

name of Borghese from the disgrace which had overtaken it.

He was content to stand quietly by without stirring a finger, while all the heirlooms and treasures of the Borgheses were dispersed to the four winds of heaven by public sale.

He might have prevented the whole thing, both the bankruptcy and the forced sale, without scarcely feeling the loss of the money which would have been needed for that purpose. But he maintained the attitude of a perfect stranger in the matter.

Such is the man who, if the news of the Royal betrothal is confirmed, may one day stand on the steps of the Italian throne as father-in-law to the King. For the Count of Turin is in the direct line of succession to the Crown.

One of the most charming personalities whom I met at the Court of Italy is Count Nigra, Italian Ambassador in Vienna. He is a great favorite of the Queen Marguerite, and a most witty and interesting conversationalist. The manner in which he began his diplomatic career is so characteristic that I shall say a few words about it here:

"Have you not some donkey here whom I could take with me?" exclaimed Count Cavour, the famous Italian Prime Minister, one evening in 1854, when on the point of a sudden and unexpected departure for Paris. The inquiry was addressed to one of the Chiefs of the Department in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Turin, who forthwith replied: "Un asinotto (a donkey), Excellency? Certainly. Here, Nigra, come down." A young man who had been standing on the top of a ladder, arranging some books on a shelf, stepped down, and without displaying any trace of annoyance at the implied insult, approached and made his bow to the Minister. The latter ordered him to be at the railway station in half an

hour, to accompany him to Paris as his private secretary, Baron Blanc, who ordinarily filled that office, being confined to his bed by sickness. By the time that the Count reached the French Capital he had come to the conclusion that his young companion was very far from deserving the appellation of "asinotto," so graciously conferred upon him by his chief, and four years later Signor Constantin Nigra, who was barely thirty years old at the time, found himself Minister Plenipotentiary of King Victor Emmanuel to the French Government. Such was the origin of the career of the statesman, who a couple of years ago was invested by Emperor Francis Joseph with the Order of St. Stephen, one of the most rarely conferred and highly-prized of any European decorations. The honor was all the more significant, inasmuch as the relations between the Court of Vienna and the Quirinal at Rome were at the time exceedingly strained. This, however, was not allowed by either Signor Crispi or Count Nigra to interfere in any way with the official relations between Austria aud Italy as members of the tripartite Alliance, and it was for his services in connection therewith that the Count undoubtedly received this marked token of Imperial favor. But although Count Nigra contributed so much toward the continuance and prolongation of the tripartite agreement, it is doubtful whether he had in reality much confidence as to its efficacy in case of war. He told me one day at a dinner, upon my asking him if it were really true that the three Powers were marching arm-in-arm: "Yes, that is just what we are doing; but we are very much like three men going out bear-hunting arm-in-arm. Whether we shall maintain that pleasant attitude when we meet the bear is quite another question."

The answer is characteristic of the man, who is famed as

being one of the most witty and cynical diplomats in Europe.

While Ambassador at the Court of the Tuilleries in the palmy days of the Empire he bore the reputation of being second only in brilliancy of intellect to Princess Pauline Metternich, whose principal collaborateur he was in all the comediettes and charades which enlivened the Imperial villegiature at Fontainbleau, St. Cloud, and Compiegne. Exceedingly chivalrous, the Count was the only one who remembered in the days of their trouble the kindness received at the hands of Napoleon III and of his beautiful consort. For it was he who, on the memorable September 4th, immediately after the battle of Sedan, made his way to the side of the deserted Empress and escorted her from the Tuilleries through the streets of Paris to the house of the American dentist, Dr. Evans. Had it not been for his timely assistance she would undoubtedly have fallen into the hands of the mob who invaded the Tuilleries at the moment of her departure, and in view of the frenzied state of the populace at the time, it is probable that she would have fared little better than the ill-fated Princess de Lamballe in 1792. Count Nigra has generally been credited with a sentiment somewhat stronger than mere admiration for Eugenie of Montijo, and it is possibly owing to this fact that he has remained single all his life. This constancy, however, is of a purely sentimental nature and not a political one, for the Count has never permitted his heart to interfere with his head, or to render him unworthy of the praise awarded by the famous old Prince Metternich, who was wont to declare that Count Nigra was the only real diplomat in Europe—besides himself.

A graceful poet and brilliant conversationalist, the Count has succeeded in rendering himself popular at every Court

to which he has been accredited, particularly to those of St. James, St. Petersburg, Paris, and Vienna.

One of Queen Marguerite's pet aversions was and is, however, Signor Crispi, in spite of the fact that his power in Italy is enormous. So strong were Her Majesty's feelings on the subject that she flatly refused to receive Mme. Crispi when her husband became Prime Minister.

The Queen's conduct in the matter is hardly surprising when the very peculiar matrimonial experiences of Crispi are taken into consideration. The latter was one of the chief promoters of the insurrection of Palermo against the Bourbons in 1848, and after the victory of the Royal troops was forced to seek refuge at Malta, where, with the object of sweetening the bitterness of exile, he married a beautiful and estimable Maltese peasant girl. In 1859, leaving his wife behind him at Malta, he joined Garabaldi and landed with the volunteers of the latter at Palermo, fighting in their ranks as a simple soldier. The vivandiere of his regiment was at that time a celebrated character. Dressed in the traditional red blouse, with a musket on her shoulder, Rosalie, for that was her name, took part in all the battles and slew with her own fair hands countless numbers of the King's troops. Enraptured by so much heroism, Crispi, forgetful of the trusting wife whom he had left behind him at Malta, gave vent to his ardent patriotism by offering his heart and hand to the somewhat masculine Rosalie, and the marriage was celebrated in due form without delay. After the successful termination of the insurrection, Crispi was elected to represent his native city, Palermo, in the Italian Parliament, and soon acquired great prominence and high office.

Madame Rosalie after having shared his dangers, was nat-

urally also called upon to share his successes. She was presented at Court, and owing to the position of her husband became one of the most constant guests of the Queen, who vastly enjoyed her eccentricities of character and picturesqueness of her language. Of course no mention was made to the deserted wife at Malta, whose very existence had been kept a profound secret by her faithless spouse. The latter, after acting for some time as President of the Chamber of Deputies, was holding in 1877 the post of Minister of the Interior in the Depretis Cabinet, when suddenly Rome, and in fact the whole of Italy, was convulsed by the announcement that Crispi had just contracted another marriage at Naples. On inquiry at the latter place it was discovered that by order of the Minister of Justice the local authorities had dispensed with the usual banns and publications, and that the marriage had been duly solemnized. Of course there was a tremendous outcry, and the Minister of Justice was called upon to explain by what right he had authorized his colleague at the Interior Department to contract a bigamous marriage. The former in self-defense then made public for the first time Crispi's Maltese marriage, and added that Madame Crispi No. 1 had just died. He explained that the marriage with Madame Rosalie being null and void by reason of bigamy there was now no legal obstacle to prevent Crispi from wedding wife No. 3. It is needless to add that the scandal caused by this extraordinary behavior on the part of the Minister of the Interior was immense and necessitated his immediate withdrawal from the Cabinet.

Madame Rosalie is still alive and resides at Rome. Her hair is snow-white, and she makes a point of taking part in all the Garibaldian processions and demonstrations. Her stout

figure, dressed in the red blouse, and with a large array of medals on the breast, is one of the most conspicuous.

Madame Rosalie has never attempted to prosecute Crispi for bigamy and has agreed to leave him to his own devices in consideration of receiving a yearly allowance of $1,200 for the remainder of her life. At Rome she is known by the name of Madame Crispi No. 2, while the Minister's present wife is known as No. 3.

The Quirinal is one of the smallest of the many Royal Palaces of Italy. Under the Papacy it was only used for a short time during the summer, and when Rome became the capital of the new kingdom, King Umberto was obliged to build an additional residence in the gardens, called the Pallazino, to accommodate the Duchess of Genoa, his mother-in-law; Queen Maria Pia, of Portugal, his sister; Prince Thomas, the Queen's brother; the Duke of Aosta, and other members of the Royal family when they were his guests in the Eternal City. However, these visits have always been few and short; it would seem as if the scions of the old Catholic House of Savoy, the once loyal supporters of the Church, felt ill at ease under the sombre and reproachful shadow of the Vatican.

Yet the Queen does not care for the Pitti at Florence—it is too large, too public, more of a museum than a home; the huge accumulation of art treasures, on which countless generations from all climes come to gaze, oppresses and saddens her. Under the roof that shelters them it appears to her that there is no room for that happy *vie d'interieur* of which she is so honestly fond; she feels more removed from her husband and her child, perhaps also from her poor.

The best dressed woman in Italy is not only a loving wife

and tender mother, but a warm-hearted benefactress of the suffering and afflicted; her charity is not carelessly dispensed; she personally investigates the cases that seems deserving of assistance, and when assured that they are genuine, sends prompt relief. She enters sympathetically into the tastes and occupations of the King, and is proud of his loyal, enduring admiration for her.

The King's stables and stud at his summer residence at Monza are unrivaled in any royal establishment of Europe, and the perfection obtained in all things pertaining to the administration of the Italian Court attains its climax there. The King and Queen both adore Monza, which they are embellishing yearly. The park surrounding the palace is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. In spring the velvety lawns are one mass of fragrant violets and of blossoming shrubs, and silvery fountains rise everywhere under the dark vaults of the superb trees. It is in the Cathedral of the little town of Monza that is kept the famous "Iron Crown." It is deposited in a richly decorated cross over the altar, and consists of a band of gold lined with a thin strip of iron, said to have been made from a nail of the true cross, brought from Palestine by the Empress Helena! The gold band is adorned with numerous precious stones. With it were crowned thirty-four Lombard Kings, the Emperor Charles V, Napoleon I, in 1805, the Emperor of Austria, Ferdinand I, in 1838.

It was removed by the Austrians during the Italian war in 1859, but returned after the peace of 1866. The Treasury contains numerous valuable relics; a golden hen with seven chickens, representing the seven provinces of Lombardy; the cross placed on the breast of the Lombard Kings at the time of their coronation; two silver loaves, presented by Napoleon at the time of his coronation, and other priceless relics.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
ROUMANIA.

I.

KING CHARLES, Karl, or Carol I., of Roumania, was born April 20, 1839, son of the late Prince Karl of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; in 1866 he was elected "Domnul," or Lord of Roumania, comprising the United Danubian Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, previously ruled by Prince Alexander John Couza, as a feudal dependency of the Turkish Empire. The Russo-Turkish war of 1878 converted Roumania into an independent sovereignty; and the Hohenzollern Prince was proclaimed King on March 26, 1881. The Queen of Roumania, who was Princess Elizabeth of Neuwied, is the accomplished lady known as "Carmen Sylva" by her literary productions. Their Majesties have no children.

The election of the Hohenzollern Prince Charles as the reigning Prince of Roumania in 1866 was a surprise to all Europe, with the exception of Napoleon III., who objected to the previously successful candidate for the vacant throne—to wit, the Count of Flanders, as he was the son of a Princess of the House of Orleans. For this reason the French Emperor had privately suggested to the late M. Joan Bratiano the young Hohenzollern Prince, then a lieutenant in the Second Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards, as a more suitable candidate. The consent of King William of Prussia to this candidature was easily obtained, but Prince Bismarck disliked the whole affair, and for many years afterwards the

German Secundogeniture on the Lower Danube was a source of anxiety to the ex-Chancellor, who feared that it might some day involve Prussia in difficulties.

KING CAROL I.

The election of the Prince occurred on the eve of the Austro-Prussian war, and was so exceedingly unwelcome to the Vienna Cabinet that the tall young German officer, then twenty-seven years old, had to find his way to his future capital incognito. In fact, during a three days' stay at Vienna, on his way thither, he travelled under the name of "Herr Lehmann, merchant," and subsequently assumed the disguise of a ship's cook, on proceeding by the Austrian steamer down

the river Turn Severin, where he first touched Roumanian soil, on the 20th of May, 1866.

He found the country rent by political factions, and filled with revolutionary and Republican ideas, the upper class corrupt, the lower ignorant, the finances in a hopeless state, and the army worthless. On the other hand, Russian agitation was predominant, and the Sultan's authority was not to be defied. Indeed, the Prince, in order to secure his recognition by the Suzerain power, had to go to Constantinople.

If we compare Roumania to-day with what Prince Charles found it on his arrival, we shall be able to realize the immense services this hard-working German Prince, who is a model of patience, perseverance and foresight, has rendered to his adopted country within the past quarter of a century. In spite of the violence of parties, including Republican factions, the Throne of Roumania is as safe as possible.

The proclamation of the King's nephew, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, as heir to the Throne, has been accepted by the country with the greatest enthusiasm, so that the continuance of the Dynasty rests on a solid basis. The army, created anew by Prince Charles, was able at Plevna to save Russia from otherwise certain disaster, and, since Prince Charles had at Grivitza shown what he could do with his Dorobanzes and Kalashari, the Roumanian Army has been filled with self-confidence which promises well in the event of any future struggle against Russian aggression.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania was born in 1842, in the Castle of Monrepos, a massive and forbidding stronghold set on a rugged and rocky height in the heart of the Black Forest. The solemn, dreamy solitude of the dark pine woods, the loud moaning of the north winds through the branches

of the tall Siberian Arolla and Norwegian oaks seem to have left an abiding impression on her sensitive temperament. The pen name adopted by the Queen when she began to devote herself to literary work, "Carmen Sylva," means "the song, the wood," and was chosen by her in recognition of all that her soul owed to the forest where her youth had been spent.

She loved to wander alone in the shady glens of the Black Forest, with her huge St. Bernard dog for sole companion. Her early life was made melancholy by her pity and sympathy for the sufferings of her invalid brother, Otto; and when he died, the nineteen-year-old girl went through an anguish of grief which came near wrecking her entire existence. A terrible restlessness possessed her after his death, and having collected every memorial of her brother into one great dark room overlooking the Castle moat, she spent hours there writing pathetically about her beloved Otto.

As time went on, however, her buoyant nature asserted itself. She longed for absolute peace. She found her most agreeable companionship when alone in communion with her thoughts.

"How beautiful it is to be old," she writes in her journal; "to have a great hush over one and to feel a great rest, although this can be reached only through much struggle and strife."

In October, 1869, Queen Elizabeth met again Prince Karl of Hohenzollern, then lately elected to the Principality of Roumania. In childhood they had been playmates, and on occasion of this meeting she gave her heart to her old companion. Only a month afterwards, on November 18th, the wedding was celebrated with the most impressive ceremonials,

and a week later the bride and groom entered Bucharest in state.

She had once remarked that the "only throne I would care to ascend is that of Roumania, for there is on it still something for me to do." She entered upon the task of "doing something" for her people with such energy that writing became a secondary consideration. The education of her subjects was her first and foremost thought. She gave material aid to the home industries that were fast decaying. She founded schools and societies to help and encourage various crafts and art throughout Roumania. The "Asyle Helene," where nearly five hundred girls are in attendance, received her particular care. The *Societé Elizabeth*, an institution for spreading education among the poor and lower classes, was founded by her.

She strove to elevate the ambition of her people, to encourage and patronize music and the drama. She worked indefatigably in translating many of the standard German and French writers into the Roumanian language for her subjects. She published a book containing the legends and quaint songs of the peasantry. She revived the art of weaving, which had nearly disappeared from the country, and instead of the Roumanian nobility following Parisian fashion they followed the example of their Queen in adopting the national costume.

The Queen's favorite dress when she is at work in her study is this national garb, which consists of a white linen sleeveless garment, made very plain and with as few folds as possible, resembling, in fact, the well-known "gandourah" of the Egyptian Fellaheen. This is thickly embroidered around the armholes, collar and bottom of the pseudo-skirt with a design of cross-stitch executed in red, blue, yellow and black silk, in-

termingled with gold thread. Around the waist is a band of the same embroidery, from which depend streamers of bright red, blue and yellow ribbons falling straight down front and back. The hair is plaited in four braids intermingled with tiny gold pieces and tied with ribbons hanging loosely. Red silk stockings and crimson kid slippers are worn with this dress.

In 1877, during the war between Russia and Turkey, Prince Karl led his army to battle and the Princess headed the staff of nurses at home. She devoted her entire time, day and night, to the care of the wounded and the consolation of the dying, and with her own hands she administered chloroform to those who were about to undergo a surgical operation.

Carmen Sylva's life has been burdened by sorrow upon sorrow. Her favorite daughter died when five years old, and the mother fell into such a dangerous illness that her life was despaired of. During her convalescence she wrote the biography of her brother Otto.

Her home is at Castle Pelesch, on the rocky slopes of the Carpathians. When there, before she became ill, the Queen devoted six or seven hours of the day to hard literary work. Arising at 6.30 A. M. and after taking a cup of tea she sat down to write without interruption till eight o'clock, when she awakened her maid of honor, Mlle. Helene Vacaresco, to discuss her morning labors. Mlle. Vacaresco is the daughter of a Roumanian Senator and Statesman of ancient lineage. She won fame as a poetess while still a girl, and when she became of age she resolved to attach herself entirely to the Queen's service.

The carpet of the turret chamber was generally littered with proof sheets and manuscripts, for the Queen has written

among many other things a romance about Wales and the Welsh, and many volumes of poems, one of which is called *Les Rhapsodies de la Dimbovitza.*

From the date of her arrival in the country of her adoption, Elizabeth addressed herself to the difficult task of winning the hearts of her subjects, instinctively averse to and suspicious of foreign persons. Her efforts in this direction were soon crowned with complete and unexampled success, as their intelligence deserved.

She devoted several months of unremitting labor to the study of the Roumanian language, literature, legendary lore, and music, choosing her friends and instructors among the most eminent poets, historians, and archæologists of the country.

She translated the ballads, fables, and love-songs of Alescsandri, Negri, Bolintineanu, Eminescu and other popular Dacian poets into German verse, and published them, thus spreading the fame of Roumania's cherished bards far and wide throughout civilized Europe. Her gentle manners, engaging appearance, sweet disposition, and, above all, inexhaustible interest in history, traditions, and customs of the "scumpa tsera," rapidly effected the conquest of Trajan's rugged but warm-hearted descendants, and before she had been a year on the Throne, "Marea Sa" (Her Highness) had attained the summit of her ambition, an unexampled popularity in her brave and sagacious husband's realm.

A few years ago, as I was on my way from Constantinople to Vienna, I accepted an invitation of "Carmen Sylva" to visit her in her wonderful country residence at Castle Pelesch.

A vast stretch of green and undulating plains surround the

immense gardens, and the huge structure, half palace and half fortress, which for centuries has belonged to the rulers of Roumania. Renovated by a French architect shortly after the present Monarch's accession to the throne, the Castle is a place of great beauty with its many halls and chambers, its wide marble staircase, and its treasures of art.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, a warm, sultry, July night, when I arrived. The sky was radiant with that peculiar radiance which comes to the Carpathian range in midsummer, and the silvery lustre of the rising moon shone over all the scene, making the gardens with their gorgeous parterres of flowers and the water of the little lake in front of the Chateau light as day.

The august Chatelaine, sitting in a bamboo rocking-chair on the marble terrace overhanging the park, looked out into the wide stretch of moonlight dancing on the water as I walked up the steps attended by her chamberlain. She was a very lovely woman then, infinitely graceful in all her movements and actions, and possessing an intricate mixture of vivacity and languor which was extremely taking. Her eyes looked immensely large in her delicate white face, and her hair rippled in soft silky curls all over her small patrician head.

Leaning back in her long, low chair, she wore a loose white woollen gown with a great deal of old lace ruffled at her neck and on her arms and falling in a perfumed shower down to her tiny feet. A necklace of enormous pearls gleamed behind the lace at her throat, where a cluster of noisette roses was fastened, and I could not help casting an admiring gaze at her, sitting there quite unconscious of my approach, and wrapped in one of those reveries which are among her most marked characteristics.

"Carmen Sylva" was then and is still a strangely attractive woman, whose nature is full of contrasts and whose originality is indescribable.

During my short stay we used to sit down together after dinner on a low ottoman in a great hall, with groves of palms in huge bronze vases against the walls, which were all covered with brilliant paintings like a Byzantine Church. Great brass mosque-lamps shed a subdued light throughout the lofty room, and quantities of cut roses and narcissus in bowls of silver repousse-work filled the air with their perfume.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

It was at these moments that she would talk most charmingly and unrestrainedly, touching many different topics with a skill and bravo very rarely found in a woman.

Of late, I understand that her mind has become affected,

and it is quite possible that she may yet be sent to join the crowd of distinquished inmates of the great private lunatic asylum at Gratz. For since leaving Bucharest, after the termination of the love affair between her nephew, the Crown Prince, and her maid of honor, Mlle. Vacaresco, she has fallen into a state of complete despondency, refusing at times to speak or eat. It is currently reported at Bucharest and also at Vienna that the influence which the Queen's secretary, Schaeffer, and Mlle. Vacaresco obtained over her extremely impressionable Majesty was entirely due to Spiritualism, and it is claimed that not only is the maid of honor a medium, but that the Queen herself is a very favorable subject for hypnotic experiments.

The Queen spent several months at Venice, and her condition was such that during this period her husband, as well as her mother and brother, left in all haste to take charge of her.

One of the first things which they did was to remove from any further contact with the Royal patient the rather mature and stout maid of honor. Already once before the Queen lost her mind to such an extent as to render it necessary that she should be kept under surveillance. It was after the death of her only child, and I fear that in the present instance her complete recovery is extremely doubtful.

Schaeffer, the Queen's private secretary, has been ignominiously dismissed and banished from Roumania. He was an Alsatian with ultra-Franco-Russian sympathies, and had been recommended to the Queen by Mme. Adam, the editress of La Nouvelle Revue, in Paris—scarcely a recommendation which should have carried much weight at the Hohenzollern Court of Roumania.

The engagement of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania to the young Princess of Edinburgh has caused great satisfaction. It had for some time been talked of in Bucharest, where there is every reason to believe it was ardently desired both by the King and his subjects. The Roumanian dynasty will thus find itself closely connected with the English, German, and Russian reigning houses, and, as a matter of course, it has the warm sympathy of the Austrian Imperial Family. It is to the credit of the Roumanian people that the anti-dynastic agitation which made its appearance in certain parts of the country some time ago came to an ignominious end, and has left no perceptible trace behind. The King is popular, not because he inspires any sentimental attachment, but because he is a recognized necessity. As a result of the intelligent and conscientious manner in which he has unremittingly furthered the interests of his adopted country, he commands personal regard. He is the idol of his army, to which he has devoted himself heart and soul, and which he has, moreover, led to victory.

Everything that is known of the Heir Apparent is highly favorable to him, and he has won golden opinions in Roumania. The gossips at Bucharest pretend that the marriage which has now been arranged was approved of by the Czar some time before Princess Marie of Edinburg was of age for any steps to be taken, and I have heard it said on respectable authority that through the medium of the Duke of Nassau, who has since become Grand Duke of Luxemburg, it was mentioned to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania more than a year ago. The first time Prince Ferdinand of Roumania met his future bride was, if I mistake not, at the wedding of Princess Victoria of Prussia, in Berlin, eighteen months ago. On his re-

turn to Bucharest the possibility of a marriage was discussed between the Prince and King Charles, of Roumania, though the Princess herself was then too young for there to be any immediate question of it. It is extremely difficult to keep such matters entirely secret, particularly at a small Court like that of Bucharest, and it is quite conceivable that the fact that this alliance was under consideration should have become known some months ago. There were probably never any very serious obstacles in the way.

Roumania holds in south-eastern Europe a position not unsimilar to that of Belgium in the west, and the Roumanian Royal Family bears much the same relation towards the people of Roumania as does the royal house of Belgium towards the people of that country, both being of foreign origin, and called to the Throne by the force of circumstances. Roumania is almost as thrifty and industrious a country as Belgium, and there is a useful field of action for an upright constitutional monarch in the one country as in the other. The English people may witness a Princess of their Royal house share the destinies of the Roumanian Crown Prince without concern, for it would be difficult to find on the Continent of Europe a country more prosperous and promising than the little kingdom of Roumania is now.

Roumania possesses a population of about 5,500,000 inhabitants, of whom all but about 400,000 belong to the Czarite, and practically regard the Czar of Russia in the same light as the Spanish, Austrian and French Catholics do the Pope. Although not Russian by descent, yet to all intents and purposes the vast body of the population have Russian ideas, customs and traditions, and up to the year 1864 the system of serfdom and of communal lands was almost identical with

that of the dominion of the Czar. Moreover, the common people regarded the latter as a liberator from the bondage of Turkish rule and tyranny, and, notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, have retained a very friendly recollection of the Russian occupation of 1877, when the Czar's troops made a point of paying liberally for all they required, and of treating the population with consideration.

It should also be added that the large Roumanian population of the province of Bessarabia, which was acquired by Russia at the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, appear to be exceedingly satisfied with their position as subjects of the Czar. There are no complaints from that source, and consequently there is no feeling in Roumania on behalf of "unredeemed" Roumanians in Bessarabia, nor any aspirations in the latter province toward Roumanian citizenship.

With regard to Austria, the feeling of King Charles's subjects is very different. In the first place, the Austrian troops who occupied Moldavia and Wallachia during the Crimean War left exceedingly bad impressions behind them, and are asserted to have behaved with great brutality and tyranny. Secondly, there are no less than 3,000,000 Roumanians settled in Transylvania and Hungary who are subject to the Emperor of Austria's rule, and who are as bitterly discontented with their lot as were the Venetians at the time when the "Pearl of the Adriatic" was still under the oppressive sway of the Vienna Government. Several methods of repression and even of persecution are used by the Hungarians in their futile efforts to "magyrize" their Roumanian fellow-citizens, toward whom they display on all occasions the most undisguised and insulting contempt. The Hungarians wish to form a unified kingdom with a Parliament in the English fashion; and, consequently,

they endeavor to assimilate and lessen all peculiarities in institutions, languages, customs, religion, and ideas. With this object in view, the Diet at Pesth has suppressed the autonomy of Transylvania, which is almost exclusively inhabited by Roumanians, and which had its glorious past, very much in the same way as the English Parliament at the beginning of the present century destroyed the autonomy of Ireland. Moreover, in direct contradiction with the terms of the Austrian Imperial law of 1863 concerning Transylvania, the use of the Roumanian language in the Government documents, law courts, churches

THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA.

and schools, has been prohibited, and the autonomy of the churches and schools have been abolished. The Roumanians are a very impulsive and hot-headed people, and bitterly resent the above instances of "Austrian tyranny," as they term it, and yearn for deliverance from the heavy Austrian oppression.

The position of their compatriots on the other side of the western frontier excites the most intense interest, sympathy, and compassion on the part of the Roumanians under King Charles's rule, who see in Transylvania a genuine case of "Roumania Irredenta." The feeling throughout the little Danubian Kingdom is most distinctly hostile to Austria and favorable to Russia, and since Roumania's neutrality in the case of an Austro-Russian war would be but a polite fiction, and she is under the disagreeable necessity of saving herself from destruction by allying herself with one or the other of the two combatants, the population prefer that the alliance should be contracted with the Czar rather than with the Emperor Francis Joseph.

King Charles, however, notwithstanding all his devotion toward his adopted country, is, before anything else, a Hohenzollern, and entirely influenced on all matters of foreign policy by the head of his house at Berlin and by the latter's Chancellor, Count Caprivi. In accordance with their instructions and his own inclinations, but in direct opposition to the wishes of his subjects, he has thrown himself into the arms of Austria and contracted an offensive and defensive alliance with the Vienna Government. In this course he was warmly supported by M. Bratiano, who, until quite lately, was the all-powerful Prime Minister of the Kingdom. For over twelve years this unscrupulous man, who, in 1858, was expelled from France in consequence of his implication in an attempt to as-

sassinate Napoleon III., had been the despotic Premier of Roumania, and although at the time of his fall he possessed a majority of no less than 137 votes in the Parliament, yet his party had entirely ceased, either in home or in foreign matters, to represent the wishes of the country. This somewhat anomalous state of affairs was due to the pressure and influence exercised on the electors by his vast network of officials. As an instance of M. Bratiano's impudent efforts to induce the peasantry to vote in his behalf, it is merely necessary to state that among other ingenious contrivances he had invented, for the use of the peasantry, bright blue voting tickets in transparent envelopes, and had caused the belief to be spread that not to vote blue would be to incur not only the displeasure of the Government, but also of the local collectors of rates and taxes. M. Bratiano's name has likewise been implicated in the long series of boodle scandals which have ended by giving the Roumanian Administration the reputation of being the most corrupt Government in Europe. Among their number may be mentioned the contract for the construction of the railways which was awarded to a German company at the rate of $40,000 per kilometer, whereas French and English syndicates offered to do the work for $20,000 a kilometer, the War Office frauds, and many others.

The King has an annual allowance of 1,185,185 lei, or $250,000.

The succession to the throne of Roumania, in the event of the King remaining childless, was settled by Art. 83 of the Constitution, upon his elder brother, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who renounced his rights in favor of his son, Prince Ferdinand, the act having been registered by the Senate in October, 1880. Prince Ferdinand is affianced to the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

DENMARK.

I.

OF all men King Christian IX., of Denmark, is the most unaffected and most easy of access; and when a man, be he in ever so modest a situation, has been presented to His Majesty, it is more than likely that on the following day one of the two big dogs which ever accompany Christian in his diurnal and pedestrian rambles through Copenhagen, will run up against him and that he will hear a cheery but rather guttural voice calling out, "Good morning," and informing him that he intends asking him to the Palace in a day or two.

Nobody in Copenhagen thinks of bowing to the King in the streets, as it is customary in some countries to bow to the Sovereign—although, of course, all those who know him personally salute him; and he lounges about almost unnoticed in the streets of his capital. In most cases, indeed, the approach of the two dogs above-mentioned alone gives any intimation of the Royal presence.

Christian IX. has no vices—he neither gambles nor drinks, and a favorite is unknown in Copenhagen; his only two weaknesses being a love for splendid horses, which he is not wealthy enough to indulge in, and a passion for the theatre. The patriarchal purity, indeed, not only of the King but of the Crown Prince, is a source of much comment and not a little amusement to the worthy Danes, who are noted as a nation for a lively appreciation of the charms of the fair sex.

Perhaps the most agreeable chapter of the King's life was His Majesty's visit to Iceland in 1873, and he is never tired of relating the various incidents of the journey, and of reminding his hearers that it was the first time in a thousand years that the Icelanders had seen their Sovereign.

On the whole, the King of Denmark is what may be called a very good fellow, perhaps. If one wants to be critical, one may accuse him of a little want of distinction, but he is a pleasant companion and an excellent father. Indeed, the Danes, who are rather cynical, sneer sometimes at their King for providing so very carefully for his numerous children and call him "the best father in the country." His Danish Majesty has, I must say, provided remarkably well for his offspring. His eldest son, the Prince-Royal, whose civil list is about $20,000 a year, has married the Princess Louise, of Sweden, who is an heiress, his second child is the Princess of Wales, his third is the King of the Hellenes, his fourth the Empress of Russia, his fifth the Duchess of Cumberland, whose husband is a perfect Croesus, and his sixth and youngest, Prince Waldemar, is married to the very wealthy daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

Like Napoleon III. and the present Emperor of Germany, King Christian has never been crowned, the Danish war with Prussia and Austria having broken out almost immediately after his accession to the throne. Of late he has become very popular with his people, but it must be confessed that there seemed little prospect of his becoming so at the date of his accession, for on his being proclaimed King the people cried "Down with the King!" and when he attempted to drive in his carriage from the Christiansborg to the Amalianborg the mob became more violent than ever.

One ruffian, indeed, spat full in the face of the present Empress of Russia, while a large stone struck Queen Louise on the cheek. All the windows of the Palace were smashed and a revolution appeared imminent. The King, however, remained perfectly quiet, made no manifestation, but stayed shut up in his palace and let the storm blow over. This line of conduct met with success, and after a day or two of brawling the mob settled down and decided to see what the new King was worth before condemning him.

Indeed there is no more remarkable spectacle in modern history than the real undoubted affection the Danish people have exhibited for their ruler in the twenty years past, while they have been engaged in a constitutional struggle with the King, in which he has yielded not one inch. In any other land, under like circumstances, dynamite would long since have been the order of the day. In Denmark there has never been a day all through that long and weary fight when the personal popularity of the Sovereign has abated. Old Queen Louise, of Denmark, is about the only person in Europe, male or female, who can boast of being able to exercise any serious influence on the Czar. She is an exceedingly clever and masterful woman, her character in this respect presenting a striking contrast with that of her three daughters, the Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Cumberland. She entirely shares her Muscovite son-in-law's antipathy to Emperor William, and has given great offence at Berlin by absolutely refusing to stop there, even for an hour, on her way through to call on the reigning family.

She has very old-fashioned and despotic ideas concerning the autocratic powers of Kings and Queens, and, far from attempting to soften the tyranical sides of Alexander III.'s char-

acter, she rather fosters them. It is she, too, who is mainly responsible for King Christian's absolute refusal to terminate the unconstitutional conflict which has so long existed between the Legislature and the Executive, by giving way to the former.

KING OF DENMARK.

Queen Louise has now become completely deaf. This, however, has neither diminished her interest in politics, her taste for music, nor lessened her vast private correspondence. These letters are all of the most witty and interesting character, and quite a number of them are remarkable for their match-making drifts, for Her

Majesty is celebrated as one of the most persistent match-makers in Europe.

Much of her time is spent in needlework, preparing birthday presents for absent and present children, and writing letters to the ones who are abroad. These letters are generally about domestic subjects, and contain homely gossip about relatives at home and old and favorite servants. There

tings in summer at Fredensborg and Rumpen-
nclude the Hesses of the Landravine branch,
Queen belongs. It was the marriage of her
ie favorite daughter of the Czar Nicholas which
of the singular and rapid ascent, in the 'Alma-
," of Christian and his family. He was, when
ok place a wretchedly poor lieutenant in the

se had a German passion for etiquette, which
ho are not of her family and household at a
does not approve of the French manners of
aldemar, who was hoydenish as a young girl;
taste for sports than needlework, and shows
ong when given a lesson in manners and con-
ncess longs to reside again in France, although the brilliant hunts at Chantilly and the parties in the splendid castle which followed them, entirely belong to the past and will never be revived. She wants to go somewhere on a voyage with Prince Waldemar, in compliment to whom she has tattooed naval emblems on her arm.

The Court of Denmark is a very slow one, and the Queen's not naturally angelic temper has been rendered gloomy by the danger in which the Czarina is of being hoisted with the Czar into eternity on a Nihilist petard.

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While at Copenhagen last summer the Czar distinguished himself as a boxer, boxing having become the favorite form of exercise of this imperial Hercules.

His great difficulty is, and has always been, to find any one ready or willing to stand up against him and to respond to each blow by a counter one. Neither his Russian brothers nor any of the dignitaries of his Court are particularly willing to oblige him in this matter, as they dread not only the force of his powerful fist, but also fear to incur his resentment in the event of their responding to his blows.

Indeed, the only man who ventures to put on the gloves with him and to meet him fairly and squarely is his young brother-in-law, young Waldemar, the Sailor Prince of Denmark.

Some time ago during the performance of one of Wagner's most wearisome operas, the Czar and the Prince withdrew to a vacant room and had a good set-to, which was on the point of ending fatally, for the Czar's huge fist struck Prince Waldemar's chin with such force as to dash him to the ground, where he lay for a quarter of an hour before the Czar and his attendants could restore him to consciousness.

The Czar would do well to abandon the gloves, for he is apparently unable to realize the extent of his strength, and does much damage with his sledge-hammer blows. Indeed, it was a blow such as this which struck his elder brother, the late Czarowitz Nicholas on the chest, and which enabled Alexander not only to marry one of the most attractive Princesses in Europe, but also to become the heir to, and eventually the occupant of the Russian Throne.

The Czarina, Marie Feodorovna, is a woman of a very sweet disposition, but she has, as often as circumstances will

allow her, the heroism to share her husband's danger, as for instance when she accompanied him on his visits to the cholera wards of the crowded St. Petersburg hospitals.

The old Queen of Denmark never sees any one come into the room where she is, without fearing that she is going to hear of the assassination of Alexander III. and his wife. On learning she is mistaken, she devoutly thanks God. She often says it would be happier were the Czarina married to some Princelet whose life was safe until its natural course would be run. The King rides a good deal, and when he walks out has for his escort two immense dogs, of which I spoke above and who are the parents of the Czar's great dog and constant companion. All the Royal Family are fond of music. The old Queen still plays duets on the pianoforte with her grandchildren. She often goes to concerts to oblige musicians, and is fond of spectacular dramas, the action of which suggests the dialogue.

The Danish queen dresses well and for the occasion of her golden wedding her gowns were especially magnificent and appropriate. It is noteworthy that they were not ordered from foreign modistes, but from an establishment in her husband's own capital. The "Golden-Bridal" robe was of gold brocade, trimmed with ostrich feathers; it had a low-necked bodice, with high sleeves, held in place by large diamonds. Her Majesty's veil was ornamented with golden ears of corn, and she wore a parute of diamonds of extreme magnificence. For the State concert at the theatre she wore a scarlet velvet robe, trimmed with rich brocade. At the party given by the Crown Prince and Princess, the Queen was dressed in mauve velvet, with a trimming of brocade. And on the following Sunday, the good old lady was very smart in a toilette of

heliotrope velvet and ecru—dress, mantle, and bonnet all *ensuite.*

When at the Castle of Fredensborg the Royal Family leads a most patriarchal existence. This charming residence is twenty-five miles from Copenhagen. It was built in 1720 by Frederick IV., of Denmark, shortly after the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace with Sweden, hence the name, "Fredensborg" (the Castle of Peace). The centre portion of the edifice is higher than the wings and contains the famous dome hall. There are two wings, which on one side look out on the spacious courtyard, and on the other face the park.

King Christian's apartments are in the centre, to the left of the hall, and look out on the marble garden. His study,—a delightful room—contains a vast collection of photographs, of all sizes, of the members of the Royal Family. The library, which is filled by several thousand books, adjoins the King's apartments, and a portion of his political correspondence is kept in it. The Queen's apartments are next, and they have superbly painted ceilings, and portraits of Scandanavian beauties of the last century, which are let into the oak paneling. The red drawing-room is furnished in the roccoco style, and next to it is the morning room, furnished in the style of Louis XV., where are placed two grand pianos, upon which the Queen and her daughters used to play every day.

The dinner, in spite of the easy-going ways of the Royal Family, is an affair of stiffness and etiquette, as the Maids of Honor (of whom the Queen has three, and who live in the Palace), the Master of the Ceremonies, the King's Adjutants, and the officers of the guard on duty, all dine at the same table as their Majesties. After dinner, they all retire to their

respective rooms, and reassemble at nine o'clock for tea, when the rest of the evening is spent in card-playing.

The King, as a rule, has a rubber of whist, and the rest of the party play a round game. Prince Waldemar, the "Sailor Prince," and the youngest of the family, when at Copenhagen, lives in the so-called Yellow Palace, the same in which his parents lived before they were King and Queen, and where all their children, with this last exception, were born. Prince Waldemar, as I just mentioned, is united to Princess Mary of Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres. It is worth recording that this couple were married quite simply, without any ceremony, by the Maire of the Parisian arrondissement where the Princess lived. They have two sons, the eldest of whom, Prince George, not yet three years old, is the Queen's favorite companion in her daily drives.

THE CROWN PRINCE AND FAMILY.

Crown Prince Frederick, who is already forty-six years of age, has seven children. He is a model father of a family, and an excellent type of Heir Apparent—studious, eloquent, amiable, rich, open-handed, and yet not extravagant. His wife, eight years his junior, is remarkable for her quick-wittedness and intelligence. On her first advent at the Danish Court, she shocked it a little by her mode of dressing and her freedom of manners, but she has now toned down and fitted herself into the simple burgher old-world *milieu*.

She is, moreover, famous for being the tallest and wealthiest Princess in Europe. Her stature is absolutely gigantic, being over six feet two, and, so far as her fortune is concerned, she inherited $15,000,000 from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, besides the entire wealth of her father, the late King Charles of Sweden. She is extremely fond of Paris, a fact which is perhaps attributable to the existence of French blood in her veins, her father's father having been the famous French General, Bernadotte, who was adopted as heir to the Swedish throne by the childless King Charles XIII. in 1802. Her grandmother, who died in 1860, as Queen of Sweden and Norway, was Mademoiselle Desirée Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles stockbroker, who jilted Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards first Emperor of the French, in order to marry his comrade and classmate, Bernadotte.

Although devoted to the land of her birth, Queen Desirée never once visited it after the fall of Napoleon in 1814, and her life can scarcely be said to have been a happy one. Bernadotte was far from what can be called a model husband. During his lifetime he subjected her to much neglect and even downright cruelty.

Oblivious of his own humble origin, he was everlastingly taunting her with her bourgeoise birth. A strange story, indeed, might be written of the misfortunes which have befallen every one of the women who have been raised from the ranks of the people to seats on the thrones of Europe. Josephine de Beauharnais, her daughter, Queen Hortense, Eugenie de Montijo, and Nathalie de Ketchko, have each in turn contributed sad chapters to the history of the heroines of Royal romance, and have paid dearly for their greatness.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is said to have inherited her magnificent eyes from her grandmother, Queen Desirée, but certainly not her height, since Bernadotte's consort was extremely petite and piquante. Bernadotte, himself, however, was very tall.

The Danish civil list is not long, especially since the loss of the Duchies. All included, it scarcely amounts to two million francs ($200,000); nevertheless, the Royal couple are most liberal. The Queen especially takes a lively and personal interest in all the charitable institutions existing in the realm, and, above all, in asylums or hospitals for children, as she is essentially a child's friend.

The King of Denmark's grandson, Prince Frederick, son of the Crown Prince and Princess, is about twenty-two years old now, and recently he was very much captivated by the charms of an actress at the Theatre Royal. She was a good, honest girl, and lived, according to the Copenhagen fashion, with her parents, respectable bourgeois of the city. Prince Frederick called upon her; but as soon as this came to the ears of Grandmamma Louise, commands were laid upon him to drop the acquaintance, and word was sent to the parents

that they must not receive the Prince's visits; and both parties submitted to this ukase actually without a murmur.

The golden wedding festivities at Copenhagen recalled memories of the famous Countess Danner, who occupied at the Court of King Christian's predecessor, Frederick VII., the same position as Mme. de Pompadour filled at that of King Louis XV. of France. Towards the close of Frederick's reign, he married the Countess morganatically. She was a French woman by birth, and in her earlier days had been the first assistant of the once famous Parisian modiste, Mme. Charpentier. To the very last she retained her skill with needle and scissors, and it is no secret that both the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia are indebted for much of their knowledge and skill in dress to this morganatic aunt of theirs. A thing which most people seem to have forgotten is the fact that the first and royal-born wife of King Frederick of Denmark, from whom he was divorced, died only a few months ago in her grand and historical old Chateau of Glucksburg. The daughter of a king herself, she was too high-spirited to submit in silence to her husband's avowed and openly displayed preference for the dressmaker, and accordingly she secured a divorce. Three months after it had become law she contracted a second marriage with Duke Charles of Schleswig-Holstein, and from that time forth until the day of her death, at the advanced age of ninety-three, she was known by the name of the Duchess Wilhelmine.

Her castle of Glucksburg is now being fitted up as the residence of the German Emperor's brother-in-law, Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who is married to the eldest sister of the Empress Augusta Victoria.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
MONTENEGRO.

WHEN at length, after several weary hours of slow riding over the most vile of mountain roads, the guide exclaims, "There is Cettigne," the traveller is apt to gaze with utter astonishment and dismay at the few miserable huts in the midst of a vast plain, which is closed in on every side by bare and wild-looking crags and peaks.

It requires some few moments indeed to realize the fact that those few thatched-roof hovels constitute the capital of the nation which, notwithstanding its small size, is a perpetual source of discord to the great powers of Europe, and a perfect thorn in the side of the unfortunate Ottoman Empire. The city—if a city it can be called—is composed of two streets, which cross each other at right angles. The more important one of the two is practically a prolongation of the road which leads up from the port of Catarro, and terminates in the courtyard of the only inn or hotel of the place, which is a heavy-looking two-storied building. The other houses of the town in almost every case consist of one single room, which constitutes not only the parlor, dining and bed-room, but even the kitchen and stable. As a rule, there are no windows, only a doorway, and the houses are built of roughly hewn stones held together with a mortar made of mud.

There are about a hundred of these residences in the Montenegrin capital, the population of which does not ex-

ceed 1,000 inhabitants. The length of the capital is about 3,000 yards and its width about 100. There are no monuments, with the exception of a little tower perched on the hillside where formerly the heads of the Turks killed in battle were exposed. The monastery, which is on another hillside, forms the residence of the Bishop of Montenegro, and the "Bigliardo," as the ruins of the former Palace of the Princess are still called, is now used as a printing office, from which are issued, as you may well imagine, some very peculiar letters, circulars, and other kinds of commercial printing, entirely different in appearance and general make-up from English or American specimens. The reason for the peculiar name of "Bigliardo" is owing to the immense sensation—which indeed has not yet subsided—created by the arrival at the capital of a full-sized billiard-table, which was imported by

PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO.

the predecessor of the reigning Prince and conveyance of which from the seaport to the old palace at Cettigne necessitated the services of over sixty men.

The only building, in fact, of the whole place, which looks halfways civilized, is the Palace, which resembles one of those villas of retired shopkeepers that abound in the suburbs of Paris.

It is surrounded on every side by a high wall. The entrance hall, decorated with trophies and panoplies of arms, is cold and uninviting, and a straight and steep staircase leads up to the great salon, which is sumptuously furnished. The walls are hidden by Gobelins and fine pieces of Oriental tapestry. On the right-hand side hangs a full-length portrait of Prince Danilo, the predecessor and uncle of the reigning prince, and of Princess Darinka, his wife. Full-length portraits of the Czar, of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia, and the Emperor and Empress of Austria, of Princess Milena, the reigning Princess, complete the collection. A vast amount of valuable furniture and bric-a-brac, especially porcelain and bronze works of art, most of which have been presented by Russian noblemen, are scattered about in profusion. In one corner, on a table, can be seen the monster silver Samovar presented to the Prince in 1869 at Moscow by the Panslavist Committee. The adjoining salons are equally richly furnished, but there is an absence of that artistic taste requisite to set off all these *chef d'œuvres* to their best advantage. It is just that, probably, which prevents the contrast being too marked between the civilization inside the palace and the barbarism outside.

Nicolas Petrowich Niegos, better known as Prince Nikita, who succeeded to the sovereignty of Montenegro in 1860, is

45 years of age. His manners are cordial, frank and captivating. He is very tall and now becoming somewhat stout. The features are strongly marked, the hair is thick and raven black, and the eye is brilliant and penetrating. The voice is hearty and sympathetic in tone. His mustache and whiskers are trimmed to resemble those of the late Czar. His strength is prodigious, and his skill in all sports is pre-eminent, even in a country where every male inhabitant prides himself thereon. He is a splendid rider, and a first-rate shot. He never wears anything but the national costume, which is composed of a kind of white woolen tunic, with tight sleeves, and opening on the chest so as to show a scarlet waistcoat. Gold embroidered leather leggings or moccasins, and dark blue knickerbockers, complete the attire.

The head-dress is the national "Kappa," a kind of red cap with black silk borders. The Prince was educated at Paris at the Lycee Louis-le-Grand, and talks French perfectly.

His wife, the daughter of the late Gen. Vucowitch, whom he married in 1860, is about 40 years of age. The cast of her features is unusually pure and delicate in its conformation. She has an abundance of beautiful brown hair, and a pair of magnificent, soft black eyes, which can only be compared with velvet. Ten years ago she was acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman of a country where all the men are handsome and all the women are classically beautiful. The birth of ten children in somewhat rapid succession has somewhat diminished her former good looks, traces of which, however, remain.

The Princess, who has travelled but little, talks French with difficulty, and is singularly shy and retiring. The eldest daughter, Zorka, was brought up at St. Petersburg, and is

married to Prince Karageorgewitch, son of the former ruler of Servia, and himself a pretender to King Alexander's throne.

The heir to the sovereignty of Montenegro, Prince Danilo, is a fine, clever, and well-built young fellow of twenty-one, who is the particular favorite of his father.

The reigning Prince generally gets up rather late of a morning and then walks over to the Senate, where he either works in his own rooms or confers with the members of that body. Subsequently, attended by a few guards, he takes a leisurely walk through the streets of his little capital, stopping from time to time to talk with those of his subjects who avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to make their wishes known to him. Frequently he sits down for a few moments' rest on the stone balustrade of the public fountain, and, like in biblical times, lends while there a willing ear to any petition or address which may be presented to him.

Towards 2 o'clock he returns to the palace for a family luncheon, and after a short nap, starts off on his daily ride around the plain of Cettigne.

In the evening, before dinner, the Prince again wanders forth through the streets. It is just the moment when, the day's work being done, the inhabitants of the place are lounging lazily about, smoking and chatting, and the whole scene, with its rich costumes, is one which flavors more of the Orient than of civilized Europe. The dinner takes place at eight. The cooking is excellent, and the number of services innumerable. The Montenegrin custom of serving a dish of preserved fruit between each course is adhered to, and the mixture of perfect French cuisine and native dishes and customs is most peculiar. The Prince himself eats but sparingly,

and prefers, above everything else, a dish of "castradina," which consists of smoked goat's meat.

After dinner, a short half-hour is spent in the salons, and then the Prince and his friends adjourn to the billiard room on the ground floor, where half the nights are spent in smoking, playing cards, and billiards, and in looking over the *Vie Parisienne*, the *Journal Amusant*, and other French papers.

As the Prince gets up late, he is in no hurry to go to bed, and, like all Montenegrins, he is a great gambler. His partners at *es carte* and other games of cards, are his cousin Radovich, who was educated in France, and who acts as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the General of the Montenegrin forces, who likewise received much of his training in France.

One characteristic trait is worth mentioning which not even his Parisian education has been able to eradicate from the Prince's mind. If a girl is born in a family it is looked upon as a divine punishment. No one would dare congratulate a father on the birth of a girl. On the contrary, in the case of Prince as well as peasant, the parents are so ashamed of themselves they do not venture to appear in public for a fortnight. The birth of a son, however, is the subject of great rejoicings.

Far more attractive than the present Princess of Montenegro, was her predecessor, the Princess Darinka, widow of the late Prince, and with whom I was much more intimately acquainted, than with the reigning Prince and Princess. It is just about a year ago that she breathed her last at Venice in a great melancholy palace washed by the waters of the lagoons. It is impossible to imagine a more poetical apparition than this woman, who, during the time of her short reign, was honored, nay, almost worshipped, as a saint, by her rough

Montenegrin subjects. When I first had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Princess, she was still one of the loveliest women whom it has been my fortune to meet. She looked so ethereal and spiritual that she reminded one of the portraits of saints in the leaves of an old missal, and the enthusiasm and adoration she had aroused in the breasts of her faithful mountaineers seemed but natural.

Her marriage to Prince Danilo—the first temporal Sovereign of Montenegro, the country having previously been governed by spiritual Princes—Archbishops who wore the mitre instead of the princely crown—was quite a romance. Handsome young Vladika Danilo lost his heart to the fair daughter of a wealthy Triestine merchant, Kvekvic by name, and bearing down all objections to this unequal match by his iron resolution, led the fifteen-year-old Darinka to the altar, February 12, 1855.

The war between Turkey and Montenegro was at the time on the wane, but shortly after the marriage of the Prince the hostilities were renewed with greater violence than ever, and the women of Montenegro caused a banner to be embroidered in Ragusa, whereon the exquisite features of the new Princess were traced in silks and gold.

"She will be our guiding saint in this holy war, and will lead our husbands on to victory," they said, as they presented the banner to the Sovereign.

On the battlefield of Grahova, the flag was badly torn by bullets, and one of them pierced the little white hands crossed on the breast of the image, and cut in two the taper finger on which was the wedding ring. This was considered a very evil omen by the superstitious Montenegrins, who declared that it betokened Prince Danilo's speedy death. This popular prediction was soon to be realized, for in 1860, on August

[illegible] as Danilo and his beloved consort were passing through Cattaro on their way to Perasto, the Prince was shot in the back and mortally wounded by one Tomo Kadisch, a member of the Vukka family. The despair of the Princess can better be imagined than described. She prostrated herself over her dying husband's body and could hardly be separated from him even after he expired. Her strength of mind and her soothing influence over the Montenegrins, nevertheless, prevented a revolution from breaking out, and it was owing to her energetical efforts that Prince Nikita, Danilo's nephew, was proclaimed without bloodshed as the ruler of the country.

PRINCESS OF MONTENEGRO.

I well remember the day when, seated in the dimly lighted boudoir of her Venetian Palace, the unfortunate Princess related to me the tragedy of Cattaro. Coming from her lips it was so impressive and moving that I shuddered as I listened to her passionate words. A grand creature, indeed, was this

woman, who for so many years had kept in her heart the remembrance of her murdered love as vividly as during the days when she was his cherished wife.

My personal experience of Montenegrins has been of a romantic if somewhat unpleasant nature, and I may therefore be pardoned if I indulge in a little bit of personal reminiscence whilst talking about the matter.

It was during the campaign of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1877–78. I was very young then, and consequently full of enthusiasm and exaggerated ideas of the "duty of woman."

When the regiment of which my husband was colonel received its marching orders, the wife of the lieutenant-colonel, Count X., and myself, obtained, not without a good deal of trouble, permission to follow the regiment to the field of war.

Our first weeks of "campaigning" were devoted to nursing the sick and tending the wounded. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary by idealists, it is not a pleasant task, and many a time have I cried very bitter tears at the sight of some strong young soldier crippled for life by the bullets of the enemy. Habit, however, is a great master, and with time I became so well used to life in camp-ambulances that I really considered myself as cool and collected in the accomplishment of my self-imposed duties as any hardened army-surgeon among us.

No country on the face of our unfortunate planet has been oftener ravaged, no land oftener soaked with the blood of its inhabitants than the portion of the Balkan Peninsula which our troops were occupying. Everything around us had been desolated by fire and bloodshed as severely as during the first invasions of the barbarians, hundreds of years before. Very grand, but very dreary and sad, was the landscape with its

wonderful defiles, its high mountains enclosing rushing streams. The sandstone rocks, worn by erosion into fantastic forms worthy of Gustave Doré, took in the twilight the shapes of huge dragons, lions, or other equally terrific-looking objects. Then came the deserted plains, with here and there cottages built of clay on foundation of dry stones and covered with pieces of wood, from which the inhabitants fled in terror. It was difficult to procure food for the army. The culture is always poor in this wild land, and now everything had been pillaged.

Shortly after the defeat of the Bosnians by our forces between Zepee and Maglia, our brigade was camping at the foot of some high and precipitous cliffs some miles from Zepee, our regiment being separated from the army corps by a superb defile of steep rocks. It was the most romantic site imaginable, plentifully wooded with oaks, beeches and elms; but the very narrow road winding between the cliffs was gruesome in the extreme in its loneliness and awe-inspiring grandeur.

One afternoon I had ridden over from our camp, a distance of ten miles or so, to the other side of the defile, where Countess X. was visiting her uncle, the general in command of the brigade. It was getting toward dusk when I ordered my horse with a view to riding back to our camp before night. I refused the escort which the general most kindly pressed me to accept, for I knew that I would be far safer alone than when accompanied by soldiers wearing the hated uniform of the army of occupation. Besides this, as I have said before, I was very romantic in those days, and I preferred not to expose any fellow-creatures to the bullets and yatagans of the dreaded Montenegrins, who were known to be always in ambush in the mountain passes.

After having succeeded in persuading the general of my perfect safety, I mounted my black charger, "Dare Devil," and was about to start off at a brisk canter, when the dear old gentleman, putting his hand to the pommel of my saddle and coming close to me, whispered, "Take care, my child. It would never do for you to be caught carrying dispatches." I laughed gaily to reassure him, but nevertheless I knew full well how true his words were, for, indeed, it would very likely mean death to me.

The fact was, that seeing me determined to ride back to camp alone, the general, who felt certain that a woman protected by the "brassard" of the Red Cross stood a better chance of passing unharmed through the defile than any member of his staff, had intrusted to me a dispatch of the utmost importance. It was written in cypher on a tiny scrap of flimsy paper, and rolling it tightly I had inserted it in the woodcock quill which was so jauntily stuck in the band of my military cap.

As I rode along in the gathering gloom, I glanced once or twice at the two revolvers in my holsters with a feeling of confidence, for I was a neat shot, and I knew that I was perfectly capable of defending myself if attacked. The trouble, however, was that those terrible Montenegrins lay in hiding just behind jutting rocks, and that their mode of procedure consisted in shooting the unsuspecting travelers who ventured through the mountain passes like so many rabbits in a warren, or sometimes in swiftly pouncing upon them from their places of concealment and making them prisoners before they had time to defend themselves.

The road was frightfully rough and uneven, for it was nothing else than the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent, full

of many stones and bits of yellow quartz. I picked my way carefully in the fast-increasing evening light much to the disgust of my fresh young horse who curveted from side to side in a most unmanageable manner. Fortunately, as I reached the beginning of the defile the moon like a huge silver lamp rose from behind the mountains lighting up the path with dazzling brilliancy, but leaving the steep rock walls and densely wooded precipitous slopes on both sides in inky darkness. The road was less difficult now, but I could not avail myself of this favorable circumstance to give my impatient horse his head for I realized that should any Montenegrin be lying in wait behind these dark ramparts anything like flight on my part would surely hasten my fate.

Never had I before this noticed how loud a noise is produced by the hoofs of a horse on hard ground. It seemed as if all the mountain echoes had been awakened by Dare Devil's really elastic step; again and again I peered first on one side, then on the other, imagining that this unearthly ra-ta-ta would at every moment bring something peculiarly undesirable about my ears. I cannot say that I was precisely frightened, I never was much of a coward, but I felt a certain tightening around my heart which I scorned and for which I was very angry with myself.

I had reached the middle of the pass, which was very narrow at that point, and I was beginning to think that nothing was likely to happen to me after all, when, without the slightest warning, four gigantic figures rushed upon me, two from each side of the pass, and before I could even dream of seizing my revolvers, Dare Devil had been brought to a sudden and most disagreeable standstill by an iron grip, and I myself felt that both my hands were being dextrously tied

behind my back. This was shame, indeed, for so brave a little soldier in petticoats as I fondly imagined myself to be, and at the consciousness of the indignity to which I was being subjected all my courage revived. Luckily I spoke half a dozen dialects of this part of the world well enough to make myself understood.

"What do you mean by making a woman prisoner?" I cried. Then, as it flashed upon me that my address was hardly of a conciliatory nature, I added more gently: "Since when have the brave sons of Montenegro sunk so low as to go to war with girls?"

The moon shown so brightly that I could see a smile flicker on the superbly handsome bronzed features of the huge fellow who was holding on to Dare Devil's bridle.

"We do not wish to harm you," he replied softly, "provided you mean no tricks."

"Tricks!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Fine tricks I am able to play when you have begun by putting me *hors de combat.* Shame on you! Don't you see the Red Cross on my arm? I am—" Here I slightly hesitated. "I am a sort of Sister of Mercy—do you understand? And many are the men of your race whom I have nursed back to health during the last few months."

"We know it well, and also that you are Princess F., wife of the commander of these devils of White Lancers, down yonder. We are not ungrateful for what you have done, and if you are ready to swear that you are carrying no dispatches we will take your word for it, and let you go free; otherwise;" continued the man, who seemed, judging by his gorgeous costume, to be a chief, "we will make you a prisoner

in good earnest and—" he finished his sentence with a gesture by no means reassuring.

This was a pretty mess, forsooth. I collected my wits as best I could, and, glaring furiously at him, I replied, drawing myself up so far as my pinioned arms would allow me to do: "I refuse to answer your impudent question. If you think I am a likely object to be entrusted with dispatches, execute your threats, make me a prisoner; it will be an easy job and a glorious victory!"—this with a derisive laugh. "Search me! kill me! if so be your pleasure, but pray put an end to this disgraceful scene."

A queer little creature I must have looked on my struggling steed, with my short scarlet kilt, spurred boots, white dolman and dashing military cap, through which the ominous woodcock's quill seemed to burn a hole into my thick crop of short curls! My captors looked at me for a moment, then at each other. They were a long time making up their minds—at least it appeared so to me.

Finally, at a sign from my interlocutor, one of them untied my hands.

"You are right, Princess, we do not fight women," said he, baring his head, "and especially when they are brave like you. Go in peace. Had you been afraid of us, things would have turned out differently; but we admire a virtue on which, above all others, we pride ourselves. This pass is not safe, as you have had reason to find out to your cost, and we shall accompany you until you are in hearing of your sentries, but believe me, do not tempt Providence thus again." As he said this, the handsome chief let go Dare Devil's bridle, a circumstance of which this well-named animal immediately availed himself by bolting with lightning rapidity. It was no easy

task to rein him in, but I did so, not wishing to look as if I meant to run away.

In silence we proceeded on our way, my stalwart body-guards keeping pace with me all the time. At the end of the pass, which we reached some twenty minutes later, the camp-fires became discernible, glittering like over-grown glow-worms on the dark plain. I stopped my horse, and, beckoning to the chief, I said, not without emotion:

"You have been very generous, I shall not forget it. Pray accept this as a little token of my gratitude," and I handed him my two revolvers, which were jewels of their kind.

With a bow worthy of a throne-room, the young man thrust them in his broad belt, which bristled already with weapons of the most forbidding aspect, then pressing most deferentially to his lips the hand I extended to him, he turned on his heel and, followed by his imperturbable subordinates, he vanished as he had come in the darkness.

Within a very few minutes I answered the sentry's challenge and rode at a hard gallop into camp. I could not easily have analyzed my somewhat mingled feelings, but until the end of the campaign I repaid the wounded Montenegrins who fell in our hands by extra care, and extra devotion, for the chivalrous conduct of the unknown chief who had proved to me a friend indeed, as well as a friend in need.

Two years later I was staying with my husband at the house of the Austrian Envoy at Cettigne. On the eve of my departure a great dinner, to which several Montenegrin dignitaries were invited, was given in our honor. Shortly before we entered the dining-room, a tall and remarkably handsome Montenegrin made his appearance in the drawing-room. Where had I seen this superb specimen of manhood? These

[illegible] lashes? [illegible] This beautifully curved mouth, [illegible] Suddenly I remembered [illegible] In the impulse of the moment [illegible] of my hosts, [illegible] and extending both [illegible]

"[illegible]"

[illegible] me to add, stupidly:

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]" said he, while a decided blush overspread [illegible] that when I last saw [illegible] while now—" His sentence remained [illegible] satisfaction. There was a slightly awkward pause, and then, pointing to the silken, [illegible] his slim waist, he showed [illegible]

"I have worn them ever since," said he, "in remembrance of—"

THE REIGNING FAMILY

OF

MONACO.

IT is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly contemptible personage than the Sovereign of Monaco, the owner of the Great Gambling Hell at Monte Carlo, who, notwithstanding his affectation of religion and science, is more or less cold shouldered at most of the royal and imperial courts of Europe, both on account of the infamous source whence the main portion of his revenues is derived, and also in consequence of circumstances in connection with his first marriage.

Of the crowning indignity to which he attempted to subject his former wife, Lady Mary Hamilton, and which led her to final flight from beneath his roof, it is impossible for me to speak. It will be sufficient to state that both the Prince of Wales and the King of the Belgians, who are acquainted with the true facts of the case—and neither of them can certainly be accused of any inordinate prudery—absolutely declined until a short time ago all social intercourse whatever with His Highness of Monaco. There is one insult, however, of which the Prince was guilty towards his wife, which, although known to but few, was the origin of the bond of sympathy between the Princess and the Count Tassilo Festetics de Tolna, her present husband.

The Prince, one beautiful moonlight evening, was entertaining a number of masculine friends at supper in the old castle at Monte Carlo. The fun grew fast and furious. Suddenly the Prince exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I invite you to witness a spectacle such as you have never witnessed before. The Princess, my wife, is accustomed to bathe daily towards one or two o'clock in the morning, when all the remainder of the world is asleep, and to spend almost an hour swimming about in the sea at the foot of the palace steps. Come, let us look on, and then surprise her with an ovation. Come, gentlemen, I say, it is a sight for the gods!"

One alone of the guests present had the courage and chivalry to raise his voice against the outrage, and to denounce the Prince as he deserved. It was Count Tassilo Festetics, one of the proudest and wealthiest nobles of Hungary. By some means or other, Princess Mary, who is the only sister of the Duke of Hamilton, became acquainted with her husband's project and with the Count's opposition thereto. She never forgave the one nor forgot the other. The conduct of the Prince merely served to increase the intense abhorrence with which she regarded him, while the chivalrous behavior of Tassilo Festetics stirred up the very depths of her heart. She had at the time no one to whom she could turn for sympathy and advice, for it had been her own mother, the late Duchess of Hamilton, *née* Princess of Baden, who, in conjunction with Napoleon III., had forced her into the hateful alliance with the hereditary Prince of Monaco.

A strong friendship soon sprang up between the Princess and the Count, and when at last, in 1880, that is ten years later, the Vatican finally consented to annul the marriage, though maintaining the legitimacy of the boy, who constituted the sole issue thereof, the ex-Princess of Monaco became Countess Festetics de Tolna, the wife of one of the

most brilliant sportsmen and most popular grand seigneurs of all Europe.

Although almost twenty years have passed since the day when Lady Mary fled from the Castle of Monte Carlo, and took refuge with Queen Henrietta of Belgium at Brussels,

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

she was still, when I saw her seven years ago, one of the most captivating of women; and she is beloved and admired by all who have the privilege of knowing her.

Her ex-husband, the present ruler of Monaco, a few years ago contracted a new marriage with the widowed Duchess

of Richelieu, a lady who, although she has been married twice, on each occasion to a rake and a *roué* of the worst description, has succeeded in retaining intact the enormous fortune that she received from her father, the wealthy Jewish banker of New Orleans and Paris, Michel Heine. She is a full-blooded Jewess of the blond type, and exceedingly attractive in appearance. Her cousin, Marguerite Heine, the daughter of Charles, the junior partner of the banking house, was formerly the Duchess d'Elchingen and is now the wife of the jolly and rotund Duke of Rivoli. It was this lady whose first husband met with his death under such tragical circumstances in the suburbs of Paris in 1881.

The Duke of Elchingen had been led by his terrible depravity to place himself, like the famous British Prime Minister, the first Lord Londonderry, in the power of a gang of ruthless blackmailers, who knew and traded on his horrible secret. One day, when their demands had been more than usually extortionate, and when he had been reduced to the verge of insanity by the fearful orgies in which he indulged, he finally blew his brains out in the very house where all the scenes of his Tiberian debaucheries had taken place.

The only thing that the Prince of Monaco has done towards redeeming his evil reputation and atoning for his past, is his recent research into the nature of marine currents and into the conditions of animal life at a great depth beneath the surface. His labors in these directions have already won him access to the French Academie des Sciences, and may, when they have been carried further, earn for him enduring fame in the scientific world. This work was begun about six years ago. The system which he adopted was to lay floats in a straight line, with a view of getting at the direction of

the surface of the water. These floats are of a peculiar character and consist of two semicircles of leather put together and rendered impermeable. Inside the hollow sphere thus formed are placed slips of paper, written in seven or eight different languages, requesting the finder to send back the float to the Prince, with information as to where it had been picked up.

Out of about 1,000 floats put into the water, the Prince has already received back between 200 and 300, some being sent from the southern coast of Morocco by men little better than savages, while he recently received two from the Bermudas, which had been four years in the water. From the experiments he has already made, he feels certain that there is a circular movement in the Atlantic, with its center towards the southwest of the Azore Islands.

As I have mentioned above, the present Princess de Monaco is the daughter of Michel Heine, who was nearly related to the poet, Heinrich Heine, and whose uncle, the celebrated banker, Solomon Heine, left at his death a fortune of 30,000,000 francs.

Marie Heine, ex-Duchess de Richelieu, is the first woman of Hebrew origin who has ever become the legitimate wife of a reigning Prince. She is a Catholic, but the Heine family belongs to *la haute Juiverie*. She has already announced her intention of transforming the Casino of Monte Carlo into a kind of hospital for the poor and ailing who require a warm climate for their delicate health, as soon as the present tenancy of M. Blanc, "Prince" Roland Bonaparte and Prince Radzivill—the three lessees of the public gaming tables—expires. She is determined, if possible, to wipe out, by means of charity and benevolence, the infamous souvenirs of the

place, and to devote a portion of her vast wealth to this purpose. It was the knowledge of these intentions on her part that led Queen Victoria to treat her with marked courtesy

THE FAMOUS THEATRE OF MONTE CARLO.

on the occasion of her last visit to England, and to accord for the first time any sort of recognition to her husband.

The gaming tables of Monte Carlo have been the cause of so much misfortune that the Emperor of Russia at one time forbade any of his subjects to enter the Principality of

Monaco. This interdiction was caused by the large number of wealthy Russians who have been ruined at Monte Carlo, during the past few years.

The following anecdote goes far to show how slight are

ANTE-ROOM IN THE FAMOUS CASINO.

the chances which even the richest among the habitués of the roulette table have of winning persistently.

The late M. Blanc, the creator of the Salles-de-jeu of Monte Carlo, was asked one day by an acquaintance why no

A DECORATIVE PANEL IN THE CASINO.

one had ever invented a "system" by which it would become possible to win with absolute certainty.

"My dear friend," exclaimed M. Blanc, "I will answer your question when you have answered one which I am about to put to you. How much capital do you put aside to play with?"

"Very little," replied M. X.

"Well, how much, about?"

"Oh! 300 to 400 francs."

"And you win?"

"Yes, but"——

"You need say no more, I know how you do it."

"Nevertheless, if everybody were to win as regularly as I do, even small sums, it would end by telling on the profits of the Salles-de-jeu."

"To speak plainly," continued M. Blanc, with a smile, "all is in my favor here. Mankind is naturally given to gambling. Gamblers are at once conceited, rash and headstrong; the odds are in my favor, and I have a limit. I told you that I know how you win; it is simply this: you, too, have a limit—very far below mine, of course,—but you keep it,—here lies the secret of your luck!"

The Chateau of Monaco, as it is generally termed, is a white stone building with towers, one of which suffered in the earthquake of 1887, and has since been under repair. It was originally a fortress, and a very strong one, as the remains of a round tower, ramparts, and bastions testify, as well as the entrances to the Hill of Monaco, which are protected severally by gateway and guard-house.

The Palace itself is under the surveillance of a fort built on the French side and overlooks it. One approach is by a

long paved incline, the other by a steep road bordered on one side by sea wall bristling with the spikes of the aloe and prickly pear. Strangers are not admitted as residents, so that there is but one inn—an old-fashioned, unsavory-looking place—where, however, pensionnaires are received and the dinner with wine is advertised on a placard outside at 30 cents per head. Once inside the gates, driving along the public road, dotted here and there with villas, is like going through a garden gay with flowers, graceful, red-berried pepper tree, and hedges of scarlet geraniums. Some of the paths are so circuitous and narrow that two carriages coming from opposite sides, wishing to pass, would have to jump over each other, as goats are reported to do when meeting on some mountainous ridge. There are some good shops and a market on alternate days with that held at Monte Carlo, a college for Jesuits, a convent for girls, a large hospital, a post-office, and a mint, since Monaco coins its own money, as well as has its own stamps.

Then there is the Cathedral and the barracks in the Place d'Armes, where the Liliputian army, consisting of twelve officers and seventy men, is quartered and drilled.

The Palace itself stands on this plateau, at the highest point perched on the rock, a rock that blossoms like a rose in spring and to which flowers seem to take as naturally as to the soil of the garden below it. Under the trees that ornament the Place d'Armes a marble bust of the late Prince has been placed. In the Cour d'Honneur, some marble stairs in the form of a horseshoe, similar to those at Fontainebleau, lead into the Gallery of Hercules, where frescoes by Luca Cambiasco may be seen delineated on the walls, representing the many labors of that muscular gentleman. The Palace

was only completed during the 16th century, by Honoré II., the first Grimaldi who assumed the name of Prince, and it was he who, having passed all his youth at Milan, introduced into Monaco the luxury to which he had always been accustomed.

The staircase, as well as the Cour d'Honneur, was built by Louis I., who, prodigal in the purchase of objects d'art, left six large shiploads of gems, goldsmiths' work, etc., to be transported to Monaco after his death. In the entrance are four pictures by Brughel. The state rooms are only shown to visitors two days during the week. There are the red salon, the blue, the green, etc., in all of which the walls are covered with the same damask satin as the furniture.

The style is Italian and somewhat gaudy, and the rooms replete with cabinets and tables in Florentine *pietro duro*, Roman mosaic and Japanese lacquer, frescoed ceilings, gilding and marble.

The throne is a gilt chair covered with red velvet, with the arms of the Principality embroidered on the back of it in gold, raised on a dais, over which a canopy of crimson velvet curtains depends from a gold crown. Just behind the chair, with the velvet as a background, a marble bust of Charles III., similar to that on the Place d'Armes, now stands.

In one of the bedrooms the Duke of York died, 1767. The Duke had been seized with illness while voyaging from Marseilles to Genoa, and in this condition sought hospitality from the Prince of Monaco, Honoré III. One of the finest rooms in the Palace was placed at his disposal, and every care and attention lavished upon him, but he died a few days afterwards. This room, sumptuous, rich with color and gilding, is painted with garlands of flowers—the seasons in the four

corners, and in the middle Juno with her peacock. The gold and tapestried bed, as well as the other ornaments, is Italian work of the eighteenth century. Standing at the extreme end of the gallery next the Throne Room and looking down the whole length of this suite of apartments, the effect of the polished marble floors shining like glass in the full light of the many windows, the gilt cornices and frescoed ceilings is exceedingly pretty and fairy-like. The Chapel, Saint Jean, completed in 1656, was originally very beautiful. The restoration of the Chapel was done by the late Prince.

The Chapel is on the ground floor, and has a gallery or kind of private chapel for the Royal Family, who can enter it from their own rooms above.

At the beginning of the French Revolution the Palace of Monaco was a museum of beautiful and rare objects. The works of the greatest artists were purchased to adorn it, and private fortunes were lavished with the same object.

When, however, Monaco was incorporated with the French Republic, in 1797, a commissioner was appointed by France to report upon the contents of the palace. M. Vignaly, to whom this duty was entrusted, made a careful examination; of hundreds of valuable paintings, he declared none worth retaining except sixty-four, whilst he estimated worthless works of art at their value in weight of silver or gold, and bronzes as rubbish. All he did not approve of was sold by auction, and in this manner one of the finest collections of the eighteenth century was scattered over the earth. For a time the palace was used as a hospital for the wounded after Napoleon's victories in Italy, and was a poorhouse of the department of the Maritime Alps from 1806 to 1814.

There is a tradition that Hercules founded Monaco, but

the legend believed by the natives is that of "Sainte Devote," a young Christian martyr, who lived in Corsica at the end of the second century, when Diocletian and Maximian were joint Emperors of Rome.

She had been a Christian since birth, and when called upon to sacrifice to the gods of Rome refused, in consequence of which she was put to torture and died in agony. As she drew her last breath a dove flew out of her mouth and ascended to heaven. The governor of Corsica ordered her remains to be burnt, but two Christian priests, to prevent this, embalmed her corpse, put it into a boat, and set sail for Africa. A strong wind drove the boat in an opposite direction, and when land was sighted, a second dove issued from Sainte Devote's mouth, and rested on the spot

A DECORATIVE TILE IN THE CASINO.

where she is buried. Here in the valley of Gaumates, between the rock of Monaco and Monte Carlo, a picturesque little church, raised to her memory, nestles in the shade. Crossed palms with a martyr's crown ornament the outside, as well as an alto-relief, in which is represented the boat with Sainte Devote's body driven ashore.

Inside, in the place of honor, over the high altar, stands her statue, with a dove in one hand and a branch of lilies in the other. The ceiling of this quaint little building, wedged in the rocks, is in the Italian style, as well as the marble altar rails. At Christmas time two years ago a new pulpit was erected. It was of light carved oak, with medallions let into the three sides. One represents Sainte Devote before the Emperor, another her being led to torture, and the third her crowning as a martyr.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

I.

ALTHOUGH far from possessing the comeliness of feature and charm of manner which distinguished the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, the reigning Czar of Russia is the only one of the crowned heads who can be said to resemble him in natural majesty and dignity of demeanor. Notwithstanding the homeliness of his strong, honest face and the obesity of his gigantic figure, there is something about him that impresses one with the feeling that he has been born to command, and that, too, in a most absolute and autocratic manner, instead of being merely educated up to it. This conviction was brought home to me most strongly on one occasion when I saw him walking alongside the present Emperor of Germany. The latter was fretting, flurrying, and almost prancing around his huge companion, displaying, in the most marked manner, his self-consciousness and his preoccupation as to the effect which he was producing on the spectators; while the Czar, who towered head and shoulders above him, gave no trace of emotion or concern, but remained serene and even indifferent, except for a gracious acknowledgment here and there of the greeting of some old acquaintance. The whole scene reminded me of Landseer's famous painting of the terrier and the Newfoundland dog.

Fond of comfort rather than of splendor, and of simplicity rather than of magnificence, the Czar nevertheless makes no effort or even pretense to conceal his belief in the semi-divine nature, born of his authority and of his superiority above his

fellow-creatures. This belief is more excusable in his case than in that of any other monarch, owing to the fact that he is not only the Autocrat of all the Russias, but the spiritual as well as temporal chief of the Orthodox Church. His subjects, particularly those of the humbler classes, are accustomed to regard him in much the same manner as the devout and pious Breton peasantry look upon the Pope—that is to say, as some one very nearly approaching in rank to the Godhead itself. To what an extent this exists may be illustrated by a little incident which took place a few months before Alexander II was killed and while I was at St. Petersburg. The Czar was strolling along under the shady trees of his private park at Tcharsköe-Selö, when suddenly the aide-de-camp on duty for the day approached, followed at a short distance by a gray-haired moujik dressed in the costume worn by the peasantry of Southern Russia. In reply to the Emperor's inquiries, Colonel F. informed him that the old man craved for an audience with His Majesty for the purpose of thanking him in person for decreeing the emancipation of the serfs twenty years previously.

On the Czar beckoning to the peasant to approach, the latter threw himself prostrate on the ground, and began kissing the Autocrat's feet, and amidst sobs to offer up prayers and invocations to him, just as if the Emperor had been some canonized saint. When at length he regained his composure, he explained to the Czar that at the date of his emancipation from servitude he had made a solemn vow to thank the "little father" before he died for his great act of mercy to his 30,000,000 serf subjects. On three previous occasions he had walked all the way on foot from his village in Southern Russia—a distance of some 1,500 miles—for the purpose of

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

accomplishing his vow. But in each instance his pilgrimage had been rendered fruitless by the close guard which the police kept over the person of the Czar while at St. Petersburg. Being, however, seventy years of age, and feeling that death could no longer be far distant, the old peasant had determined to make one more effort to accomplish his vow, so as to be able to depart for another world with his mind at rest. This time, he added, he had been fortunate enough to find the "little father" at Tcharsköe-Selö, where it was easier to obtain access to him. And thus he had been able to fulfill his heart's desire, and would now go home to die at peace with himself and with the world.

Much moved, Alexander extended his hand to be kissed, exclaiming, "It is I who thank thee, my old friend, and I am glad to have seen thee. Now return home with God's blessing and my own," and having directed Colonel F. to provide the old man with food, railway tickets, and money, he was about to pass on when he noticed that the moujik had left a queer-looking little bundle tied up in a multicolored handkerchief at his feet. In reply to his question the peasant, emboldened by the monarch's kindness, informed him that it contained two consecrated communion wafers which he had obtained at a thanksgiving service celebrated in honor of the emancipation, and which he had carried with him ever since in the hope that the "little father" would deign to accept them. When Alexander died from the effects of the terrible injuries inflicted upon him by the bombs of the Nihilists, the two little consecrated wafers in question were found on his writing-table in a box of exquisitely carved rock crystal.

When people regard their sovereign with such feelings of veneration as those displayed by the old moujik—and they

are by no means confined to the peasantry—it is not surprising that a Czar should consider himself as something more than human, and an offense against his person as partaking more of a sacrilege than of a crime. He is convinced that there is no authority above him save that of God alone, and that he is responsible to no one but the Almighty for his acts. He is encouraged in this feeling by all who surround him, except, perhaps, by his English servants. For, curiously enough, the majority of his domestics are from Great Britain, and his favorite residence at the Annitchkoff Palace is modeled and furnished in exact imitation of the London home of his genial brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales. Nor does the existence of Nihilism diminish in any way his assurance as to the sacred character of his authority. Aware of the semi-Asiatic nature of the Russians, and their Oriental taste for exaggeration, he realizes that the intense devotion and affectionate submission of the majority of his subjects, on the one hand, must in the order of things be counterbalanced on the other by the conspiracies of malcontent and disaffected persons. Plotting forms part and parcel of the nature of almost every Oriental, and the Czar is accustomed to deal with this Oriental failing of his subjects in a manner that is far more Asiatic than European.

The Czar's massive and striking features are often darkened by a gloomy and unhappy expression, a fact which is not surprising when one thinks of the dangers and risks continually hovering over his head like a threatening storm-cloud, and also of the sorrows which have darkened his younger days. His marriage to the charming sister of the Princess of Wales followed one tragedy, and his accession to the throne another. Of the latter it is unnecessary for me

to speak here, for the circumstances of the terrible assassination of Alexander II, the Liberator of the Serfs, just 14 years ago, are still so fresh in people's minds that it would be superfluous to reiterate the familiar details of the catastrophe. Of the sad events which led to the present Emperor's marriage, however, far less is known. The Czarina was the betrothed—almost the widow—of Alexander the Third's elder brother, Nicolas. The latter died on the eve of the date appointed for his marriage, from the effects of a blow struck during the course of some rough horse-play by the present Emperor. Husband and wife met for the first time at the death-bed of the Czarowitz Nicolas, who was the brother of one and the *fiancée* of the other. A little more than a year afterward their wedding took place at St. Petersburg.

It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than that which existed between the two brothers, who were exceedingly fond of each other. Nicolas, the elder, bore a striking resemblance to his beautiful mother. He possessed the same delicate, clear-cut, and refined features, and the same slender, elegant, and graceful figure. His physical graces were on a par with those of his mind. Witty, clever, and sparkling, his kindly epigrams and his charming verses remain to this day as an illustration of his brilliancy of intellect. He was an ideal lover, and under the circumstances it is not astonishing that his betrothed, Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, the younger sister of the Princess of Wales, should have been passionately devoted to him.

While the education of Nicolas was almost entirely foreign, that of Alexander was left to Russians, his principal tutor having been the fanatical and bigoted Pobiedonostzeff, who today, as Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, is the moving

spirit of all the Jewish and Christian persecutions. Uncomely and uncouth as a lad, surly tempered and dull witted, Alexander experienced the treatment of the ugly duckling, and was perpetually being slighted not only by his own family, but even by the Court dignitaries and officials, in favor of his elder and far more popular brother; and I can well remember the disagreeable surprise and widespread apprehension which was created in Russia and abroad when it was realized that he had become heir-apparent to the crown of all the Russias.

Betrothal in the Greek Church is not a mere engagement in the manner that Anglo-Saxons understand it, but a solemn ceremony performed in church, and almost as binding and important as that of marriage itself. It was not, therefore, as mere *fiancée*, but almost as wife, that Princess Dagmar was summoned in all haste from Copenhagen to Nice, late in the spring of 1865, to attend the deathbed of her Imperial lover. Her grief was intense, and she only parted from the medallion containing her dead lover's hair and portrait, which she wore around her throat when she donned her wedding-dress on the day of her marriage to Alexander III. The latter, too, appeared during the whole period preceding the wedding to see his brother's spectre arising perpetually between himself and the lady whom the exigencies of national politics—but not love—required that he should lead to the altar as his bride. For, during the entire courtship—if courtship, indeed, it can be called—he avoided ever being *en tête-à-tête* with the Princess, or even meeting her except on official occasions. It was to his younger brothers, Vladimir and Alexis, that he left the duty of representing him at all times by the side of his future wife. It is surprising that a marriage thus contracted

under the very shadow of death should have resulted in such unalloyed domestic bliss. There is no Royal or Imperial couple in Europe whose relations toward one another have been so unclouded since their marriage. The Czarina has learned to love and admire the sound and sterling honesty of her huge, burly, and rather narrow-minded husband, and is wholly wrapped up in him—never leaving him, and acting as his guardian angel. That her affection and devotion are returned with interest by the Czar, is conclusively shown by the fact that he alone of all the Princes, either past or present, of his house has maintained a strict and honorable observance of his marriage vows.

Alexander III has a reputation throughout the world for extreme intolerance and even bigotry on the subject of the Orthodox faith, and is generally credited with regarding the members of all other Christian creeds as heretics of the most damnable kind, and as deserving the worst forms of persecution. It will, therefore, be a matter of extreme surprise to those who have derived the above impression concerning the Czar from the anti-Russian papers in Germany and Austria to learn for the first time that the most intimate, beloved, and trusted friend of the Muscovite Autocrat is a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic—not a Prelate or other high dignitary of the Church, but a mere village priest, the rector of the little hamlet of Podborz, situated within a few hours of the western frontier, where the Czar often repairs in order to visit the good Abbe. Podborz is situated at the extremity of Russian Poland, near the great industrial town of Tomaszof, and the neighboring Castle of Spala is the private property of the Czar and one of his finest shooting estates. Ancient forests extend for hundreds of miles, and wild boars abound, as do

also hares and deer. The shooting is a great attraction for the Czar, who is also influenced in his preference by the neighborhood of the Principality of Lovitsch, the capital of which has often served as a rendezvous for the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia. This immense property belongs also to the Czar, who is thus one of the largest land-owners in Poland. The Marquis Wielopolski, son of the celebrated statesman who represented Poland before the insurrection of 1863, is entrusted with the management of this property, and bears the title of Administrator of the Principality of Lovitsch. The Marquis, who is married to Princess Montenuovo, a near relative of the Emperor of Austria, is a *persona gratissima* at the Russian Court. He holds himself entirely aloof from politics and thus gains the favor of the Czar at the cost of unpopularity in Poland. The Marquis is the only representative of the Polish aristocracy who accompanies the Czar; the others remain at a distance and, indeed, most of them leave the country as soon as the Czar's arrival is officially announced. When the Czar is at Spala he changes not only his habits but his very character. Usually taciturn and severe, he becomes gay, light-hearted, and affable. The Ministers have orders not to disturb the sovereign in his retreat, except for matters of the gravest importance. The time is passed in shooting, country balls, long walks, and other pastimes. The Czarina amuses herself by visiting the dwellings of the peasants in the guise of a good fairy, and never fails to leave behind her a substantial souvenir. Great measures of precaution for the safety of their Majesties are observed there also. Not only are a number of detectives from Warsaw stationed in the neighborhood of Spala, but the Chief of Police of the Empire sends 150 of his best men to

guard the sovereigns during their stay there. Disguised as private individuals, they are scattered about the district, guarding the Czar from real dangers and often, I regret to say, inventing imaginary ones. It is true that the Poles heartily hate the Czar and in their heart of hearts reciprocate the sentiment of dislike which His Majesty openly declares he feels for them, but they would be more likely to denounce plots against his person than to engage in them, for it is well known that the least misfortune to the Czar would render the state of the country more insupportable than ever. Besides the police spies there are a number of gendarmes who follow the detectives to keep a watch over them and to be watched by them in their turn. When the Czar goes to Skiernievice and thence to Warsaw, the whole of the railway line—150 kilometres in length—is guarded by troops, who line both sides of the way and keep a keen watch over the surrounding country and a sharp lookout for mines. The Czar takes care never to ride on the front part of the train or to take the train which has been announced. At Warsaw the Czar passes through the streets at a gallop, surrounded by police spies, who range up and down the streets and arrest any suspected person. Many hours daily does the Czar spend in the company of his old friend, the Abbé. It would be preposterous to pretend to give any account of the subjects discussed by this strangely assorted pair during their long walks and hunting expeditions. But judging from the results, politics are not altogether eschewed. For it is to the sole influence of this humble village priest that must be attributed the revival of the hitherto unsuccessful efforts of the St. Petersburg Foreign Office to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Russian Government and the Vatican.

To the worthy Abbé is also due the extraordinary good will and marked favor displayed by the Czar to the Polish peasantry. As a striking instance thereof may be cited the Peasants' Land Bank which he caused to be established in Poland a short time after his accession to the throne and for the further extension of which an Imperial ukase was signed a short time ago. The bank is organized on the Socialist lines described by Eugene Sue in *Les Mysteres de Paris*. Endowed with a capital of several million roubles out of the Public Utility Fund, it issues loans to the peasantry on the security of their land up to 90 per cent. of its valuation. The peasant, it is true, has to obtain a certificate from the local committee for tenants' affairs stating that he is in need of the loan, but on the other hand the money is granted to him without the payment of any interest. A prolongation of the term for which the loan is made can be obtained by the borrower on the payment of a merely nominal fine, and on the presentation of a certificate from the tenants' committee recommending that the re-payment be postponed. It is hardly necessary to add that until the debt is liquidated the land can neither be sold nor seized except with the consent of the bank. The scheme has worked wonderfully well, and has done more than anything else to put a stop to the wholesale absorption of the land by the Jewish usurers, to whose rapacity and extortion so much of the distress in Russia is due. It was for the sake of preventing these money lenders from taking any improper advantage of any temporary embarrassment of the peasant that the Czar recently issued an ukase decreeing that no Jew resident in the Polish provinces should be allowed to possess more than fifteen acres of land, the quantity in fact strictly necessary for his subsistence. It is further ordained that they

must cultivate this land themselves and they are prohibited, under pain of confiscation and expulsion from the country, from hiring Christian laborers to do their work. A new corps of officials has been created in Poland for the special purpose of maintaining a stringent surveillance on the Jews, and rewards are promised by the Government for all information concerning the infraction of any of the above-mentioned decrees.

This exceptional favor on the part of the Czar to Father Zudmowski—for that is the name of this remarkable Abbé—is a matter of much comment at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Father Zudmowski is about 65 years old, and his intimacy with the Emperor dates back to the year 1872, when he became acquainted with Alexander III on the occasion of the latter's visit to Field Marshal Prince Banatinski at Skiernievice. In presenting the priest to his Imperial guest, the old Prince laid special stress on his wonderful erudition and breadth of mind, and also on his great reputation in the district as a first-class sportsman. The Czarewitch—for at that time the late Emperor was still alive—soon became exceedingly fond of the Abbé, and finding it impossible to accept preferment, or to persuade him to leave his village church at Podborz for St. Petersburg, he actually purchased the estate of Spala, and constructed a chateau there, so as to occasionally enjoy the society of Father Zudmowski.

These numerous instances of Imperial good-will to the Roman Catholic peasantry and Church in Poland become all the more remarkable when the bitter persecution is taken into consideration to which the Lutheran and Protestant population in the Baltic provinces are subjected by the St. Petersburg Government. Indeed, at the very moment when

the German papers were filled with true accounts of the exile and banishment of numbers of Lutheran pastors and professors, the Czar was considering the advisability of permitting the return to Poland of the numerous Catholic bishops and priests who were transported to Siberia 28 years ago for their complicity in the last Polish revolution. All this is the work of the venerable Abbé Zudmowski, and while on the one hand his influence on the Czar has proved of incalculable benefit to his fellow-countrymen, on the other it has had the effect of converting a formerly revolutionary and disaffected population into patriotic and loyal subjects of "the little father."

The favorite residence both of the Czar and Czarina is the Palace of Gatchina, a beautiful place situated about forty miles from St. Petersburg, with which it is directly connected by three railways. It is thus quite a strategical position, and possibly this circumstance has influenced its selection as an imperial retreat. The residence is surrounded by a beautiful park, with picturesquely undulating grounds, the graceful slopes being adorned with fine old timber. The palace itself is an enormous building, or block of buildings. One huge square stone edifice occupies the centre, and from it branch out on either side circular wings which serve as galleries to connect the main edifice and the two smaller but substantial annexes that face in the same direction as the central portion and form projections at the ends of the general semi-circular front. In the central block are the state and larger reception rooms. The wing on the left is occupied by the Imperial family. In that on the right are the apartments for members of the household. Visitors arriving are conducted to the central entrance, and, except under the most safe conduct, and

after searching examination, no one is allowed to approach that portion of the palace inhabited by the Czar. Thus the general arrangement of the buildings, besides offering the advantages of accommodation to be found in a large mansion, affords special security for the personal safety of the Emperor, whose apartments are completely isolated and unapproachable except by narrow passages that are strictly guarded. The galleries at Gatchina have long been famed as containing magnificent artistic collections. One which leads to the Emperor's private rooms is called the Japanese gallery, and here are assembled a number of curiosities of the highest value, which have from time to time been presented to the great white Czar by the rulers of China and Japan. Japanese experts have long since stated that there was nothing in the East to compare with the Russian collection, and that it would be impossible to replace many of the ancient and extremely valuable artistic objects that adorn the Imperial gallery. In addition to the Asiatic curiosities, the lover of elegant antiquities finds at Gatchina magnificent specimens of the most highly worked Louis XVI furniture. These were presented to Catherine the Great by the most unfortunate of French monarchs, and have always been highly prized by the Russian Imperial family. The ordinary sitting-room of the Czar in which he transacts his business is situated on the first floor of the block inhabited by the Imperial family. It is a comfortably but simply furnished apartment. The style somewhat betokens the character of its occupant. A number of heavy German-fashioned and capacious arm-chairs give it an air of ponderous solemnity. Little elegance or ornament is so noticeable, but a large writing-table and other unmistakable

signs denote that many of the Emperor's hours are here passed in close application to the endless business that devolves on the autocratic head of a system of bureaucratic centralization. On the writing-desk is a wonderful picture of the Czarina surrounded by her children. It is framed in antique Hungarian enamel and surmounted by the Imperial Crown in diamonds.

Alexander usually rises at seven, and hurriedly dresses himself. After he is dressed, he enters his reception room, and receives the report of the commandant of Gatchina and the chief of his body guards. Then he takes a long walk in the palace garden. When in a good humor he enters the palace yard, throws off his overcoat, seizes a huge axe, and chops wood. Thick logs of oak and pine are one after another eagerly and dexterously cut and split by the Autocrat of all the Russias. The real labors of his day commence at nine in the morning. Till one o'clock he is occupied in his study receiving the Ministers, who present their weekly or daily reports, and consulting with them over affairs of state. The reception of Ministers is followed by the presentation of officials who have recently received important appointments, or with whom the Emperor, for some particular reason, desires to converse. Very characteristic it is that while high officials have often a difficulty in obtaining an interview, His Majesty is always accessible to provincial deputations, which are sometimes composed of wild Khirgiz, sometimes of swarthy Kalmuks or skin-clad Samoyedes, and sometimes of illiterate Russian peasants, who desire to present a holy picture to their great father, and to express their loyalty and devotion to his person. The Emperor receives all with a stern dignity which, though accompanied by great kindness of manner, always leaves the conviction that Alexan-

der III feels himself an autocrat, and is determined to yield none of his prerogatives, but to impress on all who approach him that they are in the presence of an absolute though indulgent master. This species of self-assertion was a trait in the character of the Emperor in his very earliest days. He is devoted to music, and, when a boy, it was suggested that he might derive pleasure from taking a part in the musical performances of the palace orchestra. The then heir-apparent was delighted at the idea, and it remained to be settled on what instrument he should learn to perform. Characteristically, this Imperial prince selected the trombone as being the instrument with which he could produce the greatest effect, and lover of music though he was, his performance appeared chiefly to consist in a well-sustained and fairly successful effort to drown the remainder of the orchestra. Of late years, the Czar, big and burly giant that he is, finds amusement in playing on a large silver cornet, the clear ringing blasts which are often heard echoing through the halls and salons of the palace at Gatchina.

Although stern to the majority of those who surround him, Alexander III has always been a sympathizing and affectionate husband and father. At one o'clock daily he lunches with his wife and children, and to this meal none but the closest intimates of his family are ever admitted. After luncheon, if there are no further deputations to receive or important business to attend to, the Czar goes out walking or driving in company with the Empress and his sons. At 7.30, which in Russia is considered a late hour, the Emperor and Empress dine, but at this meal the children, who have been already consigned for the night to the care of their superintendents, do not appear. The Empress makes a point

of being present when her younger children are put to bed. She often undresses them with her own hands, hears them say their prayers, and does not leave their apartment until the little silky heads have been laid to rest on their dainty lace-edged pillows. When the children were yet babies the Czarina, wrapped in a plain flannel dressing-gown, made her appearance in the nurseries a little before the moment when the little ones took their baths, and would take a particular delight in performing this operation herself, laughing and playing with the little ones whilst she sponged and douched them. When at Gatchina, there is often in the evening a little music, of which the Empress is as fond as the Emperor, and Her Majesty is a good pianist. The Czar retires to bed early, and by eleven o'clock all is silence in the Imperial apartments. The lookout from the windows over the park is charmingly picturesque in the Empress' study, but the attention is somewhat distracted from the beauties of the scene by the continual pacing, immediately in front of the windows, of the many sentries who closely surround the house. The Empress is an admirable manager, both of her time and everything that pertains to the household duties. Her great intelligence and sweetness of manner have given her an extraordinary influence over persons who come in contact with her. The Anitchkoff palace which she occupied at Czarevna, was a model of household management, and to her initiative are due the commencement of sweeping reforms in the administration of the other overgrown palaces. She is patroness, and takes, as far as possible, an active interest in the management of half the charitable institutions in Russia, and particularly those connected with the protection of women and children. Every morning, while the Emperor is busy up-stairs

with his Ministers, the Empress receives the reports of those whom she intrusts with the supervision of the various societies in which she is interested. It is rare also that any deputation or individual of importance is presented to the Emperor without being subsequently introduced to the Empress. But it is not affairs pertaining to her Imperial position alone that occupy the attention of this excellent wife and mother. The Empress' solicitude for the safety of her husband is well known, and it has been observed that she is never at ease when he is called away from home. For in spite of the precautions of all kinds which are continually invented in the hope of thwarting the efforts of the Nihilists, the Emperor is in continual danger of assassination. In each house in Moscow and St. Petersburg one person, usually the Dvornik, or janitor, is designated by the police, and is held responsible for the doings of the inhabitants of said house. These precautions constitute a strict guard over the whole population of the city. The persons thus singled out by the police to do such guard duty are so many hostages in the hands of the Muscovite authorities, their own lives and liberties depending on the good behavior of every inhabitant in each house. The critical position of the country and the personal danger of the Emperor are the dread skeletons in the cupboard of this otherwise happy Imperial family, and grave are the anxieties that often cloud a face that no one can look upon without especial feelings of sympathy.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY
OF
RUSSIA.
II.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said to the contrary, the Czarina, sister of the Princess of Wales, has no political influence whatever on her husband. Like her English sister she takes exceedingly little interest in the affairs of State. She is devoted to her husband, to her children, to dress, to dancing, and to all those pursuits which so thoroughly belong to the province of women. Although exceedingly popular and very kind and gracious to her friends, she can be very proud and unbending. Far more so, indeed, than either of her two sisters. Like the Empress of Austria, the Czarina is a devoted vassal of "King Nicotine." She smokes almost continually in an indolent and semi-oriental fashion. Stretched on the silken cushions of a broad, low divan at Gatchina, she follows dreamily with her beautiful dark eyes the rings of blue smoke that her crimson lips part to send upward into the perfumed air of her boudoir, a boudoir which she calls her "den," and which is copied from one of the loveliest rooms of the Alhambra, with palms raising their banners against the gorgeous colors and diapered gold of the walls. Heavy-hearted and anxious as the charming sovereign of all the Russias often is, her mind filled with gruesome fears of a cruel death for those she loves best, she finds in the cigarette her greatest solace, and she spends many an hour, her small patrician head crowned by its wealth of brown braids, reclining among the

gold-embroidered pillows of her couch, sending little clouds of smoke upward to the ceiling, and sipping exquisite caravan tea at $40 a pound! The latter is brought to her in a service made by the goldsmiths of the Deccan, who provide work, beside which all the best that Europe can furnish appears clumsy, vulgar, and inartistic. Her Majesty is still extremely

PALACE AT KREMLIN.

lovely and takes such excellent care of herself that she looks more like the sister than the mother of her tall sons and daughters.

She is a great advocate of cold water, and adjoining to her dressing-room there is a large swimming bath entirely built of Carrara marble where she dives and floats in cold water

every day for half an hour. To make the illusion as complete as possible, she has had this artificial pond surrounded with hedges of exotics, clusters of palms, and banks of moss, where cyclamens, violets, and primroses blossom in profusion. Surely this is a delightful way of taking one's morning bath. The room being well heated, the cold water feels delightfully refreshing after a night spent in dancing in the oppressive atmosphere of a crowded ball-room, or after one of these long Court receptions so tiring to the august hostess.

The Czarina's private sitting-room, which is her favorite apartment at Gatchina, is a marvel of tasteful luxury. It is lighted by three bay-windows, garlanded by Spanish jessamines, growing in great Dresden boxes. The walls and ceilings are covered with a thick, soft, silken stuff of a very pale pink, interwoven with threads of silver. A chandelier of pink Venetian glass, representing clusters of convolvulus, hangs from the ceiling. The sofas, arm-chairs, rockers, and divans are upholstered in pale pink velvet embroidered with silver. The floor is carpeted with a white Aubusson rug, on which are worked showers of rose petals. Nowhere is any woodwork to be seen; even the frames of the long, narrow mirrors are swathed in pink velvet. In each corner are pink marble statues by Coustov, and in the centre of the room a pink camelia in full bloom stands on a round console draped with cloth of silver of the fifteenth century, matching the *portières* and window curtains.

The mantel-piece is also of pink marble, crowned by a bank of Neapolitan violets in a long, low *jardinière* of *repoussé* silver-work.

Very fond of jewels, Marie Dagmar, Empress of Russia, possesses one of the finest collections of gems in the world.

Ropes of pearls, streams of emeralds green as the deep lakes, sapphires gleaming like the Oriental sky, diamonds twinkling like fallen planets on their velvet beds, rare Byzantine jewels, and clusters of rubies worthy of Haroun Alrashid. One of the Czar's latest presents to his beloved wife is a necklace of great pearls of absolutely perfect form and color. Nine rows of these softly-gleaming gems are loosely held together by clasps of diamonds in the shape of *fleur-de-lis*, and a right Imperial jewel this is. A favorite *parure* of the Empress is a long javelin, composed entirely of brilliants, to hold up the skirt draperies, and a necklace and tiara of emerald shamrocks sprinkled with diamond dewdrops. But one of the quaintest and most handsome of all these priceless toys is a set of 15 butterflies to place as epaulets on a low bodice, and to scatter over the skirt. They are made of brilliants, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and topazes, their antennæ are covered with diamond dust, while, as a finishing touch to this lovely and original ornament, is a huge moth of pearls and brilliants, with widely outstretched wings, to be placed in the hair. There are also, among the many treasures lying in her jewel-safe, a tiara of rubies and diamonds, representing a garland of poppies and wheat ears; a flat band of diamonds and emeralds, to be worn round the neck; a set of 20 pink diamond stars, and a tiara stomacher and collar, composed of hedge roses made of great rubies of the true pigeon-blood color, set in a double garland of diamond maidenhair ferns and trembling grasses which are renowned throughout the world, etc., etc., etc.

The Muscovite regalia, or Crown jewels, which are kept at the Winter Palace in Petersburg, includes among its marvels the two Imperial crowns, the two collars of the order of

St. Andrew, the globe and sceptre, whose money value exceeds $2,000,000, but whose artistic value is very small. The Imperial crown is that of Catherine, with its fifty large stones and 5,000 brilliants, which have been used at five coronations. The Orloff diamond surmounts the sceptre, and the sphere holds the finest sapphire in the world. The throne of Alexander is one of carved ivory, and that of the Czarina of silver, incrusted with diamonds, but lower in form than that of the Emperor.

The Czarina possesses exquisite taste and displays the same on every occasion. The last time when I had the pleasure of lunching with Her Majesty it was at Gatchina during the beginning of autumn. The meal was served entirely in Russian style. The plates and dishes were of tolsk pottery; this ware is ornamented in the most effective manner possible with designs and flowers executed in colored relief resembling, in a cruder way, the Bernard de Palissy *genre*. The wines were served in superb ewers of old Niello or Tula silver, enriched with raised ornaments in bold relief, and the spoons, knives, forks, salt-cellars, and other articles of plate were also of dark Tula silver. The tumblers and wine-glasses were of that peculiar opaque crystal which is known as Russian "Schmeltz," a mixture of delicately shot-sea-green and rich purple. In the middle of the table was a low *jardinière* of Labrador (a Russian stone of soft gray tint with a blue silvery shimmer irradiating therefrom); in this were planted Russian violets, leaves, blossoms, buds, and all intermingled with a queer-looking feathery species of dwarf-reed, which grows on the steppes of the Ukraine. On a side table were disposed, Russian fashion, on a thickly embroidered red and blue cloth, piles of Caviar sandwiches,

pickled sterlet, barch (a clear soup made of beet-root, hops, and sour cream, a Russian national dish), served in Tula cups, big carved wooden bowls heaped with walnuts and rosy-cheeked apples, jugs of kwas (native beer), and flagons of Kümmel.

When we entered the dining-room we stepped toward this table and made our choice from these various appetizers, which to Muscovites appear as necessary an ante-prandial tid-bit as oysters are to Europeans and Americans. I must not forget to add that the table and napkins on the luncheon-table were of a tissue which is manufactured from the fibres of a peculiar filandrous stone from the Siberian mines. This stone is dove-colored, very brilliant and satin-like in texture, and by some unknown process it is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and as perfectly supple and pliable as silk, is of so resisting a nature that it never wears out. When soiled it is thrown into the fire, and when red-hot plunged into cold water, from whence it emerges absolutely clean and ready for use again. This is only one of the small marvels of a country which is full of mysteries worthy of a land of legend.

The Czarina, who is the Muscovite leader of fashion *par excellence*, and who always dresses charmingly, wore that morning a white velvet gown made perfectly plain, with a short round skirt, and trimmed with deep bands of blue-fox fur. At her throat nestled three or four half-open buds of yellow roses, and in her hair was a long silver arrow. Never did I see Her Majesty look so well as in this simple toilette, which suited her style of beauty to perfection.

It was on that day that I met for the first and last time a very remarkable personality—Princess X——, who is as well

known at Paris as in St. Petersburg, where she occupied the honorary office of lady-in-waiting to the Czarina.

Two years later she lost her only child, a lovely boy of four years old, while spending the autumn at one of the most romantic seaside resorts on the coast of Brittany, under peculiarly awful circumstances.

The Princess is a superb swimmer, and daily she remained for hours in the water, taking especial delight in so doing when the sea was rough and the big green waves tumbled her about, causing her to look, with her long golden hair unbound on her shoulders, like a mermaid or a "nixe" from some old German legend. Often would she take her little boy with her, and although he was very much frightened, poor little fellow, a look from her sufficed to make him plunge into the restless water with a resolute expression on his fair face, although tears of terror glistened in his big blue eyes. One morning toward the end of October the young Princess, accompanied by two or three gentlemen and her little boy, appeared on the beach to take her bath. The tide was running high, and the waves rose black and frothy upon the sands. "Surely you're not going to take the baby with you to-day?" growled an old fisherman, who, with his hands in his pockets and a telescope stuck under his arm, was sitting on an overturned boat watching the stormy sky. "Yes, indeed, I am," laughed the great lady. "He is a man and must learn to be plucky." Heedless of the warnings poured forth by the indignant Breton, she lifted the child in her arms and walked into the surf. A small crowd of women, wearing the picturesque white cap of the Brittany peasant, had gathered at the foot of the cliffs to enjoy the sight presented by the elegant foreigners in their bright-colored bathing suits, disporting

themselves in the water. They thought that the Princess would plunge the baby once or twice and then take him out; but a cry of dismay arose as they saw her place him on her shoulders and swim boldly off, rising and falling with the big undulating rollers, topped with white foam, which seemed about to engulf her, now and again, between their greenish walls. The boy, livid with fear, was clinging desperately to her neck, when suddenly the onlookers noticed that the tide, which was beginning to recede, was drawing her rapidly away from the shore. The Princess also felt the imminent danger and screamed aloud. Some men ran toward the overturned boat, dragged it rapidly down the beach, and with difficulty succeeded in launching it on the now tumultuous sea, calling out to the Princess, as they did so, to "hold on, that they were coming." She appeared, however, to have lost all presence of mind and tried to shake off the boy, who was almost throttling her in his frantic efforts to maintain his hold. A fearful expression of rage and fury swept over her beautiful features, and, grasping her precious burden by the arm, she wrenched him, and hurled him away from her. Then, without one look behind her, she swam toward the boat, which had meanwhile come quite close to her. One minute more, and she might have saved the poor little one, who had sunk like a stone and whose disfigured little corpse was washed ashore two days later. This surely is a drama which is unequaled in the annals of motherhood, for even wild beasts sacrifice themselves for their young ones. Not so, however, with mondaines like Princess X——. It is needless to add that Princess X—— is no longer invited to Gatchina, and has been completely dropped by the Empress.

Talking of Gatchina involuntarily reminds me of another

awful tragedy which happened there not long ago and which left a deep impression of sadness at this beautiful place. Prominent among the inhabitants of that picturesque little town, with its beautiful villas and shady tree-lined avenues, was at the time Privy Councillor von Dietz, the superintendent of the Imperial stables, who is one of the most trusted and respected members of the Czar's household.

When the Court moved to the metropolis Mr. von Dietz was forced to accompany their Majesties, but used to leave his wife and three children at Gatchina. One autumn afternoon Mme. von Dietz proceeded, with her little six-year-old boy, Seresha, to call upon her neighbor, the Princess Galitzyne, whose husband fills the office of Grand Huntsman of the Empire. During the visit the discussion turned upon some article that had appeared in the *Grashdanin*, and finally Mme. Dietz determined to send home little Seresha to fetch the paper from her villa, which was only a few hundred yards distant from that of the Princess. The path lay through an immense courtyard adjoining the Imperial kennels, into which the hounds were turned at certain hours of the day for exercise. The two ladies waited in vain for the newspaper, and as the child did not return, the Princess summoned a page boy, some fourteen years of age, and sent him to fetch it and at the same time to find out what had become of the little Seresha.

In about ten minutes the page reappeared, saying that the dogs were out for exercise and that they would not let him pass. He added that he had attempted in vain to beat them back with his whip, but that they had become so ugly in their demonstrations toward him that he did not dare to proceed any further. "But what has come over the dogs?" exclaimed

both the ladies at once; "they have never acted like that before." "They seem to be dragging a kind of sack or bundle about," replied the page; "I could not see what it was exactly, because of the twilight, but they seemed to be in a state of perfect frenzy over it."

Greatly alarmed, the ladies immediately summoned assistance and proceeded to the courtyard. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the dogs could be whipped off the bundle which they were worrying and which, to the horror of all present, turned out to be the body, or rather what was left thereof, of poor little golden-haired and blue-eyed Seresha. Mme. Dietz swooned away on the spot, and lay for weeks prostrated with an attack of brain fever.

By order of the Czar the entire pack of hounds was destroyed on the following day. None of the dogs in question was more than eight or nine months old and had been regarded as mere puppies, and therefore not dangerous. They were of a peculiar breed, raised only for wolf hunts, being the issue of a cross between the tame she-wolves and gigantic wolf-hounds.

Little Seresha had been accustomed to play with the puppies and had failed to realize that they had already attained an immense size, had evidently attempted to cross the courtyard without dreaming of any danger. The dogs in their uncouth demonstrations of pleasure at seeing their former playmate, had probably scared the little chap, causing him to take fright. The whole pack had thereupon followed in pursuit and thrown him to the ground, and then, the latent instincts and ferocity of the wolfish mother supervening, had torn the child to pieces. Little Seresha, who was a godson of the Empress, was known and beloved by everybody, both

at the palace and in the town of Gatschina. The Czar and Czarina, as also all other members of the Imperial family, were deeply affected by his terrible death and did everything in their power to console the grief-stricken father. The latter was promoted to a higher rank and salary, and was presented by Alexander III with a beautiful villa in the Imperial Park, at Peterhof, in lieu of his house at Gatschina, which could not fail to evoke painful memories of the tragedy.

The Czarowitch is a young man of slight build, resembling his pretty and delicate mother, rather than his herculean father, who is the strongest man I have ever seen, being able to bend a silver dollar piece double between his forefinger and thumb. The young man is of somewhat mystical turn of mind, like his mother. He believes firmly in all the old legends so current in Russian history, among which stands prominent the superstition concerning the beautiful lady dressed all in white and carrying a great wreath of white roses, who is said to be the death messenger of the Romanoff family. A curious story is told of how, on the morning of his assassination by the Nihilists, Alexander II, the father of the present Czar, found on his bed a branch of white roses veiled with crape, which it was asserted, had been left there by the apparition.

The Czarowitch is of an active and lively disposition in spite of his frequent fits of open-eyed dreaming, and for his years displays much earnestness and good sense. Russian is always the language employed by the Imperial family when they are together. But all the Czar's children speak a number of foreign idioms, for which the young heir-apparent has considerable talent. He is also a superb shot and excellent rider. His military titles and dignities include that of Ataman of all the

Cossack Regiments, of Captain of the Regiment of Preobrajensky, Colonel of the Volynian Guard, of the 65th and 84th Regiments of Infanty, Honorary Owner and Colonel of the Prussian Regiment of Grenadier Guards, and of the Prussian Hussar Regiment, known as Westphalian Hussars, etc., etc.

CZAROWITCH.

The young heir-apparent's tour around the world was notable by reason of the fact that it was the first occasion on which a Russian Emperor, either in *posse* or in *futuro*, extended his travels beyond the border line of Europe. The Grand Duke Alexis, it is true, had visited the United States, as well as Australia and the far East of Asia. But his prospects of succeeding to the throne are exceedingly remote, as there are not only the children of the Czar, but also those of the Grand Duke Vladimir, between himself and the Crown. Of the monarchs now living, there are two alone, the Kings of Belgium, and of Sweden, who have thought it

worth their while to visit non-European countries; and the reputation they both enjoy as being the most enlightened and progressive sovereigns of the age furnishes conclusive evidence as to the advantages that are likely to accrue both to Russia and to the world at large from the grand tour of the future Autocrat of all the Russias. In Europe his wanderings are necessarily hampered to such an extent by courtly etiquette and diplomatic considerations that he can derive but little benefit from his travels.

Both the Emperor and Empress are extremely fond of yachting. Two yachts—the "Dershawa" and the "Czarewna"—are constantly kept ready for sea in the special service of the Emperor of Russia and his family. The "Dershawa" is the larger vessel, and intended principally for official and representative purposes; while the "Czarewna" is actually the marine home and *buen-retiro* of the Imperial family during their summer cruises, or when visiting their Royal relations in Denmark. On board the "Czarewna" the Emperor and the Empress, with their children, often spend weeks of a quiet bourgeois life, enjoying short trips to the picturesque coast around, unhampered by official cares and etiquette. In harmony with this purpose, the rooms which the Imperial family occupy on board are furnished in the simplest style, but are most comfortable and cozy.

The cabinet of the Emperor is on deck, with the windows toward the sea. It is of small dimensions, and only just large enough to receive a writing table, a sofa, and a chair. The boudoir of the Empress below deck is equally unpretentious.

The saloon, the largest and principal apartment, is situated nearly in the centre of the vessel, and contains an oblong

table, round which the Imperial family assembles for their meals and in rough weather, while fine days are spent on deck, which is sheltered against the sun by an awning. Close to the fireplace stands a piano, sofas, and easy chairs being placed against the other walls, with the portrait of the Empress, and shelves for a select library.

SALOON IN THE "CZAREWNA."

The lamps and some of the pictures are draped with ribbons, on which verses or

STUDY IN THE "CZAREWNA."

names are printed, a style of decoration peculiar to Russia. The likewise very simple officers' mess is aft; the accommodation for the crew fore and aft. Besides the commander, there are six officers on board, and the crew numbers seventy men. The "Czarewna" is built on elegant lines, 204 feet long, with 12 feet draught. Her engine is 800 horse power, and her top speed is 13½ knots.

During the summer months the "Czarewna" lies off Peterhof ready for sea, and winters at St. Petersburg.

The State balls at St. Petersburg are perhaps the most mag-

THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA.

nificent that are given in Europe. Shortly before my departure from the old world I had the pleasure of being present at the first *fête* of the season, and will put down here a short description thereof, in order to give the readers of this work an idea of what such ceremonies are in the Muscovite Capital. It took place at the Winter Palace, and although Court mourning prevented at the time the ladies from wearing any dresses except white or black ones, or any jewelry except diamonds and pearls, yet the function was one of great brilliancy. The Emperor and the Empress arrived from the Annitchoff Palace at about ten o'clock. The latter has been their metropolitan residence ever since their marriage. It is by far the most comfortable and home-like of the St. Petersburg palaces, being furnished and arranged in exact imitation of the Prince of Wales's Marlborough House in London. It is by far the best situated, and the most attractive of all the Russian Imperial residences. The Nevsky Prospect, which it overlooks, is the busiest and most fashionable thoroughfare in the city, a splendid street extending three miles, from Admiralty Square to the Monastery of St. Alexander Nevskoi. On one side of the palace are the public gardens, in which stands the famous statue of Catherine II. This statue was erected by the people of St. Petersburg, actually in opposition to the desire of the Czar and his family. The Imperial family does not care to cherish the memory of that ancestress whom Byron described so truly and epigrammatically. But she is to this day the idol of Russia, second in the heart only to Peter the Great. The Czar and his family refused to contribute a single kopeck toward the statue, and even let it be known that they would rather not have it erected. But the Czar did not actually forbid it,

and so the people went on, and raised the money, and put up the statue. It is not a particularly meritorious piece of art, and hence it has been said that in it the notorious Empress is doing penance for her sins.

The feature of the Anitchkoff Palace, however, most attractive to the present Czar is its garden. This is not only a spacious and beautiful park, but it is surrounded by a high and strong wall. The Imperial family can there walk about and enjoy the open air without being seen by the vulgar eye, and without fear of the bullet or bomb of the enterprising Nihilist.

The Anitchkoff Palace was the favorite home of the present Emperor's grandfather, the Czar Nicholas. The sovereign dwelt there while he was Czarovitch, and was so fond of the place that after he came to the throne, all through his reign, he went back there every year to spend the weeks of Lent.

The Winter Palace has since the tragical death of Alexander II been used only for ceremonial purposes, such as balls, banquets, and other official entertainments. At the ball mentioned the entire suite of state apartments on the first floor were thrown open and decorated with palm trees and tropical plants, while huge banks and mounds of violets, brought by a special train of eight cars all the way from Nice for the occasion, filled even those vast rooms with their delicate fragrance. The Czarina was dressed in a robe of soft, white silk, exquisitely embroidered with silver, the only bit of color about her being the light-blue ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew, which crossed the bodice slantingly. Alexander was arrayed in the somewhat barbaric-looking but gorgeous costume of the Cossacks of the Guard, which seemed to render him even more gigantic than usual.

The ball was opened with a polonaise, the Emperor dancing first with the Empress, then with his sister, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and afterward with the Austrian Ambassadress, Countess Von Wolkenstein. The Empress danced in turn with her eldest son and with the Austrian Ambassador, after which she became the partner in a quadrille of Sir Robert Morier, the stalwart and popular British Ambassador. Nothing but waltzes and mazourkas followed this solitary *quadrille d'honeur*, and at midnight the dancing ceased and the procession took place. Two rows of numerous small tables extended down St. George's Hall, and also through the Romanoff portrait gallery and the other adjoining apartments. Each table was overshadowed by a beautiful tree in full leaf, beneath the shade of which the dancers fared sumptuously in parties of eight.

The Imperial table, slightly raised and apart, was set at the upper end of St. George's Hall for twenty-one persons, in front of a colossal sideboard laden with gold plate. The Austrian and English Ambassadors sat on the right and left of the Czarina, and were, together with the new Turkish Ambassador, the only persons at the table who were not of Imperial or Royal blood. The Emperor, in accordance with his invariable custom, did not seat himself, but, after conducting the Czarina to her place, turned away to stroll through the rooms and to chat with his guests. Four regimental bands furnished the music in the supper-rooms. Soon after one o'clock dancing was resumed in the Nicholas Hall, which has sixteen enormous windows looking out on the Neva, and which is one of the largest of the palace. At three the Court withdrew, and shortly afterward the 2,042 guests who had been commanded to the ball dispersed to their homes.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

OF

RUSSIA.

III.

THE CZAR is a much maligned and much misunderstood Monarch. In reality he is very big-hearted, kindly and the most scrupulously honest man in his dominions. The slightest suspicion of anything "shady" in money matters is sufficient irretrievably to ruin a man in his eyes, and this in a great measure accounts for the obscurity into which most of his father's advisers and Ministers have fallen. Many have been forced by the Sovereign to disgorge their ill-gotten gains and are utterly ruined thereby.

It is impossible to realize the amount of corruption which exists on all sides in Russia, and which has created so deep an impression on the Emperor's mind that he imagines everybody to be dishonest. Ever mistrustful, he insists now on seeing everything, on examining everything himself, and as his mental powers are after all but human, the affairs of the state suffer in consequence, and frequently come to a standstill. Not even his own brothers, uncles, and cousins does he trust. One of his uncles, the Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the army during the last war, fell into complete disgrace when it was discovered that a fair friend of his had accepted a bribe of $500,000 from a firm of army contractors. The other uncle, the clever and ambitious Grand Duke Constantine, was dismissed from his post as Lord High Admiral for a series of gross peculations carried on over a period of twenty years.

He was one of the most talented and clever members of

the Imperial House of Romanoff. Though smaller than his brothers, Nicholas, Michael, and the late Alexander II., he was vastly their superior as far as brain power was concerned. Indeed, he was so clever that he made numerous enemies, and his sharp wit and sarcastic utterances were dreaded by almost all who were brought into contact with him. Nothing was more amusing than the manner in which he was wont to disconcert prosy bores who were presented to him the first time. His single eyeglass hung from his neck by an elastic cord, and as soon as ever his interlocutor had embarked on some long-winded speech, he would quietly give the elastic an imperceptible twitch, which had the effect of sending the eyeglass rebounding up to his eye, where it remained fixed, without any apparent effort or action on his part. He would then gaze fixedly through the eyeglass at the unfortunate speaker, just as though nothing had happened. The effect of this little manœuvring was generally to completely disconcert the new presentee, whose utterances were cut short not only by the manner in which the monocle appeared to fly up to the Grand Duke's eye of its own accord, but also by the fact that His Imperial Highness seemed totally unmoved thereby.

From 1865 Constantine held the post of Viceroy of the Kingdom of Poland. His rule was, however, regarded as being of too liberal a tone and he was superseded by Field Marshal Count von Berg, whose merciless tyranny and cruel despotism remain one of the darkest spots of Polish history. While it is notorious that Constantine was tireless in his efforts to persuade his brother Alexander II. to grant a constitution to the Russian nation, it is obviously absurd to give any belief to the assertion that he was connected with the Nihilist movement. The fact, however, remains that only a

few weeks before the assassination of the late Czar, General Loris Melikoff, who at that time held the post of Dictator of the Empire, submitted to the Emperor not only the confession of a Nihilist prisoner which implicated the Grand Duke, but also further documentary evidence in support of the accusation. The Czar received the papers without saying a single word, and the following morning handed them back to General Loris Melikoff, with the remark noted on the margin: "I refuse to take any note of this preposterous accusation. It is an infamous calumny." Alexander never made any further reference to the subject, but he continued to treat General Melikoff with the same marked favor as theretofore, a fact which was not without its significance.

That the present Emperor had some feeling on the subject of these suspicions against the Grand Duke Constantine is shown by the fact that within a few days of his accession to the throne he summarily deprived his uncle of his post of the President of the Council of the Empire, and also his office of Lord High Admiral of the Fleet. He likewise commanded him to leave the capital and to take up his residence in quasi banishment at Ouanda, his magnificent palace near Yalta, in the Crimea. A few years prior to his death, Constantine was restored to favor, at the time of the marriage of his granddaughter, the late Princess Alexandra of Greece, to the Emperor's youngest brother, Paul. From that time forth he resided in his palace at Pavlovsk, in the immediate neighborhood of St. Petersburg.

It was Grand Duke Constantine who induced the Czar to issue a ukase altering the rights of succession to the throne; a trivial circumstance having caused him to remark how unfortunate it would be for Russia should Grand Duke Vladimir,

the Czar's brother, ever become the ruler of all the Russias.

GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR.

It appears that a discussion took place in one of the most famous salons of the capital as to what would have occurred if

none of the imperial party had escaped with their lives when the terrible railway accident at Borki happened. Prince Peter of Oldenburg, who happened to be present and who until recently commanded the Corps d'Armee of the Imperial Guard, immediately exclaimed: "In that case I should at once have assembled the troops under my command and caused them to take an oath of allegiance to the Grand Duke Vladimir as next in the line of succession to the throne." This remark made the rounds of the various clubs and salons here, and finally came to the ears of the Emperor. The latter, although fond of his brother Vladimir, cordially dislikes and distrusts the latter's wife, who is a German Princess of the grand ducal house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin by birth, and who has retained her Lutheran creed instead of becoming a member of the Russian orthodox Church.

GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR.

Horrified at the bare idea of the Lutheran Princess becoming Czarina, and aware of the enormous influence which

his beautiful but ambitious and unscrupulous sister-in-law exercises on her huge but somewhat stupid husband, the Emperor, after consulting with the Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, M. Pobiedonotsoff, issued an Imperial ukase ordering the succession to the Crown. According to the terms of this decree, members of the Emperor's family wedded to Princesses who have failed to adopt the orthodox Russian creed at the time of their marriage, are debarred from all rights of succession to the Throne. Not only the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir with their children, but also the Emperor's third brother, Sergius, who is married to Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt, were affected by the ukase, which has given immense offence to the Grand Duchess Vladimir's relatives and friends at Berlin. Vladimir is a vain, weak man, entirely led by his wife. His head is completely turned by the attentions with which he is overwhelmed in Germany, and the Czar always fears that he is trying to take advantage of his position as brother, to influence the Government in a German direction. The Grand Duchess, who is by no means on good terms with the Czarina, of whose superiority of rank, power and charm she is jealous, is responsible for much of the gambling mania which is the curse of St. Petersburg society. She has a positive craze for roulette, and not only keeps a table at her own palace, but has also induced Princess Nellie Bariatinski and other leaders of Russian society to establish roulette tables "en permanence" in their salons.

Another member of the Czar's family whose career has been a source of much distress to the Imperial House is the eldest son of the late Grand Duke Constantine.

A perfect giant in stature, hot-headed and with more of the Asiatic in his composition than is to be found in that of most

Russians of the present day, the young Grand Duke in question became deeply infatuated in the year 1874 with the notorious Philadelphia adventuress, known in Europe by her *nom de guerre* of "Fanny Lear," and in the United States by that of Hattie Blackford. She had traveled to St. Petersburg in the company of the famous English demi-mondeine Mabel Grey, who is the daughter of a London cab driver and who subsequently became an assistant in Truefitt's hair-dresser's shop, in Bond street. She died a few years later at Berlin as the wife of a wealthy Russian Prince.

Mrs. Hattie Blackford first met the Grand Duke at a masque ball, and shortly afterward the relations between them became of so notorious a character that Nicholas was sent to join the Russian army in Asia with the object of putting an end to the entanglement.

Unlike most of his countrymen, who are exceedingly fickle, the young Grand Duke's affection for the beautiful American remained undiminished by his temporary absence, during the whole time of which he continued to constantly correspond with her. On his return nine months later he resumed his former relations.

Unfortunately there were at the time but few of his relatives whose lives were such as to enable them to preach to him on the subject of morality—the late Czar, his uncle, living openly with the sister of Prince Dolgorouki, a lady now known as Princess Juriewski, and whom he married morganatically within two months after the death of his wife, the Czarina Marie.

Hattie Blackford, emboldened by the hold which she felt convinced that she possessed on her imperial admirer's affections, became daily more exacting in her demands, and more

rapacious in money matters. With commendable prudence she caused some of the money which she obtained from him to be invested in her name at Paris and in London. Nicholas experienced the greatest difficulty in complying with her requests, for his father, although extremely wealthy, required such large sums for his own amusements that he was able to spare but little for those of his son.

Nicholas at length acquired the unpleasant experience that even the credit of a Russian Grand Duke may become exhausted, and, finding it impossible to obtain any further funds by borrowing, he determined to steal! He was impelled thereto by the declaration of the fair Hattie that unless he was able to furnish the sums which she required for her existence in the Russian capital she would be obliged to jilt him and leave Russia.

Terribly jealous of her affection, and perfectly frantic at the notion of her deserting him, the young Grand Duke committed the cowardly crime of robbing his mother of her jewels in order to give them to his mistress. Idolized as he was by his mother, he knew that, far from attempting to punish her first-born for robbery, Her Imperial Highness would, on the contrary, do everything in her power to conceal his theft. It is, indeed, doubtful if the crime would ever have become known had it not been for the brazen effrontery of Mrs. Blackford in wearing the well-known jewels in public.

A few weeks later the climax came. Encouraged by the immunity which she had until then enjoyed, and with an ever increasing voracity for gold and jewels, she made still further demands on young Nicholas, and when he, in despair, expostulated and exclaimed—

"But where can I get it from?"

She cynically retorted: "You know, and if you don't there are others who do."

A few days later an immense sensation was created at St. Petersburg by the report that the magnificent gold vases, crosses and jeweled icons had been stolen from the Imperial chapel of the Winter Palace, and that the sacrilegious thief was no less a personage than His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch.

The offence on this occasion was too flagrant to be overlooked. The young Prince was exiled to a small town in the Ural Range and was deprived of his honors and decorations.

Hattie Blackford, in whose possession the missing objects were found, would doubtless have met with the fate which she merited had it not been for the intervention in her favor of Mr. Eugene Schuyler, at that time Charge d'Affaires of the United States in St. Petersburg, and for the fact that the Imperial family were, above everything else, desirous of consigning the scandal to oblivion. She was, therefore, after she had restored all the proceeds of the two robberies, permitted to leave Russia, being escorted to the frontier by an attache of the American Legation and by a squad of gendarmes.

In 1883 young Nicholas, who had almost passed out of men's minds, drew attention to the fact that he was still in existence and to his whereabouts, by the perpetration of another scandal, which, in the eyes of the Emperor, was almost as great a crime as the sacrilegious robbery of which he had been guilty in 1876.

Ever hot-headed and reckless the young Grand Duke had not only become enamored of the daughter of a postmaster of a small mountain town in which he was forced to reside,

but had even gone through the ceremony of a religious marriage with her. To make matters worse, it was discovered that the postmaster in question was one of the most prominent chiefs of the Nihilists in the province; that the daughter was likewise affiliated to the secret order, and that the Grand Duke himself was regarded by the conspirators as being in a fair way to become one of the Muscovite camorra.

The Czar lost no time in dealing with this new scandal. In the first place he caused the postmaster to be transported to the mines of Sangalhiem, a living tomb from which the man will never return. He likewise availed himself of his privilege as chief of the Imperial Family and as supreme head of the orthodox Russian Church to decree the annulment of the marriage of his cousin with the postmaster's daughter. The latter was despatched to the extreme end of Siberia, and there are but few persons who could tell to-day what has been the ulterior fate either of the girl or of the child of the marriage. The young Grand Duke himself was declared insane, was incarcerated in a fortress near Tiflis, and was deprived not only of his rank in the army but even of his attributes as a member of the Imperial family.

The Grand Duke Alexis, the Czar's second brother, is a handsome, light-headed man, even more subject to petticoat influence than Vladimir. His romantic runaway marriage with Mlle. Shukowska, subsequently annulled by the late Czar, is well known to all. For the past few years, however, he has been the devoted slave and admirer of the Duchesse de Beauharnais, the morganatic wife of his cousin, the Duc de Leuchtenberg, and sister of the celebrated and popular General Skobeloff, whom she resembles in appearance, character and insatiable ambition. Like her late brother, she is a

rabid Panslavist, and the Czar fears that if he listens to his brother Alexis he may become entangled in the intrigues

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, BROTHER OF THE CZAR.

of the turbulent Panslavist party. Count de Reutern was formerly Minister of Finance of the Empire, and stood ex-

ceedingly high in the favor of the late Czar, who knew that he had in him an adviser of sterling honesty and of tried fidelity. In an unfortunate moment for all concerned the Grand Duke Alexis became violently enamored of a particularly lovely maid of honor of his mother the Czarina. The object of his affection was the daughter of the famous poet Shukowski and the favorite niece—nay, almost the adopted child—of the Count de Reutern, and finding life intolerable without her, Alexis induced her to leave Russia and to contract a secret marriage with him abroad. With no thought of the future they established themselves in a handsome villa on the Riviera, where in due time the lady gave birth to a boy. Of course by this time the attachment of the Grand Duke, and his marriage, had become a matter of public notoriety. As in Russia the members of the Imperial House are strictly prohibited by law from contracting any matrimonial alliance without the previous consent of the Czar, the marriage was declared by the infuriated Emperor as invalid, and every measure that could be thought of was adopted to separate the young couple. One day, a few months after the birth of the child, Count Shouvaloff, at that time the Chief of the Imperial Police, arrived at Nice, and called at the villa. The Grand Duke happened to be absent at the time at Paris, where he now spent much of his time. The Count availed himself of the opportunity to have a long conversation with the Grand Duke's wife. What passed between them it is impossible to say with any certainty. But on the following day the ex-maid of honor left Nice with her child for parts unknown, escorted to the railway station by the Count. It is stated that he left a letter for the Grand Duke. At any rate, she never saw him again; and he on his side made no effort

to discover what had become of her. It was immediately after this that he left Europe on a long sea voyage, during the course of which he visited the United States. Count Shouvaloff, for his services in connection with this matter, was rewarded by the Czar with the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James; the Grand Duke's ex-wife subsequently conferred her heart and her hand on a Saxon nobleman, an Italian title being purchased for the nameless little boy; and the Count de Reutern himself, who had suffered more than any one else by the flight of his niece and by her subsequent treatment, was forced by the withdrawal of the Czar's favor to resign his post of Minister of Finance, as well as all his other offices, and to retire into private life, where he remained until his death.

Alexis, moreover, incurred the displeasure of his eldest brother subsequently in consequence of a scandal in which the name of the Duchesse Zenaide de Beauharnais, wife of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a cousin of the Czar's, was involved. Thanks to her the Grand Duke was sent for a time in exile to the Siberian seaport of Vladivostock.

The Duchesse de Beauharnais is without exception one of the most ambitious women in the Czar's dominions. Endowed with extremely fascinating beauty, supremely elegant, and extremely clever, she experienced no difficulty in captivating, at one of the first Court balls at which she was present, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a member of the Imperial family and known as one of the handsomest fools in Europe. Indeed, his stupidity has furnished the basis of innumerable anecdotes, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The marriage took place in October, 1878, Mlle. Skobeleff receiving the title of Countess de Beauharnais in honor of the occasion.

On the return of the Grand Duke Alexis, in 1880, from his visit to the United States, and from his subsequent cruise, he became acquainted with his new cousin, and from that time forth scarcely left her side. Whenever the lovely Zenaide was to be seen, whether on the "Neffsky Prospect" of St. Petersburg, in the "Bois" at Paris, on the "Pincio" at Rome, or in the "Prater" at Vienna, it could always safely be taken for granted that Alexis was somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. This infatuation on the part of the Grand Duke was of the most fervent and constant nature, for it lasted without interruption for several years.

The comments which it caused in every capital in Europe were exceedingly painful to the Czar, but as long as the husband did not see fit to interfere, it was extremely difficult to intervene. General Skobeleff's death was a great blow to his sister, for she had looked forward to taking advantage of his fame to become not merely the left-handed but right-handed wife of Alexis as soon as ever her present husband, the Duke Eugene, had furnished a climax of his good nature and indulgence by disappearing to another sphere. Her great ambition was to become the Grand Duchess Alexis of Russia, and to live in the history of her country as one of the most remarkable Princesses of the Imperial house.

Although the Czar was much incensed against Alexis for not returning to St. Petersburg immediately after the railway catastrophe at Borki in which the entire Imperial family narrowly escaped final destruction, the intimacy might still have gone on for several years longer had it not been for an unfortunate occurrence which took place on one occasion at one of the leading restaurants of St. Petersburg. The Grand Duke Alexis happened to be enjoying supper *en tête-a-tête*

with Duchess Zenaide in one of the *cabinets particuliers* of the establishment after the theatre was over. By some means they were brought into contact with a party of French actors and two actresses of the same nationality, who were supping *en partie-carrée* in one of the adjoining rooms, and finally all sat down at the same table together. An immense amount of wine was consumed and the fun waxed fast and furious, until finally one of the French *cabotins*, in a perfect ecstasy of loyalty towards the reigning family of Russia, threw himself on his knees and attempted to kiss the Duchess Zenaide's small foot. With one masterly kick the Grand Duke Alexis sent the actor flying to the other end of the room, whereupon a rough-and-tumble fight ensued, Alexis being attacked by both the actors while the fair Zenaide fell a prey to the drunken fury of the two Paris actresses. It was not until the police appeared upon the scene that peace was restored and the combatants were separated. It is needless to add that the actors and actresses in question were forced to leave St. Petersburg, and, in fact, Russian territory, on the following day, happy to have escaped a severe punishment.

The Czar, however, to whom the occurrence was reported in due course by the police, was infuriated beyond measure by the scandal, which had made the round of every club and salon in the capital before twenty-four hours had elapsed, and determined to avail himself of the opportunity to put an end to the intrigue existing between the Duchess de Beauharnais and his brother, and adopted the measures referred to above in order to do so. The Duchess de Beauharnais is still compelled to live almost altogether abroad, and it is not likely that the Czar will easily forgive the role which she played on this memorable occasion.

The only man beside the Abbe Zudmowski who has the least influence on the Emperor is his old tutor, M. Pobiedonotsoff, now President of the Holy Synod. The Czar trusts him alone and has unbounded confidence in his advice. Although the soul of honesty, he is extremely narrow-minded and bigoted, in fact a regular Russian of the old school, opposed to all the innovations of the last reign. Under his guidance of course the Czar, instead of moving forward more and more toward a liberal regime, is daily retrograding, and to M. Pobiedonotsoff may be attributed the withdrawal of many of the privileges granted to the people by the late Czar. Not long ago Alexander gave a striking manifestation of his sentiment of gratitude and affection for his old tutor by christening one of the finest new ironclad cruisers of the Imperial fleet with the name of "Pobiedonotsoff." It is the first occasion on which a former professor has ever thus been honored for past services by an Imperial and Royal pupil; and if the custom is to become general it will be well for the parents of future Sovereigns to exercise some care with regard to the names of the preceptors whom they select for the purpose of supervising the education of their sons.

The Czar's action in thus honoring M. Pobiedonotsoff may serve to draw public attention to a class of men who, after shaping and directing the mind and the character of the future rulers of the earth, are left to vegetate in obscurity, unnoticed, unknown and forgotten by the nation which is indebted to them, above all others, either for a good or a bad Sovereign, and his behavior in the matter is but another proof of the grateful nature of the Russian Autocrat.

A most touching incident which happened a couple of years ago at St. Petersburg will convince those who believe Alex-

ander III. to be unsympathetic and hard-hearted, of the extent of their mistake. The English nurse who took care of the Czar and of his four brothers when they were children died suddenly from old age at the Imperial Palace, where she had remained ever since her young charges were taken from her hands. The day on which she was buried was one of the coldest and bitterest of the winter, but nevertheless the Emperor, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Serge and Paul, followed the remains of their old nurse, on foot, through the snow, and in the teeth of the icy north wind, to the English church and cemetery. The coffin was covered with wreaths and clusters of hothouse blossoms, and the Czar's eyes were full of tears as the frozen earth was thrown upon it and hid it from view. The Russian Imperial family has always possessed to a high degree a more than kindly regard for those who devote themselves to its members, and nowhere are servants better treated than at the court of St. Petersburg.

Nor is Alexander devoid of a very keen sense of humor, as the following anecdote told to me some years ago by an officer of the Russian Imperial Guard will prove. "It was on a cold day towards the end of autumn," the young man said, "that I, then sub-lieutenant of the regiment of the Chevaliers Gardes de l'Imperatrice, placed myself in the hands of the well-known St. Petersburg coiffeur Deleuri and dolefully ordered him to shave off my mustache, the cherished spot of so much care and attention. Alas! there was no help for it. I had been unfortunate enough to lose a wager to my pretty but mischievous little cousin, Vera O——, who had taken a mean advantage thereof to extort from me a promise to have my photograph taken in female costume.

"In the space of two minutes my mustache, which had taken so many long weary years to grow, had gone, and Deleuri was arranging my hair into a most elaborate coiffure, which he finally finished off by pinning on my head an enormous Rubens hat trimmed with a great yellow bird with its beak wide open. I had on a most elaborate silk carriage-dress with a velvet mantle, and had it not been for my tall stature and ungainly movements I could have passed myself off as a by no means ill-looking young lady. Deleuri and my servant then helped me down stairs and across the pavement to my carriage; I drove off to the Court Photographer, Levitsky, sitting as far back in the vehicle as possible so as not to be seen.

"In far too short a time I had arrived at my destination; the chasseur handed me out of the carriage, and, my deep blushes hidden by the vail, I began slowly to ascend the staircase leading to the photographic atelier on the second story. Suddenly, when about one-quarter of the way up, I heard a door open on the first-floor landing and, looking up, to my horror beheld the Czar coming down-stairs buttoning his long military cloak over his uniform. Being only nineteen years of age at the time, I did what many other men would have done in my place, that is to say, I completely lost my presence of mind. Instead of merely remaining where I was and curtsying as he passed, I drew myself up erect as if on parade with my right hand brought up to the side of my hat in true military salute. The Emperor, considerably surprised at this behavior on the part of such a well-dressed young lady, came down the stairs, stopped short in front of me, stared at me for about half a minute from head to foot, and finally exclaimed: 'What does this mean? Who are you?' 'Alexis Pletneff, sub-lieutenant

of the Chevaliers Gardes de l'Imperatrice, Sire,' I replied in fear and trembling. 'And what may be the meaning of this masquerade?' he inquired severely. 'May it please your Majesty, I have lost a wager to my cousin, Vera O——, and have been called upon to pay forfeit by having myself photographed in ladies' dress.' Before I had finished the frown on the Czar's face had given way to that extremely winning smile which those who have seen it can never forget. 'Well, go up and have yourself photographed in accordance with your promise, and afterwards go to the General commanding your brigade dressed as you are, and tell him that I ordered you to report yourself to him.' With that he went down-stairs, leaving me convinced that my military career was ruined forever.

"I hardly know how I got through the sitting for my portrait, which, however, Levitsky pronounced very successful; but an hour later I rang the bell at the door of General Baron H——'s house. The orderly who answered the door inquired politely, 'What name shall I announce, Miss?' and was considerably staggered when I angrily exclaimed: 'Why, you fool, don't you know me? Announce Lieutenant Alexis Pletneff.' The man stared at me for a minute, and then stuffing his handkerchief into his ugly mouth to prevent his screaming with laughter, went into the General's library and announced me.

"I heard the General reply: 'Tell M. Pletneff to come right along in.' As I entered the room the General without looking up bade me take a seat until he had finished a letter he was writing. I sat for about five minutes; at length he threw down the pen and raised his eyes. Starting up he exclaimed: 'I beg ten thousand pardons, madame, for keeping you waiting, but I had understood my servant to say that one

of my officers was here to see me.' There was no help for it, so standing up again as erect as on the staircase at the photographer's an hour previously, I brought my right hand up to the side of my hat in military salute and said: 'Excellency, I am Sub-Lieutenant Alexis Pletneff of your brigade. For the sake of a wager I had to go and get photographed in this costume, and on my way I met His Majesty, who ordered me to come and report myself to you dressed as I was.' 'Oh, ——!' shouted the dear old General, who was very fat and apoplectic. 'What, the Emperor saw you? The Emperor! Why, the boy is lost!' and almost choking he fell back in his arm-chair, gasping, 'Water! water!'

GRAND DUKE GEORGE, SECOND SON OF THE CZAR.

"Seeing the old man in danger of a fit, I yelled for assistance, tore down the bell rope and attempted to unbutton the collar of his uniform. Amongst the persons who rushed into the room in answer to my calls for help was the General's wife, who, seeing her husband half insensible in the arms of

a strange woman, as she thought, was seized with a violent fit of jealousy. Catching hold of me in no gentle manner and apostrophizing me as a 'shameless minx' and other equally polite epithets, she attempted to pull me away. 'Why, I am not a she, Baroness, I am a he,' exclaimed I, almost crying with vexation. At these words the Baroness stared at me for a minute, recognized me, and then, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, fell into an utterly uncontrollable fit of laughter. The General recovered after a few minutes, and having ordered me to remain under arrest in his dining-room, he buckled on his sword and went off to the Winter Palace.

"Meanwhile, thanks to the indiscretion of the orderly, the story of my adventures had spread like wildfire through the barracks, and within a quarter of an hour every one of my brother officers was in the dining-room convulsed with laughter, in which, though in despair as to the future, I could not help joining. At last after about two hours, during which time I had been made to waltz or polka with each of them in turn, the General returned and informed me in his usual kind manner that the Emperor had taken the whole matter most good-naturedly. His Majesty had ordered that I was to remain under arrest for two days for appearing in public without my sword, and that as soon as the photograph was ready I was to go to the Palace and present a copy to the Emperor in person. When a few days later I reported myself to His Majesty he chaffed me in the kindest manner about my appearance in petticoats, and was pleased to express his high approval of the portrait, which he made a point of keeping."

Of all the members of the Imperial Court of Russia the Count and Countess Scheremetiew are the only two who are

treated by the Czar and Czarina as personal friends and relatives. They are the sole persons having access to the Monarch and his Consort who are permitted to say what they please and to talk to Alexander and the Empress in a perfectly free and unconstrained fashion. Indeed, they may be regarded as the sole means of communication that exists between the autocrats and the masses of the population. The other dignitaries of the court, though honest and devoted to their imperial master and mistress, endeavor to keep the latter from knowing anything disagreeable.

Of course their object is to spare the Emperor and Empress from trouble and annoyance, but the result is that the latter are kept in ignorance of many things that it would be far better that they should know, especially in so far as public opinion and the sentiment of their subjects are concerned. Count Scheremetiew and his wife are indebted for their exceptional position to the fact that the Countess is a daughter of the Emperor's aunt, the Grand Duchess Marie, and of her second husband, Count Stroganoff. Moreover the Count himself is the son of a natural daughter of Czar Alexander I., and, besides holding the post of Grand Huntsman of the Empire, is one of the wealthiest nobles in Russia. Count Alexander Stroganoff, the father of the present Count, and who died at the age of ninety-two a couple of years ago, was without exception the best known and most popular figure at Odessa, where he had resided uninterruptedly for fifty years. He was the Dean of the Order of St. Andrew and of all other Russian orders, an Adjutant-General of the Emperor, and a member of the Grand Council, but for over half a century he abstained from exercising any of the functions connected with these offices and dignities. At the time of this

self-imposed exile he was Minister of the Interior, but quarreled with Emperor Nicholas on the ground of his son's relation with the Czar's daughter. The Grand Duchess was at the time married to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who was a grandson of Empress Josephine, of France, and of the latter's first husband, M. de Beauharnais. The Grand Duchess, after a few years of marriage, declined to live with the Duke any longer, and had given her heart instead to Count Gregory Stroganoff, whose principal title to fame was that of being the most gigantic and most powerful man in the entire Russian army.

Immediately on the death of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Grand Duchess contracted a morganatic marriage with the Count, greatly to the mortification and disgust of her father and brothers, who insisted that thenceforth she should reside as much as possible abroad. The Grand Duchess and her husband spent most of their time in the French Riviera, and it was there that the Count became implicated in a disagreeable scandal, which would have resulted in his trial for murder had it not been for the personal intervention of Napoleon III., at that time President of the French Republic.

It appears that one day the Count, entering his wife's dressing-room, found the coiffeur arranging her hair with far too much empressement and familiarity. Although not ordinarily jealous—for a jealous disposition would be out of place in the husband of a Russian Grand Duchess—the spectacle presented proved too much for his feelings, and seizing the unfortunate "figaro" by his neck and nether garments, he hurled him bodily through the window into the garden, two stories below. The man died a few hours later from his injuries, and it was only by the personal intervention

of the Grand Duchess, who proceeded to Paris for the purpose of invoking the assistance of Napoleon and of his sister, Princess Matilde, that criminal proceedings against the Count were averted. A heavy indemnity, however, had to be paid by the Count to the family of his victim.

From the time of his dispute with Emperor Nicholas, Count George's father never revisited either St. Petersburg or Moscow. He lived in a beautiful house looking out on the sea at Odessa. His household was on a princely scale, as befitted a man of his rank and immense fortune. He was exceedingly courtly and generous, although age and experience had rendered him much of a cynic, and he professed a profound contempt for mankind. His friends are few in number, and strange, though it may appear, his most intimate and confidential companion was an aged Jew, almost as old as himself. About fifteen years ago the Jew lost his entire fortune through no fault of his own. The Count, within twenty-four hours of receiving the news of his friend's loss, appeared in his house and laid on the table a package containing bank notes to the amount of money which the Jew had lost.

"I am your oldest friend," said he. "Poverty at our age is hard to bear. From me you can have no compunction about taking this money after our years of close friendship and intimacy." "Do not be offended, my dear Alexa Gregorovitch, if I refuse your kindly offer," replied the Hebrew. "We have been close friends for many years. I do not know if either of us will live much longer, but I would not for the world that any one should be able to say, during the remaining years that we have to live, that my friendship has been of an interested character." The Count appreciated the

delicacy of his friend, and after excusing himself withdrew. A few days later, however, the Jew was, through his influence, appointed to an almost sinecure government post, which placed him beyond want for the remainder of his days.

The Count was almost as tall as his son and maintained his erect carriage to the last. There was not a man, woman, or child in Odessa who did not know and venerate the grand-looking old man, with his long, snow-white beard and superb air. His name figured first on the list of the citizens of Odessa, and so proud was he of the fact, that he omitted all mention of his Adjutant-Generalship and of his various dignities on his visiting cards, upon which he invariably described himself as the first citizen of Odessa.

The fortune which he left amounted to ten or fifteen million rubles in money, besides immense estates. Nor was this wealth of recent origin, for the Stroganoffs have always been among the richest nobles in the land, and the Stroganoff Palace, near the Police Bridge of St. Petersburg, is one of the show places in the Russian Capital, and was designed by the architect Rastrelli, who was likewise the designer of the Imperial Winter Palace and of the Annitchoff Palace. It contains a superb collection of pictures that is second in importance only to that at the Hermitage. The Palace has always been known as a centre of great charity and philanthropy. During the old Count's residence there, he was, in the words of several of the St. Petersburg newspapers, "the eyes of the blind, the foot of the lame, and the friend of all." In his early years he took part in the war against Napoleon I., and was present at the occupation of Paris by the allied troops in 1815, being attached to the staff of Emperor Alexander as one of his aides-de-camp. One of his elder brothers had

been killed three years previously while pursuing Napoleon's army on its disastrous retreat from Moscow to the Beresina. Strangely enough, the two brothers were educated by a French tutor, who was no other than the younger brother of Marat, the French revolutionist, who was killed in his bath by Charlotte Corday's knife. After the latter event he changed his name to Boudri, and subsequently became the French tutor of the celebrated Russian poet Bushkin, whose granddaughter, Countess Sophie Merenburg, contracted a morganatic marriage with the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch.

The only lady of the Court who enjoys in any way the same consideration as Mme. de Scheremetiew is the wife of the Count Woronzow Dasckow, who holds the rank of Minister of the Imperial Household. The Countess has been a member of the suite of the Empress since the latter came to Russia, and she has endeared herself to Her Majesty not only by her tact and sympathetic character, but by her domestic qualities. She has a large family of children, to whom she is devoted, and who have been brought up in the intimacy of the young Grand Dukes and Duchesses. Like Count and Countess Scheremetiew, the Woronzow Dasckows are enormously rich—their fortune, indeed, is of royal proportions—and it is probably the knowledge that they are placed thereby above the temptation of dishonesty and corruption, which is so rife in every class of Russian society, that induces Alexander to impose such implicit confidence in their friendship. Neither of them has anything to gain either financially or in rank from their master's favor, and their devotion is, therefore, of an entirely disinterested character which the Czar,

above all others, is in a position to appreciate at its true value.

The Czar's bitterness against his 5,000,000 Jewish subjects, which is so contrary to his personal kindly character, would be better understood in the western world were it not that hitherto the foreign public has only been made acquainted with one side of the question, namely, the Jewish one. This is due to the fact that almost all the principal newspapers of Europe are either owned, controlled or influenced by Hebrew gold. Moreover, the editors and correspondents to whose utterances the public is indebted for such knowledge as it possesses about the Jewish problem in Russia belong in nearly every instance to the Semitic race. Having lived much in Russia, I am able to state with absolute truth that the terrible portrayals of Jewish misery and oppression in the Czar's dominions are, to say the least, overdrawn and exaggerated.

In Russia, as in nearly every other country, there is an invasion of the indigenous Aryan by the Semite. It is true that there, as elsewhere, there are among these Semites not only men of high intellectual calibre, but also men of charitable and generous hearts. But the mass is not made in their image. The common Semite—very shrewd, very intelligent, and not too scrupulous—makes himself very free with the Russian people, whom he exploits with all the ingenuity of his race. The common run of his vocations lies in being tavern-keeper and money-lender of the village—at usurious rates—money-changer and dealer in old clothes. Moreover, he shirks military service by such proceedings and in such proportions that the law is obliged to take special measures

against his desertion. Finally, he furnishes the ranks of Nihilism, which is opposed to all the beliefs and traditions of the Russian people, a contingent which is estimated at 80 per cent. This is the regulation thing, to which have to be added such occasional incidents as the monstrous and incredible exploitation of the Russian army and people by fraudulent Jewish contractors during the war of 1877–78. Moreover, the object of the exceptional laws concerning the Hebrews in Russia is identical with that of the analogous legislation against the Chinese in the United States: namely, the protection of the interests of the poorer classes—of the American workingmen and of the Muscovite moujik or peasant. The latter is to all intents and purposes a child, especially in matters where money is concerned. Large-hearted, hospitable, and generous to a degree, he is ignorant of the elementary principles of economy. If an abundant harvest happens to fill his pockets, he spends everything, to the last kopeck, in merrymaking and drinking. When bad times come, the moujik, finding himself penniless, is obliged to appeal for assistance to the Hebrew money-lender, who makes the best of the bargain. The result is that the majority of the twenty-five millions of male peasant land-owners in European Russia are heavily in debt to the Jews, who, as a rule, display more greed than discretion in the rates of interest that they extort. These relations of creditor and debtor, which exist between the Jews on the one hand and the Russian masses on the other, are responsible for the most bitter part of the sentiments which prevail. For a debtor can scarcely be expected to regard with feelings other than of aversion a creditor who, in nine cases out of ten, is characteristically relentless in exacting his due.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
SAXONY.

THE present King of Saxony, who is before all else a soldier, was born in Dresden in April, 1828, son of King John and Princess Amelie of Bavaria. After being carefully educated under his father's eye and direction, he was sent at the age of nineteen to the University of Bonn, where he studied at the same time with the then Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and with whom he knit a close friendship—a friendship many common battle-fields in after years were to cement yet closer. His studies were, however, interrupted by the Revolution of 1848, it being held desirable that the Prince should be in his own home, and should devote himself rather to military than literary studies. The war with Denmark in 1849 gave him his "baptism of fire," and he distinguished himself on this occasion by personal bravery. From that time forward he rose higher and higher in military rank, until at last he took command of the whole Saxon infantry.

It was in 1853 that the King, at the time Prince Albert, married the Princess Caroline, of Wasa, a union that proved childless. The following year the reigning King of Saxony died quite suddenly, owing to a carriage accident while driving in Tyrol, and thus King John ascended the throne, and his son became Crown Prince. King John was one of the best Dante scholars Germany could boast. He also made the best metrical translation of the "Divine Comedy," with critical and historical notes, that the same language possesses.

As might be expected, the King proved himself an enlightened Sovereign, and introduced several reforms of great benefit to his country. To his son, less literary in his tastes, he entrusted the military command of the land. Being bound by treaty to stand by the Austrians, Prussia in 1866 declared war against Saxony, overran the country with its troops, and exacted from it after the peace of Prague a large sum of money and the cession of its chief fortress. In this war again Prince Albert distinguished himself, and after the peace, when the Saxon army had to become a part of the North German Federation, a leading position was accorded him by the old Prussian Monarch.

KING OF SAXONY.

In the terrible Franco-German struggle the Saxon Division fought bravely under the head leadership of the Red Prince, Frederick Charles, of Prussia, the father of the Duchess of

Connaught. At Sedan it was a Saxon bomb that wounded Marshal MacMahon. Crown Prince Albert visited the sick man as he lay on his couch at Sedan, and both Generals recalled the fact that they had met last in Konigsberg, on the occasion of the crowning of William I. as King of Prussia. What events had occurred since then!

As the Emperor William and his son returned home, it fell to the lot of Prince Albert to command the Allied Armies still left behind in France. He was merely allowed a brief vacation which he employed in hurrying to Saxony and fetching his wife to keep him company at Compiegne, Napoleon III.'s favorite country residence, which had been assigned to the Saxon Commander-in-chief for his abode while on French soil. When the victorious German troops made their triumphant entry first into Berlin, then into Dresden, the Crown Prince of Saxony rode proudly at the head of his men, feeling he had earned the enthusiastic applause that everywhere greeted his appearance. King William had created him General Field-Marshal on this occasion, and it is interesting to note that he carried in his hand that day the Marshal's staff which the Polish King, John Sobieski, had borne on his entry into Vienna in 1683.

Through the ancient connection between Saxony and Poland this baton had come to Dresden, and King John bestowed it on his son on that festive day in honor of his bravery. On the death of King John in 1873, Prince Albert ascended the throne, and under his rule Saxony has increased in prosperity. He and his wife have known how to make themselves popular and beloved among their people, and when, five years after their accession, they celebrated their silver wedding, it was an occasion of real rejoicing.

The Queen of Saxony is known in her kingdom as the "angel of the hearth." She is neither graceful, well favored, nor particularly clever. Her tastes are of the utmost simplicity. She is fond of knitting and of making preserves, loving to spend the greater part of her days beside a stove, with a large white apron tied over her cotton dress, and a snowy cap on her silvery hair, watching her jams simmering on the fire. She presents in every respect the most striking contrast to Empress Eugenie, who only became Napoleon's wife after Princess Caroline Wasa, as the Queen of Saxony was then, had indignantly refused his offer to share his French throne.

Queen Caroline's great sorrow in life is that she has no children, and that all the more as her husband, the King, has quite a number of illegitimate sons and daughters by a very charming and beautiful actress with whom he lived for seven years previous to his marriage.

Another Princess who likewise rejected an offer of marriage of Napoleon III. is the mother-in-law of Emperor William, the demented Duchess of Augustenburg. The major part of her life since the death of her husband has been passed in a private lunatic asylum at Gratz, in Austria. Among her fellow-patients there has been for a while, too, the Empress of Austria's sister, the Duchess of Alençon, who was at one time betrothed to the late King Louis of Bavaria. The Duchess was jilted by the sensitive monarch in consequence of some very indiscreet conduct on her part toward an inferior, a groom or a photographer, I forget which, and it was the shock caused by the discovery of her behavior that led the King to become a misogymist. The tragical death of her ex-fiancée, who had refused to give his heart anywhere else,

resulted in her own insanity, since she considered that she was morally responsible for his death.

Very mysterious were the circumstances which enshrouded the close of the reign of the father and predecessor of the present King. A few months before the accession of the latter, old King John conceived an insane passion for the daughter of the Austrian Envoy at Dresden.

The young lady in question was engaged at the time to be married to one of the Secretaries of the Swedish Legation at Berlin. At a State ball which took place at the Palace, the old Monarch paid the most marked and even objectionable attention to her, and after offering her his arm, insulted her so grossly in a room adjoining the dancing hall that she left Dresden on the following morning.

On hearing of her departure the King became perfectly crazy, and when a fortnight later the news arrived from Vienna of her marriage to the Swedish Secretary of Legation to whom she had been affianced, the King summoned his two sons, Albert and George, and assured them in the most solemn manner that he was already dead, and that the decomposition of his corpse was so far advanced that it was the very highest time that he should be buried in the graveyard of the pretty mountain monastery of L——.

A few minutes afterwards he became very violent, shrieking and raving frightfully. So sudden was the fit, that before it was possible to master him, he had run one of those who appeared on the scene in response to his cries through the breast with his sword, inflicting a wound which resulted in the death of the victim a few hours later.

The doctors having declared that he was hopelessly and incurably mad, and the disturbed state of affairs in the king-

dom rendering a regency exceedingly impolitic, the princes and ministers decided that the King should be officially declared dead.

Accordingly, it was announced by the authorities on the following day that the King had been killed by a fall from horseback while riding in the mountains.

Reports, however, go to show that he survived for many years strictly confined in the monastery of L——, above mentioned. Certain, indeed, is it that his body did not lie in state at the time of the official announcement of his death, nor was any one, not even the Queen, allowed to see the corpse which was declared to be his.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

PORTUGAL.

THE modern history of the Royal House of Portugal is probably the most dramatic in Europe. At any rate I am not aware of any other that has furnished so many elements of tragedy. During the past forty years a species of blight seems to have rested upon this ancient dynasty, and not only has its hold upon the loyalty of the people been gradually diminished until the country is now on the verge of a republican revolution, but, moreover, a large number of its members have met their death suddenly and in a manner that has left no doubt as to the existence of foul play. The first of the family to succumb in this manner was Queen Stephanie, who died in 1860, three months after her marriage with King Pedro V. The latter attained his majority in September, 1855, and assumed the reins of power, which, during his minority had remained in the hands of his father, the King Consort, Dom Fernando, widower of the Queen Regnant, Maria della Gloria. Dom Fernando subsequently became known to many persons in America as the husband of Miss Elise Hensler, of Boston, whom he married morgantically in 1869, and on whom he caused the title of Countess Edla to be conferred.

In 1858, Young King Pedro became deeply infatuated with the charms of the only daughter of one of the most powerful nobles of the kingdom. The Duke in question was himself a son of a Princess of the blood Royal, and the pride of both

father and daughter were only equalled by their extraordinary ambition. King Pedro at one moment was on the point of making the daughter the offer to share his throne, but having consulted his father on the subject, was warned to pause before taking the step. This, together with several other circumstances, led the King in 1859 to become more and more distant in his attitude toward her, and he finally put an end to her aspirations by contracting a marriage with Princess Stephanie, of Hohenzollern, in 1859.

The Duke and his daughter, the Countess, who were unable to conceal their chagrin and disappointment, left Lisbon a few days after the announcement of the King's betrothal, and did not return to the capital until three months after his nuptials had been celebrated.

Within a couple of weeks after their reappearance the young Queen at the Court was suddenly seized with a mysterious malady and expired in a few days. Of course, as in the case of all personages of royal rank, an autopsy took place, but either the insidious poison had not left a trace or it did not occur to the physicians to look for it, and death was attributed to natural causes.

In the summer of the following year King Pedro's younger brothers, Dom Luis and Dom João, paid a visit to England, and were hospitably entertained by their relatives, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who both became very warmly attached to them. While in London the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police repeatedly urged the Portuguese envoy to hasten the departure from the metropolis of the two Princes, stating significantly that he was terrified lest an "accident of a doubtful nature" should happen them while

there, and that he declined the responsibility imposed upon him by their presence.

Curiously enough, it was after a banquet at which the Prince Consort occupied a place which had been intended for Dom Luis that the former was seized with the first symptoms of that "feverish cold" which a few weeks later deprived Queen Victoria of the wisest, most sagacious, and most devoted of husbands.

KING OF PORTUGAL.

The visit of the Princes to England was unexpectedly cut short by an urgent summons for their immediate return to Lisbon, in consequence of the sudden illness of their brother, King Pedro. Almost before they had sailed from Portsmouth, the news arrived of his demise.

It is related that six weeks previous to his death he had one morning while out shooting in one of the Royal preserves, near Lisbon, found nailed to a tree a placard bearing the following words:

"*Pedro, se andas delegate olha que vais San Vincente*"

(Pedro, if you do not change you will shortly sleep in St. Vincent's), the latter being the burial-place of the Kings and Queens of Portugal. Pedro, who since the death of his wife had been subject to fits of melancholia and depression, perused the writing on the placard, as did also the gentlemen of his suite, and then, without expressing either astonishment or surprise, gave orders for its removal and destruction.

Another strange incident in connection with the King's death was that a few hours before it took place the cook especially intrusted with the preparation of the monarch's own meals was discovered dead in a small, deserted street in the neighborhood of the Royal Palace, with a knife of foreign manufacture through his heart.

The ceremonies in connection with the sovereign's funeral had not terminated when the sorrowing father, Dom Fernando, the King Consort, was summoned from Lisbon to the Palace at Belem by news that his third son, Dom João, the most popular and talented of all the Portuguese Princes, had been seized with the same malady which had carried off the King and Queen. On arrival there he found that the young Prince, who in the course of his travels round the world had visited the United States, had been seized that very morning with convulsions, after smoking a few whiffs of a cigar which he had taken from a boxful on the table in his library. He had quickly thrown it aside, exclaiming in disgust: "What a vile weed!"

A little Chinese page, whom he had brought back from Macoa with him, and who was permitted all the liberties of a toy terrier, immediately picked up the cigar from the ground, and began to puff away at it with truly Oriental gusto. He, too, had been seized shortly afterward with convulsions, and

before nightfall both the Sailor Prince João and his little Chinese page were dead, the symptoms being identical with those of the deaths of the King and Queen. No trace of the box of cigars could be found.

On the following day, and before any steps had been taken to obtain the key to this terrible mystery, the father was called from the Palace of the Necessidades by the news that his sons, King Luis, Dom Augustus, and the sixteen-year-old Dom Fernando, all of whom he had left in good health the day before, had been stricken by the same mysterious malady. Half-crazed with grief, he was pacing the floor of his library, when his confidential *aide-de-camp* entered his presence, and besought him to receive a gentleman who had that very moment arrived in Lisbon from London.

The visitor, he believed, was a physician, or a chemist of some kind, and demanded to see the King Consort on a matter of life and death. He had mentioned the fact that he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Duke and his daughter, the Countess, during the stay in London in 1860.

"Show the Englishman in at once!" he exclaimed.

For almost an hour the King Consort and the stranger remained closeted together, and on the termination of the interview they betook themselves to the bedside of the sick Princes, whose treatment was at once changed. The medicines administered to the Royal patients by the English doctor were such as would be used as antidotes to the Javanese Tiente poison, and to that of the *Euphorbia keptagona*, which is found and prepared in Abyssinia.

The malady, however, had already gained too great a hold on the system of young Prince Ferdinand, whose constitution had never been particularly strong, and he succumbed on the

following day. Dom Augustus recovered at the time, as did also his brother, King Luis, who had been less severely attacked by the poison.

A dramatic scene took place a few nights later in the Privy Council Chamber. At the head of the table stood King Luis, only just convalescing from the malady which has proved so fatal to his family. By his side stood his father, the King Consort. Suddenly turning to the Duke, already referred to, and who, by virtue of his rank of office and birth, stood immediately on his left hand, the young monarch exclaimed, in tones of exceeding solemnity:

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

"Mon cousin, after consultation with our illustrious father, and with the nobles here present, we have determined to confide the guardianship of our Royal person to your keeping. It is you who will be held responsible for the charge, both toward those here present, and to the nation at large. You will spend the remainder of your life in close attendance on our Royal person, and by reason of the charge intrusted to you we can never permit your absence from Court. In token of our special good-will

we will have appointed this day your daughter, the Countess Leonora, to the post of Abbess of the Convent of Noble Ladies. We will surround the throne of Portugal with members of your family, and the seigneurs here present will answer for your fidelity."

Two years later the Princess Pia, youngest daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, arrived at Lisbon to share the throne of the King of Portugal, who, however, never entirely recovered from the effects of the poison, and remained an invalid to the day of his death, three years ago. The Duke, now almost eighty years of age, still retains his position at Court, which he held in 1861, and rarely absents himself from Lisbon. His daughter, the Countess Leonora, is likewise yet alive, and rules the noble inmates of the Convent of which she is Abbess with a rod of iron.

A very masterful woman in her way is the Queen's mother, Pia, who deeply deplored her husband's death, not only on account of the blow to her affections sustained thereby, but also in consequence of the fact that it deprived her of much of the power which she had until then possessed.

The late King Luis was a man of very indolent character, who allowed himself to be entirely guided and influenced by his clever and energetic wife. The Queen hoped at one time that she would be able to retain a similar influence over her eldest son, and was, in fact, able to do so until his marriage with Princess Amelia, a daughter of the Count of Paris. Soon after her son's wedding, however, she found that her daughter-in-law was as independent and as anxious to rule as herself, and for the first year or two the atmosphere of the Lisbon Court was exceedingly squally, and the breezes between the two royal ladies were sharp and frequent

Since the young King's accession to the throne the ascendency of his wife has increased, and his mother has been driven almost altogether into the background and into retirement. The extent to which she feels and resents this is shown by the fact that her name is often mentioned, even in Court circles at Lisbon, as the possible organizer of a *coup d'état* in favor of the overthrow or enforced abdication of her eldest son, and of his surrender of the throne to his second brother, who is her favorite, and is entirely subject to her control and influence.

Queen Pia's favorite residence is Granja, a pretty bathing-place about eight miles from Oporto. She has been a most generous benefactress of the place, carrying consolation and charity into the very humblest habitations. Moreover, in years gone by she rescued, at the peril of her own life, two children who were in danger of drowning. The boat in which they were rowing had capsized, and they were just about to sink for the last time when the Queen, who had thrown herself into the water fully dressed, swam to the spot and held them up until a boat could reach them. It is for this act of bravery that she wears the ribbon and the medal for saving life, which she prizes more highly than all the other orders and decorations which she possesses.

The present King, Dom Carlos, a very fair-haired and extremely stout young man, is quite as indolent and quite as submissive to the predominating influence of his French wife as his father was to his Italian Consort. Queen Amelie, moreover, resembles her mother-in-law, in her masterful disposition. From her mother, the Countess of Paris, she has inherited simple tastes with regard to dress that are in complete contradiction with the doctrines of Queen Pia, and from her

mother, too, she has inherited her passionate love of every form of sport. She is a splendid equestrienne, a capital shot, and like her mother, is very fond of smoking. She can scarcely be described as pretty, or even as good-looking, as she is very tall, large boned and her features are quite prominent. Ever since her husband succeeded to the throne they have been surrounded by difficulties of every kind, both financial and political, and several times the kingdom has been on the verge of a revolution. If the King has managed until now to steer clear of all fatal rocks it is due in a very great measure, if not altogether, to the sound common sense and sterling, I may even say masculine, qualities of his somewhat homely but clever and sagacious wife, who has recently been awarded by the Pope the rare honor of the Golden Rose.

DOWAGER QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

The King and Queen are accustomed to spend their summer, or at least a portion thereof, at Coimbra, and are generally present at the curious and ancient ceremony which takes place there in the month of August every year. The old Gothic church of Santa Cruz, where Alfonso Henrique, the first King of Portugal, lies entombed to the left of the altar, is the scene of this ceremonial, which dates from the thirteenth century. It consists of the solemn removal of the body of Queen

Isabella (the Consort of King Denis, generally called "the Holy Queen," who died in 1236) from the Convent of St. Claire to the church in question; wherein it lies for a few days exposed to the worship of the faithful, and is then taken back with equal pomp to its usual resting-place.

Of course, *a l'heure ou nous sommes*, the "Holy Queen" is nothing but a dried-up and mummified skeleton; but she is treasured piously in a silver tomb all the year round, and when the anniversary of her death comes about, she is ceremoniously carried to the Church of Santa Cruz, while the whole population goes thither to pass before the image that stands in that edifice—a queenly figure, in Royal red mantle and ermine, a crown on its head, and a long veil spotted with gold, and the miraculous roses of the legend escaping from her robe, while a beggar at her feet entreats the alms that her husband, Denis the hard-hearted, forbade her to give. The procession that conveys the Saint from her convent is most imposing, crossing the River Mondego, and traveling a considerable length of streets, and King Carlos usually walks at the head of it bareheaded all the way, unheeding the blazing sunshine; while the Queen, with her young children, waits under an awning, erected close by the bridge that spans the river, and falls on her knees in devout worship when the cortege passes by her. Subsequently their Majesties and a select company are admitted "behind the scenes," so to speak, and allowed actually to kiss the saintly Queen's dead hand as she lays in the sarcophagus, all draped with rich antique brocade, swathed in soft, silken folds. Few would have cared to disturb them, one would imagine, and the priests are very particular not to have them touched, as a rule, for fear lest the elderly skeleton should fall to dust altogether.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

OF

GERMANY.

I.

OF all those whom it has been my good or bad fortune to know personally, the late Emperor Frederick was undoubtedly the one who gave one most thoroughly the idea as to the kind of man who was destined by Providence to rule over his fellow-creatures. Both in appearance and in demeanor there was a certain natural majesty and unaffected dignity which impressed all of those with whom he was brought into contact. A magnificent specimen of the most perfect physical and mental type of manhood, the very sight of him was sufficient to cause one to think better of the human race, and to stimulate the better qualities, the courage and energy of those who approached him. Moltke was aware of this when, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, he insisted that "Unser Fritz" should have the command of the South German contingent, the fidelity of which was questioned, owing to the bitter animosity that prevailed—and for the matter of that, still prevails—in South Germany against Prussia. Moltke felt that it was the Crown Prince alone who could succeed in infusing them with enough patriotism to fight and with sufficient enthusiasm to vanquish the enemy. Troops commanded by him in person became practically invincible, for every soldier in the ranks was stirred by the sight of his princely leader to deeds of courage and daring. Even the greatest coward became a hero when he felt the kindly eye of "Frederick the

EMPEROR FREDERICK.

Noble" upon him. And the eye was indeed a kindly one, in perfect keeping with his gentle demeanor, his unaffected good-nature, his utter absence of self-sufficiency. The Germans have one word which expresses all this, namely, *leuthseelig*, and Frederick III. was certainly the most *leuthseelig* Monarch who ever sat upon a Throne. His father, the old Emperor William, was a far less impressive personage, notwithstanding his great stature and handsome appearance. Indeed, the feelings with which his aspect imbued me were those which naturally I should have experienced for any poor old gentleman hovering on the edge of the grave.

The present Emperor offers a most striking contrast both to his grandfather and to his late father, and his character may be summed up in one single French word—*poseur*. Everything that he either says or does is for the sake of effect, and it is an open question as to whether there is one hour in the twenty-four, save the time devoted to sleep, when he is not in the act of posturing for the sake of some person or other. On no occasion did this trait of his character strike me so much as at a reception given a few years ago at Berlin by his mother, the Empress Frederick, at that time only Crown Princess. Among the distinguished guests present was Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, the most witty, worldly and cynical member of the Sacred College.

Standing in front of the fireplace of one of the salons, he was carrying on an animated conversation with Prince William. Although the utterances of His Eminence were soft and melodious, yet their tone was sufficiently distinct to enable the guests in the room to appreciate the sparkling and brilliant nature of his remarks. Each witticism that he made—and they were many—Prince William endeavored to cap in a clumsy, boorish way which had on those of us who were present much the same exasperating effect as chattering does during the performance of some particularly sweet and exquisite piece of music. His elephantine and coarse attempts at humor were delivered in a loud, harsh tone of voice, the object being to avoid that any one should be unfortunate enough to fail to hear his ponderous jokes, and nothing could be more curious than his quick, furtive glance around the room while he was speaking, for the purpose of noting the effect created upon us by his utterances. Of a nature exceedingly coarse, it is not astonishing that his sense of humor

should be distinguished by the same characteristic, and when he tries to be funny he is frequently nasty, and would be regarded as objectionably vulgar were he not one of the most powerful Monarchs of the day.

His physique is of the same coarse grain as his character, and his features present such a contrast to the high-bred and good-humored face of his brother, and to the healthy and rosy countenances of his younger sisters, that one is almost tempted to doubt the relationship. His hair, though thin, is by no means of fine texture, and is of a dull, nay, almost dead color. He has experienced the utmost difficulty in raising a mustache, possibly in consequence of the volcanic complexion with which he was afflicted until quite recently. Moreover, his hands are cold and clammy—a fact in itself which is sufficient to prejudice many persons against him. His uniforms are padded in the most outrageous fashion, and he wears exceedingly high-heeled boots for the sake of increasing his stature, which is about that of the Prince of Wales.

Like all vain people the Emperor is easily led and also easily deceived. A couple of years ago he was made the victim of a practical joke which kept not alone his subjects but all Europe on the broad grin for many weeks. The "Ambassadors of the Sultan of Mandara" arrived one day at Berlin, where they were received with much distinction by the Emperor and Empress, occupying at the review given at the time in honor of the King of Italy places as prominent as those of the United States delegates to the Samoan Convention, being furnished with officers and aides-de-camp in waiting, and finally leaving Germany on their return home loaded with costly presents of every kind. Nobody seems to have taken the trouble during their presence at Berlin to

make any inquiries about the "Sultanate of Mandara," and both the Government and the public appear to have taken it for granted that the "Ambassadors" were authorized to represent a high and mighty potentate of an importance and rank at least equal to that of the Sultans of Morocco and Zanzibar.

After their departure, however, it came to light that Mandara is nothing but a village on the southern side of Mount Kilima-Njaro, that its inhabitants do not number more than 1,800 at the very most, of which not more than 200 are able to bear arms, and that finally the so-called Sultan is but a mere village chief, whose main source of revenue is derived from brigandage and theft. Indeed, of so little importance is the "Empire of Mandara" that it is not even deemed worthy to figure on the maps.

Astounded by these revelations, which were confirmed by evidence of the most incontestible nature, inquiries were immediately instituted as to how the negro "embassy" in question had come to be dispatched to Berlin. The only person who could have afforded any exact information on the subject was M. Otto Ehbers of the German East African Company, who had accompanied them from Zanzibar to Berlin. But unfortunately, he was at the moment at sea on his way back to Africa, together with his sable companions. By dint of telegraphing to the German Consulate at Zanzibar and to the Director of the German East African Company there, it was finally ascertained that the four negroes who had been received with so much ceremony at Court were nothing but ordinary villagers who had been designated by the chief of their tribe to assist M. Ehbers in conveying his *impedimenta* from Mount Kilima-Njaro, where he had been stationed for

some months, to the coast. They were, in fact, nothing but mere bearers.

On M. Ehber's arrival at Zanzibar some one there had written to Berlin to say that four "wild Mandara men" had reached that place and was attracting much attention. In response to this letter a cable dispatch was received from some personage whose identity has remained unknown requesting that they should be brought to Berlin. M. Ehbers had accordingly with great difficulty persuaded them to embark, and on the arrival of the vessel at Aden had been obliged to keep them under lock and key.

Both the Emperor and the authorities seemed at first disposed to make M. Ehbers the scapegoat of the whole matter and to hold him accountable for having rendered them for the nonce the laughing stock of Europe. It was fortunate for him that he was far away at the time, for the Emperor was so infuriated that he hardly knew what to do in order to revenge himself for the insult put upon him.

To those on whom he desires to create an agreeable impression he is exceedingly gracious—but in so effusive a manner as to leave doubts of his sincerity. In fact, at no time, not even in moments of apparent abandon, does he give the impression of being natural and sincere. He should have been born an actor, for he has inherited from his grandmother, Empress Augusta, much of that staginess for which she was distinguished, and, like an actor, too, he has a perfect mania for notoriety. It is this last characteristic which has constituted the principal motive of many of his most extraordinary freaks since his accession to the Crown, and it was this, likewise, that led to the estrangement from his parents which so embittered the closing years of his father's life. Simple,

unaffected and natural himself, Emperor Frederick could not tolerate his son's vanity, desire for notoriety and conceit. In his quiet, gentle way, he sought to keep the young man in the background until he had concluded the hopeless task of curing him of his overwhelming bumptiousness. William never forgot or forgave his father's efforts to suppress that which he considered as his cleverness and genius, and eagerly swallowed the insinuations of his courtiers to the effect that Frederick's attempts to keep him down were entirely due to the father's jealousy of his son's extraordinary talents.

Such is the youth whose damp and clammy hands white-haired statesmen and generals consider it as a privilege to kiss, and whose smile and frown are awaited with trembling anxiety by thousands of clever, shrewd and highly talented Germans. What wonder, then, that he should regard himself as enjoying a greater degree of intimacy with Providence than the rest of mankind. The name of God figures in all his speeches, is referred to even in the most trivial matters, and is treated by that young Emperor with a degree of familiarity that would be touching did it not fringe the border line of blasphemy. For it is not the God of Christianity at large to whom he alludes, but a special particular Divinity who is supposed to regard the German Emperor as His Favorite and most preferred child. It is a God who marches with the German Army when it goes to war with some weaker neighbor. It is a God who has entrusted the German people to William as a talent which the latter is determined to increase before returning to his Maker, to whom he is alone responsible. It is a God who will help him to crush his enemies both at home and abroad, and according to William's own confession, contained in one of his recent public speeches,

when he is moved by the beauties of nature to commune with his God, he assumes the attitude of "present," brings his heels together with a clash of the spurs and pays to the Almighty the same military honors as if the Divinity were a Field-Marshal, and a Prussian one at that.

Many of the Emperor's eccentricities may, it is true, be attributed to his state of health, which is anything but reassuring to his subjects. The technical name of his malady is *otitis media*, and in the case of the young monarch it has proved, as in that of many others of its victims, to be an incurable disease. It is not my intention to expatiate here upon its various features, for they are scarcely of a nature to prove palatable to my readers. They are, however, identical with those of the malady of King William IV., of Prussia, grand-uncle of the Emperor, and which culminated in his insanity. The King was not, however, deprived of the reins of Government and placed under restraint until he had in turn astounded, alarmed and shocked all Europe by his extraordinary vagaries.

There are many traits of resemblance between this Monarch and the present occupant of the Prussian throne. In both we find the same strongly developed tendencies to religious mysticism, the same belief in their divine mission and in their infallibility. Both, too, have been remarkable for their generous impulses of an impracticable character, and in their paradoxical combination of a Liberalism akin to downright Socialism with autocratic and absolutist ideas worthy of the middle ages. Like Emperor William, King Frederick William was often animated by the noblest and most-highminded intentions, was anxious personally to right every wrong, and to assume the role toward mankind in general, and to his

subjects in particular, of an all-wise and far-seeing providence. His endeavors to be all things to all men failed, however, as completely as those of his grand-nephew appear to have done. He gave satisfaction neither to the classes nor yet to the masses, and in 1814 he was called upon to witness scenes of conflict between the authorities and the people in the streets of Berlin similar to those which the Emperor looked down upon from his palace windows some time ago.

In the case of King Frederick William IV., as in that of the Emperor, everything that could be done was attempted to cure his peculiar malady, the demoralizing character of which will be realized when it is stated that his only relief from suffering is obtained when the ear is in a state of abundant suppuration. There is no other alleviation from the most racking pains in the side and in the back of the head, which become downright maddening when, for one reason or another, the suppuration is temporarily arrested. Many allowances must assuredly be made for men thus afflicted, more especially when it is borne in mind that they have nothing else to look forward to than the terrible fate of insanity. For the disease is not one of those the progress of which can be checked. It moves slowly but surely toward the brain, and as soon as ever the process of decomposition reaches that source of all the mental faculties and intelligence, the name of young Emperor William, the most interesting and in some ways attractive figure of the present times, will have to be added to that long list of lunatic monarchs.

The list is indeed a long and monotonous one; nor is it necessary to go back to the days when David was wont to play before King Saul to find notable instances of Sovereigns who have become insane. The last two centuries furnish us

with many examples, and there is not a single established dynasty in Europe which does not include among the roll of its reigning Princes and Princesses names of Sovereigns who, instead of being in a condition to rule their subjects, were only fitted to exercise their sway in Bedlam.

Prussia, as I have stated above, has already furnished one lunatic King in the person of Frederick William IV., and now appears to be destined to add another name to the place which it occupies in the record. The late Emperor of Austria, the uncle and predecessor of the present monarch, was deposed—or I should rather say was forced to abdicate—in 1848 in consequence of his deplorable mental condition, the result of epilepsy. The cases of the late King Louis of Bavaria, who committed suicide, after having been placed under restraint as insane, and of his brother and successor, King Otto, who has never enjoyed a moment of lucidity since he ascended the Throne, are of so recent date that they will still be fresh in the minds of most of my readers. The late King of Saxony was as mad as a March hare during the last year of his life, and his freaks were a perpetual source of terror to his relatives and to the members of his Court. In the same way the late King of Holland became a complete mental wreck toward the close of his reign, and for almost two years the Netherlands were ruled in his name by his consort, who had been entrusted with the regency during the period of his mental affliction. The Royal House of Belgium furnishes its quota to the list in the person of King Leopold's only sister, the ex-Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, who became insane at the time of the reverses and death of her husband five and twenty years ago.

King George the III. is the only British monarch who in

modern times has been placed under restraint and deprived of his authority for insanity. Similar measures were on the point of being adopted at one time with regard to his son William IV., whose conduct while on the Throne was characterized by an eccentricity that bordered on lunacy. Czar Paul, who reigned in Russia at the beginning of the present century, was a dangerous maniac, so much so, indeed, that the members of his household who assassinated him, with the connivance of his sons, were regarded as public and national benefactors rather than murderers and traitors. A similar fate overtook that gloomy fanatic, Abbas I., of Egypt, the record of whose insane cruelties constitutes the darkest page of Egyptian history.

In Turkey, the ex-Sultan Murad, brother of the present Caliph, is under restraint in one of the least fairy-like palaces that line the shores of the Bosphorus. He was deposed after a reign of only six months on the ground of insanity, and as his recovery would involve his restoration to the Throne in the place of its present occupant, it is probable that he will remain demented, at any rate nominally so, until his incarceration is terminated by death.

The Royal House of Spain has furnished several Kings of unsound mind. So, too, have the dynasties of Denmark and Sweden. An enumeration of the petty German Sovereigns who have been bereft of their senses would occupy too much space and time for insertion in this book. They are very numerous, prominent among them being the so-called "Diamond" Duke of Brunswick, and the late King of Wurtemberg, who would have been deposed long before his death had it not been for the anxiety of his masterful Russian wife to retain the executive power in her own hands, which she

could no longer have done had a regent been appointed in the person of the present King.

Of course there are many other rulers, some of them now living, whose subjects are firmly convinced that they are insane, or at any rate that they have bees, of a particularly large size, buzzing about in their bonnets. That most of them would be accounted eccentric, if ordinary citizens, it is impossible to deny. But then allowances should be made for them. For they regard the remainder of mankind from such an exalted altitude, according to their own estimation, that it is not surprising that their brains should at times begin to whirl and become dizzy.

To return, however, to Emperor William.

So serious during a time were the doubts as to his sanity of mind, and so prevalent and wide-spread were the rumors on the subject, that he determined to submit himself to a medical examination of an international character in order to offer a conclusive refutation to the assertions in the English, the French and the American press that he is more or less insane. Although leading experts had been invited from Austria, from England, from Italy, Denmark and Sweden, to come to Berlin and to make a thorough examination and give a complete report upon the cerebral condition of His Majesty, yet the consultation did not take place, thanks to the timely interference of the Empress, who persuaded her husband to give up the project for the time being.

Unparalleled as is the project, it is just the kind of freak that would appeal to the eccentric mind of the young monarch, and I for one shall not be astonished if this altogether unusual consultation takes place after all, some day or other. The mere fact, however, that it should have been spoken of

and discussed shows that the Emperor's mental condition is not altogether normal. Nor is there any reason to be astonished at this, for, notwithstanding all the praise that has been lavished upon the Hohenzollern family in connection with their apparently superb physique, yet they most of them have been a sickly and even unhappy lot.

Many of the paradoxical and contradictory features of the Emperor's character are traceable to the influence and teachings of his tutor, Professor Hintzpeter. The latter is just as full of extraordinary contrasts as his Imperial pupil; and the strange mixture of mediæval and despotic ideas concerning the Divine Right of Kings, combined with liberalism so advanced that it verges on socialism, manifested by the young monarch, are developed to a still greater degree in his former teacher. The professor, although impregnating the mind of his pupil with doctrines of equality, and insisting that the Prince should, for the first time in Prussian history, take his place as an ordinary scholar on the benches of the public school at Cassel, beside boys of the most humble condition in life, would on the other hand tolerate no familiarity or even condescension on the part of the Royal lad toward inferiors. Indeed he even went so far as to force the Prince to wash his hands carefully whenever he had so far forgotten himself as to shake hands with any one of subordinate or menial rank.

Another trait of character which Emperor William has derived altogether from Dr. Hintzpeter is the firm conviction that difficulties, no matter how vast and intricate, are always capable of being settled and satisfactorily arranged by means of eloquent phrases and good intentions. It is to Professor Hintzpeter that the world is indebted for Emperor William's

anxiety to figure as a sort of universal arbitrator and general settler of every question or problem that is in dispute.

Emperor William, who is naturally of an excitable and nervous temperament, never loses an opportunity of schooling himself to prevent any display of feeling. On one especial occasion he gave a most astonishing exhibition of absolute self-control, and even cold-bloodedness. During the State performance at the Royal Opera, in honor of the marriage of the Empress's sister to Prince Frederick Leopold, the dress of the premiere danseuse caught fire from a gas-jet in the wings, and in a moment she was wrapped from head to foot in a sheet of flame. With great presence of mind, the principal basso, who was standing near by, draped in a Roman toga and waiting to "go on," dashed her to the ground, and tearing the toga from his shoulders, enveloped her in its capacious folds, thereby extinguishing the flames. She was, however, so badly burned that during three days her life was despaired of, and as it is the poor girl remains disfigured for life. Her rescuer was also badly burnt about the hands, arms and face. The incident, although concealed from the major portion of the audience, was plainly visible from beginning to end to the Emperor, who was seated in one of the stage boxes. Notwithstanding the exciting nature of the scene, he neither raised a hand nor even moved in his chair, but remained apparently indifferent and unconcerned, coldly gazing on the poor girl battling with the cruel flames. Only at the conclusion of the act did he send one of his aides-de-camp to make inquiries as to the condition of the sufferer.

On another occasion the Emperor was riding through the streets of Berlin at the head of a regiment of the guard. Suddenly the horse of his aide-de-camp, who was riding

behind him, took fright, and after rearing on its hind legs finally dashed passed the Emperor and crashed down on the pavement, hurling its rider with great force headforemost against the curbstone.

The young officer was rendered unconscious by the shock and was believed at first by the spectators to have had either his skull smashed or his neck broken. Not one muscle of the face nor one movement of concern did the Emperor make as he witnessed the accident, but rode slowly on just as if absolutely nothing had happened, without showing the slightest interest in the fate of his aide-de-camp.

Such displays of indifference as these, far from elevating the Emperor in the eyes of the people, can only do him injury, since it gives them the impression that he is entirely heartless and altogether cruel and lacking in humane sentiments.

Among his numerous manifestations of animosity—many of them very childish—towards everything French, I may mention his prohibition of the use of the word "cigar," which has incurred Imperial displeasure by reason of its Gallic origin. At the Berlin Court, by order of the young Monarch, the fragrant weed is known by the excruciatingly Teutonic word of "Glimmstengel."

So strong is his hatred of everything French that it led him some time since to give orders to the effect that every menu for Court dinners should be printed in German; a most remarkable innovation, for the use of French is universal throughout Europe, not only for diplomatic negotiations but also for everything relating to the cuisine and the table. Indeed everywhere save now at Berlin the menus of dinners are always written in French. Very indigestible sounds the

following menu of a State banquet at Potsdam, which was sent to me as a sample by a cousin of mine who happened to be on a visit to the Prussian Court.

SPEISE KARTE.

Englische Austern. St. Peray.
Fruhlingssuppe. Port.
Gebackene Seezungen. Latour de Mons, 1880.
Prager Schinken in Rothwein gedampft. Erdener, 1881.
Lammbraten mit Endiviengemuse. Steinberger Cabinet, 1882.
Schnitzel von Reh mit Truffeln.
Warmer Hummer mit Butter. Chateau Lafitte, 1880.
Romischer Punsch.
Franzosischer Huhnerbraten, salat. Cliquot Ponsardin.
Stangen spargel. Chateau Latour, 1868.
Bleichsellerie.
Gesottene Fruchte. Muscat.
Wein Gelee, Kaesestangen mit Brotchen, Gefrorenes.
Nachtisch.

The Emperor, however, if he wished to remain consistent, should manifestly have omitted the "Franzosischer Huhnerbraten" (French chicken roast), and would have shown more real and well-placed patriotism had he tabooed French vintages and served in their stead to his distinguished guests the great national beverage, namely, beer, lightened, if absolutely necessary, by copious drafts of grape juice from the vineyards of the great free Rhine region. The trouble is, however, that the young Monarch is very partial to choice brands, and that, self-sacrifice not being much in his line, he prefers to overlook this part of the affair. So fond is the Emperor of a glass of genuinely good and mellow wine that the Imperial cellars, which by the by are in the charge of an American, of the name of Tim Wiegand, are perhaps the best kept in Europe. They are built under the Imperial Palace at Berlin, Unter den Linden, and are in the form of the letter L, the

THE OLD KAISER.

short arm being directly under that part of the Palace fronting on the new Vegas fountain, and where the Imperial family lives during the winter months. They cover a space of three hundred and fifty feet and have low ceilings, but are well ventilated, although without windows or other openings in the long stretch of walls. Light is provided by gas jets hanging from the inner roof at intervals of ten feet.

They contain an alarming quantity of casks and bottles, with wines from all countries and hemispheres, some of them of incalculable value, and well worthy of being placed on the tables of the richest gourmet of the age. There are mountains of bottled "Steinberger Cabinet," the original price of which was forty marks a bottle, and which could not be duplicated nowadays if the cellars of all the connoisseurs in Europe were ransacked.

In a choice corner is a kind of cage, or rack, in which rest several rows of dusty flagons labelled thus: "Presented by H. M. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria to H. M. King William I. of Prussia." This may perhaps be regarded as the greatest treasure in the Imperial cellars, for genuine Tokay is almost priceless and cannot be obtained in the market.

Tokay is situated at the junction of the Bodrog and the Theiss, or Tisza, the mighty river which, 200 miles farther down, throws itself into the Danube, a little above Belgrade. A spur of the Carpathians, the Hegyalla mountains, rise to the north of the stream, and it is on this volcanic group that there are still here and there a few vineyards, which yield the nectar known to all gourmets as Tokay. Every wine merchant's list contains the name, but, sad to relate, no wine merchants can possibly supply their most cherished customers

with genuine Tokay. The produce of these vineyards has always been very restricted, and, moreover, it may be said as a conclusive reason for the non-existence of the vintage in the market that the only Tokay vineyards now existing are owned by the Emperor of Austria and by Prince Windish-graetz, who do not sell the produce thereof. The wine sold under the name of Tokay is grown in the region of Nismes, France, whither large numbers of Hungarian vines were long ago transplanted. In Vienna it is sometimes possible for the public to obtain a bottle of the finest Imperial Tokay; and this is owing to a lordly custom of the Austrian Court, according to which nothing that is served at their Majesties' table for a State dinner is ever permitted to appear a second time. Uncorked bottles of Tokay thus become the perquisites of Court servants, who sell them almost for their weight in gold to amateurs aware of this custom.

The Tokay which Emperor Francis Joseph sent to Queen Victoria as a Jubilee present was of the rare variety known as "Mezesmale" or "Honey Beans." This is produced only in Tárczàl, near Tokay. To manufacture this particular brand the grapes are never gathered until fully ripe, and are put into a cask without any artificial pressure being applied; the juice extracted from sun-dried grapes is then added, and the mixture becomes really essence of Tokay. "Mezesmale" is owned altogether by the Emperor, and even Prince Windish-graetz's vineyards can offer nothing to compare with this wondrous nectar, which is served at the Court of Vienna in tiny glasses hardly bigger than a thimble, and whose bouquet of perfume is so powerful that a single one of these diminutive glasses is sufficient to fill a room with a penetrating odor of extreme sweetness.

In Emperor William's cellars are also to be found wines and liquors presented to himself and to his grandfather by many other brother Sovereigns, including the Shah of Persia, who recently sent his German "Cousin" several cases of golden-hued Teheran wine.

THE EMPEROR'S BED-CHAMBER.

In a sort of side wing to the Bordeaux cellar the Rhine and Moselle wines of the royal house are stored in the wood. There are only three large barrels, labelled, respectively, "60,000 marks," "50,000 marks," and "45,000 marks," which indicate the prices paid for them. As to Champagne there are literally thousands of rows of these silver-capped

bottles, which involuntarily remind one of the Prussian infantry soldier when wearing his "picklehaube."

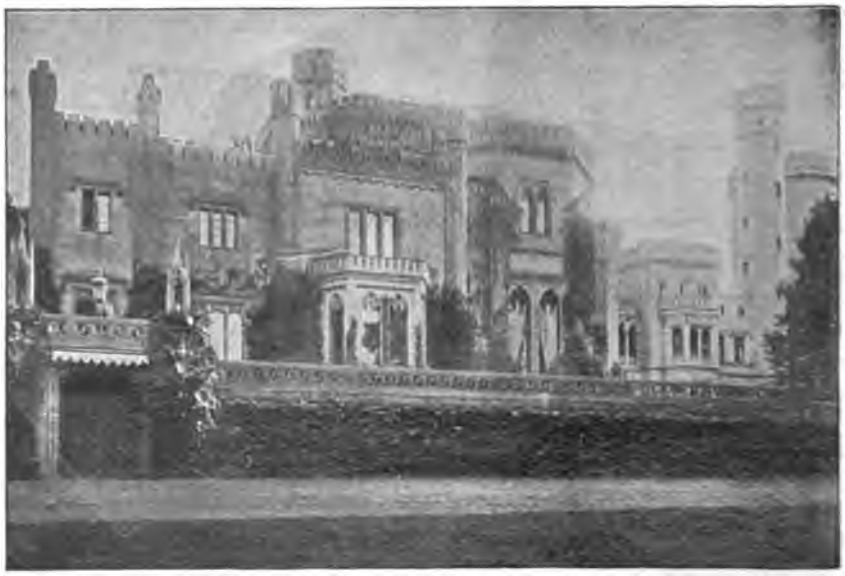
The Imperial table is also a subject of much thought to the Chief of the House of Hohenzollern, for the Emperor is something of a gourmet, and particularly relishes gastronomical curiosities. Sterlets from the Volga, eels from the Tiber, grouse from Scotland, bustards from Sweden, bears' paws from the Black Forest, turnips from Teltow, and melons imported from Greece are to be seen on the Emperor's table, while his favorite dessert is a Russian macedoine of iced fruit and fresh violets in a syrup of sweet marasquino.

At a dinner given by him at which I was present previous to his ascension to the throne, the floral decorations were replaced by a complete orchard of miniature fruit trees covered with luscious fruit. The centre of the long table had been covered with selaginelle moss, in which the pots containing the trees were imbedded. The centre-piece was a small peach tree, bearing a few superb specimens of the delicious *pêche de Mareuil*, known and appreciated by all gourmets. Around this was a row of lady-apple trees in full fruit, and the group was finished off, first by a low cordon of grape-covered vines, and then by a border of strawberry plants, whereon strawberries as big as plovers' eggs gleamed like huge rubies. None of the little fruit-trees was more than a foot high, and the effect produced by this little orchard, wherefrom at the end of the dinner everybody was able to pluck his or her dessert, was indescribable.

In more respects than table luxuries is His Majesty extravagant in his tastes, and his civil-list is therefore in a perpetual and chronic state of deficit. As King of Prussia

the Emperor receives 16,000,000 marks ($4,000,000), and the sum at his disposal as ruler of the Empire is much more modest. His annual expenses, however, are reckoned as close upon 25,000,000 marks ($6,250,000).

Like the late King Ludwig of Bavaria he is fond of building new castles and of spending vast sums of money



THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR.

in repairing old ones. Aside from the prospective expenditures upon the Emperor's new estate in the Reichsland and the cost of importing log houses and the like from Norway, the Emperor is having the residence at Coblentz and the castle on the Stolzenfels repaired and elaborately improved.

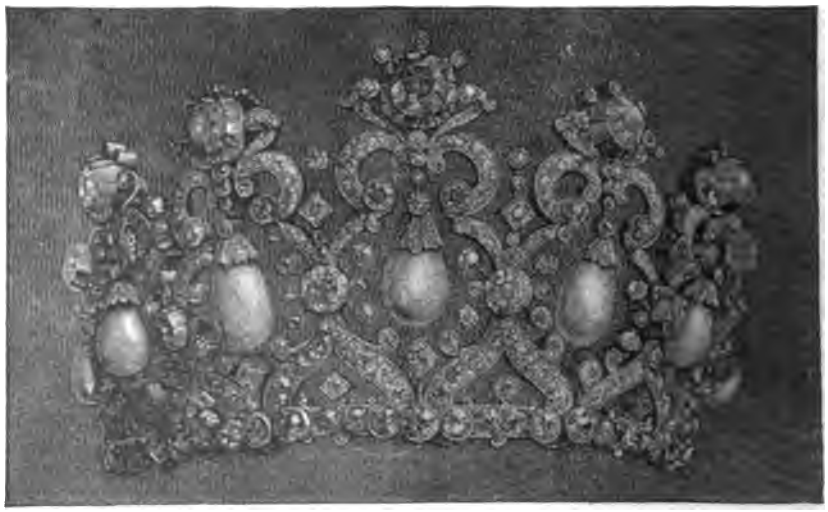
Even the Empress's dresses are selected, nay, often de-

signed, by this restless young Monarch, who seems to be unable to refrain from meddling with everything and everybody. I must, however, acknowledge that on one occasion I was compelled to admire the exquisite taste which he had displayed in a fancy costume which he had caused to be made from his minute directions for his wife, and which the latter wore at a ball in Potsdam some time after her marriage. It was meant to represent a "Sea-Spirit," and was composed of a rather short skirt of shimmering pale-green satin, shot with evanescent pink, on which were painted by hand delicate shells, sea-weeds, star-fishes and sea-anemones. Soft crêpe of a greenish hue, slightly powdered with silver, was draped over this in such a manner that the painting was seen through a kind of hazy mist. The corsage, of foamy white lace, was encrusted with real sea-shells in every shade of pink, white. and pale yellow, and had epaulettes made of tiny mussels and oyster shells, some of which were half open and revealed clusters of pearls. From the left shoulder a net of silver meshes was draped and fell gracefully over the back, the net glittering with gold and silver fishes caught by the fins, with here and there a coral prawn or a tiny little green or brown crab sharing their fate. A great oyster-shell of diamonds in the powdered hair, with one huge pearl in the middle, and ropes of pearls around the neck and wrists, completed this dainty costume. The stockings and shoes were of pale-green silk.

The new Crown jewels have cost a fabulous amount and were manufactured by order of Emperor William after his accession to the Throne. The Prussian Crown of the Emperor is composed of a broad frontal of gold, studded with large diamonds, eight diamond hoops rising from rosettes set

with four diamonds, the whole being surmounted by a brilliant diamond cross. The Prussian diadem of the Empress is a magnificent specimen of jewelry, in the shape of a scroll-work wreath, studded with diamonds, from which magnificent pearls are suspended.

Among the more recent purchases of the Emperor are a diadem of rubies, sapphires, and pearls, in the form of a broad



DIADEM OF THE EMPRESS.

braid of exquisite workmanship, and which cost a king's ransom. It is accompanied by a belt, a collar, and a pendant matching it. He presented this magnificent parure last New Year's day to his wife.

Apropos of New Year's day I may mention that the last night in the year is always an occasion for revelry of a kind that partakes of the nature of very rough horse play in the

streets of Berlin, and the police, knowing that their efforts would be fruitless, make no attempt to check it.

According to an unwritten law, any one who ventures into the streets with a tall hat on his head that night is bound to have it driven down over his ears and crushed flat by means of a blow with the fist or flat of the hand.

No one was wont to enter with more zest into this peculiar

THE EMPEROR'S CROWN.

species of amusement than the Emperor, who, on one occasion, however, got his hand severely damaged in "bonneting" an old gentleman. The latter, blessed with a hard head and imaginative disposition, had fixed inside his hat a flat piece of wood with a number of long sharp spikes set into it and pointing upward.

The consequence was that when Prince William, as he was

then, brought down his hand with all his might upon the hat he was severely injured by the spikes.

The old gentleman had to pay dearly however for his little joke; for he was sentenced, by the police magistrate before whom he was hauled up, to three months' imprisonment and a fine for maiming a citizen of Berlin by his contrivance, and was congratulated by his friends on having narrowly escaped a charge of high treason in committing the crime of "mayhem" on the person of the Heir to the Throne.

The favorite sport of the Emperor William and of the House of Hohenzollern is wild boar hunting. This species of game abounds in the Imperial preserves of Koenigs-Wusterhausen, of Letzlingen, of Goehrde, and of Springe, the latter quite near to the ancient city of Hamelin, celebrated in legendary lore for its "pied piper" and for its rats. The preserves of Goehrde are, however, those most affected by the young Monarch, as they were also by his grandfather, the late Emperor William. Persons invited for the first time to these Imperial shooting parties have to go through a regular form of initiation, somewhat akin to that practised in the case of people "crossing the line" for the first time at sea. On the evening before the day on which the hunt is to begin, and when the party are assembled in the smoking and card-rooms of the Jagdschloss after dinner, the great oak table in the dining-room is cleared and ornamented with several lines of chalk. The Grand Huntsman, von Kotze, or his deputy, Count Falkenstein, thereupon, after receiving the Emperor's final instructions, selects a dozen members of the party and conducts them to the dining-room, where they take up their places around the table, each armed with a wooden spoon of a different size. At a given signal the huntsman in charge

of the Imperial pack of blood-hounds, who has been stationed at the entrance leading into the dining-room, sounds the view halloo on his horn, and immediately every one of the wooden spoons is rubbed up and down the oaken table in a manner that produces a sound similar to the noise made by a pack in full pursuit. The person about to be initiated is then seized and blindfolded, after which the doors are thrown open and he is carried into the dining-room and laid upon the table athwart the chalk lines. The Emperor draws his short hunting-knife, and after making several mystic passes with it in the air, strikes the prostrate body of the neophyte a smart blow with the flat of the broad blade. The huntsman toots forth the signal of "dead, dead," which is used to call the pack off the quarry, and the new-fledged "waidmann" is permitted to struggle off the table and on to the ground. I may add that the Emperor's blow with the hunting-knife is not the only one which the neophyte receives while stretched on the table, nor does it constitute the sum total of the initiation, but only the conclusion thereof. Indeed, there is sometimes a good deal of rough play on these occasions, in which the Emperor, who delights therein, takes a prominent part.

The boar-hunts on the following day partake of the nature of the chamois drives described in the Austrian chapter of this work, the only difference being that the drivers, or "treibers," are assisted in their work by a carefully trained pack of boar-hounds, which are accustomed to obey the horn signals of the huntsman in charge, and are of much service in driving the quarry from its lair in the dense brush and underwood. Another difference is that the shooting party, instead of firing in the direction of the drivers, are under strict orders to fire away from them. That is, one is practi-

cally forced to wait until the wild-boar rushes past before one's rifle may be leveled. Of course it sometimes happens that the boar, instead of charging past, charges directly at one, in the most fierce and aggressive manner, and it is for the sake of being prepared for an assault of this kind that each member of the party is provided with a kind of pike or lance, which goes by the euphonious name of a "sowpen."

THE EMPEROR'S HUNTING LODGE AT HÜBERTÜSSTOCK.

The costume worn on these occasions is an exceptionally hideous uniform, specially invented and devised by the present Emperor. It consists of a double-breasted frock coat of gray cloth, with grass-green lapels and collar, green striped pantaloons, with high boots, and a gray Tyrolese hat with a wide green band. Any person who ventures to assert that the Emperor looks well therein is guilty of a reckless disregard

for the truth and of the basest flattery. For the gray coat and hat, and especially the green facings, cuffs, collar, and hat band, only serve to intensify the bilious tint of the Emperor's complexion.

It has become a subject of comment at Berlin that on these shooting expeditions the Emperor is seldom, if ever, accompanied by his only brother, Henry. The reason for this is not far to seek. For the sailor-Prince of Prussia is known throughout the length and breadth of Europe as a most dangerous and consequently undesirable guest at any shooting party. Whether it is due to lack of skill, or to carelessness, or merely to sheer ill luck, I am unable to say; the fact remains that many accidents have marred the pleasure of the shooting parties which he has attended. Only a year or so ago, while taking part in a shooting expedition on the Island of Corfu, he stumbled and sustained a heavy fall, which not only injured him pretty severely, but in addition caused the accidental discharge of both barrels of his gun, dangerously wounding a Greek gentleman who was accompanying the Royal party. Some time previously he had a similar misfortune while out buck-shooting near Baden-Baden. On that occasion he accidentally shot one of the game-keepers of his uncle, the Reigning Grand Duke of Baden. The man lay in a critical condition for several days, but eventually recovered. His wound, however, incapacitated him from further service, and he is to this day in receipt of a handsome pension both from the Grand Duke and from the Prince. It was the latter, too, if I am not mistaken, who caused such a universal look of horror at a dinner at Balmoral, by his reply to an inquiry on the part of the Queen as to what sport he had had while out deer-stalking that day:

"I haven't killed anything," he cheerily exclaimed; "but the gillies tell me that I have succeeded in wounding three stags."

His royal grandmother's face immediately assumed its most stern and forbidding expression. A horrified silence ensued, and then every one commenced to talk of something else, as if anxious to relieve their pent-up feelings. Not another word was exchanged on the subject of the Prince's achievements with his rifle—at any rate at table—but the Queen took care that there should be no more deer-stalking at Balmoral for Prince Henry.

Hübertüsstock, where the Emperor William recently spent some time to recover from an attack of his terrible malady, is situated in the province of Brandenburg, ten to twelve miles from Berlin. The buildings were erected only about thirty years ago in the Swiss chalet style. The front side of the Royal pavilion is ornamented above the balcony, which runs around the building, with trophies of the chase, some splendid antlers and stags' heads amongst them. The interior can accommodate about thirty guests, and most of the Crowned Heads and Royal Princes were at one time or another invited to Hübertüsstock to take part in the hunting parties for which the place was famous, especially in the lifetime of the old Emperor William. In the surrounding pine and birch forests red deer abound and are strictly preserved. The spot is, however, awfully sad and dreary, and seems to recall memories of the fact that it was used for some time as the residence of the Emperor's insane granduncle, the King Frederick William IV. of Prussia.

One of the most curious things imaginable is to see Emperor William dancing. He dances much in the same man-

ner as he marches, stiff and unbending as a ramrod. In fact, his waltzing reminds one of a military manœuvre, while the vigorous exactitude and discipline which he displays during a square dance can only be compared to the movements of the troops on parade. Like his uncle, the Prince of Wales, and, in fact, all other members of his family, he dances very fast, carrying everything before him, and, without making any attempt to pilot his partner, expects everybody to clear out of his way.

I remember on one occasion dancing with him, shortly before he ascended the Throne, and the manner in which he seized hold of me gave me the impression that I was an army in the act of being mobilized. None of the princes related to him dance well. His brother has none of the terpsichorean skill which we ordinarily find among naval officers. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen renders dancing a torture to his partners by his inconvenient habit of treading on their toes, while the Prince of Wales dances not for pleasure, but for the sake of exercise. In my hearing he once openly admitted that he waltzed with the object of keeping down his figure by maintaining a healthy state—let me say it sub rosa —of perspiration.

Unbending and even arrogant as the German Emperor appears to most of those who are brought in contact with him, there is one personage in Europe to whom he pays the most touching and filial deference, namely, old King Christian of Denmark. Since his accession to the Throne William has done everything that lay in his power to induce the Court of Copenhagen to forget the cruel war of 1864 and to obliterate the bitterness which resulted therefrom among the gallant Danes. His first visit after the death of his father was to

King Christian, on whom he called at Copenhagen before proceeding either to Russia or to Austria or Italy; and although his first reception in the Danish capital can scarcely have been a pleasant one, since he was received with groans and hisses, yet he has frequently returned there since and appears to take a particular pleasure in showering every conceivable kind of attention upon the old King.

This sympathy which, if official rumors are to be believed, may yet lead to a restoration by Germany of the Danish-speaking portion of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, first originated some twelve years ago at the Castle of Rumpenheim, in Hesse, where festivities were taking place in honor of a visit of the old Emperor. Young William was but twenty years old at the time, and, as he was exceedingly exuberant, boisterous and forward, there was a universal tendency upon the part of the Imperial and Royal guests present to repress and even to ignore him. One alone, namely, King Christian of Denmark, was polite enough to show him any attention or affection, and during the entire period of the visit the old King and the young prince were inseparable. Christian made no secret of his opinion that William was misjudged and that he was destined to make a great name for himself. The Emperor has not forgotten this, and never fails on each of his visits to recall the prediction to the memory of the venerable old king whom, notwithstanding the absence of any relationship, he affectionately addresses as "Uncle."

Quite as much as the Czar does the Emperor hate the Jews. Since the day when he succeeded his father, he has made a point of refusing to grant a single commission as officer, either in the army or in the navy, to any person of the Semitic race, and has declined to grant promotion to those

Jews who already happen to hold subaltern rank. The result is that they have been nearly all frozen out, and that at present there is hardly even a non-commissioned officer of Jewish birth to be found on the roster of the Imperial forces.

He has given much dissatisfaction to a number of his subjects, because of the numerous death-warrants which he

TROIKA PRESENTED TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR BY THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

has signed since his accession to the throne, and it is pointed out that the severity—far from tending to diminish crimes of violence—has merely led to their increase.

Neither his grandfather, old Emperor William, nor the predecessor of the latter, King Frederick William IV., could ever be induced to sign death-warrants, hence capital punish-

ment had for almost half a century become obsolete in Prussia.

The present Emperor, however, shares none of their views on the subject, for hardly a week passes by without the headsman being called upon to exercise his profession either in Berlin or in the provinces.

Germany, I may add, is the only civilized country in the world where murderers are still beheaded with a sword or a broad-bladed axe.

The Emperor is accused by his subjects in this and in other regards of being very cold-hearted indeed, and an exceedingly painful impression was created at Berlin by the sale, almost immediately after his father's death, of the pony carriage which the latter used during the few weeks immediately preceding this sad event for his drives in the palace gardens. It was purchased by a joiner, who uses it in his trade, and it is frequently seen in the streets of Potsdam heavily laden with window sashes, etc.; while on Sundays and holidays the seat once occupied by the ill-fated Emperor Frederick is filled by the Herr Tischlermeister and his vulgar-looking frau.

Another thing which greatly shocked the people is the action of the Emperor in forbidding the continuance of the use of the name Friedrichskron for the Imperial residence at Potsdam. The palace in question had been the summer residence of Kaiser Friedrich throughout the thirty years or more of his married life, and may be said to be of his creation. It was his favorite home, and as soon as he ascended the throne he, in deference to the wishes of his wife, transformed its name from the Neues-Palais to Friedrichskron. In his anxiety to efface all trace of his noble-hearted father's reign

THE FOUR GENERATIONS.

Kaiser Wilhelm restored the old name, and dates all his decrees, general orders, and letters from the Neues-Palais.

The first state visit of the Emperor to London will remain on record as one of the great historical events of the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria. Independently of all political and social considerations, it is of interest as having been the first visit in state of a German Emperor since close upon four hundred years ago. The last previous occasion on which a German Emperor set foot on English soil was when, in 1519, Charles V. crossed over the channel from Antwerp, and landed near Folkestone, for the purpose of calling upon his uncle, King Henry VIII.

No more striking demonstration of the onward march of enlightenment and civilization can be obtained than from a comparison of the published accounts of William's reception on that occasion with those of Emperor Charles V. The former was escorted up the Thames by swift torpedo-boats, was saluted by the deafening discharges of 100-ton guns, and was welcomed on board his splendidly appointed steam-yacht by his very *fin de siecle* uncle, the Prince of Wales; whereas Charles V., the mightiest Monarch of the Middle Ages, was received on his huge slave-propelled galley by Cardinal Wolsey, who brought him ashore near Folkestone in a gilded barge amidst salutes fired from 6-pound guns, and escorted him to Dover Castle, where the Emperor was welcomed by his uncle, King Henry VIII. The aim of Charles 's visit, like that of the Emperor William, was to win Great Britain over into a coalition against France, and the marks of favor and consideration bestowed, with this object in view, by the German Kaiser of the sixteenth century upon King Henry's all-powerful minister, Cardinal Wolsey, found their

counterpart in the analogous and similarly interested demonstrations of good will on the part of the young German Kaiser of to-day towards Queen Victoria's minister, the Marquis of Salisbury.

Probably the most successful and notable feature of that memorable visit of Emperor William was his triumphal progress through the city of London to the Guildhall. No German Emperor had passed within the boundary of the Temple Bar since 1416, when Kaiser Sigismund visited the city while staying with King Henry V., the "Prince Hal" of Shakespeare; and it may be safely asserted that no foreign potentate, nor yet any statesman, ever received such a tribute of respect, deference, and one might almost add servility, from this the greatest commercial centre of the world, as did Emperor William. Extraordinary and yet comprehensible was the anxiety with which these great city magnates—the moving spirits of the trade of the universe—scanned the features of the young monarch, and strained their ears to catch every word that fell from his lips. For they realized full well that the maintenance of peace is indispensable to commercial prosperity, and that war means ruin to many if not to most of them. They knew, too, that Emperor William, impulsive, quick-tempered, and headstrong, is practically the autocrat of a powerful nation of 40,000,000 Germans, besides being the absolute and irresponsible master of an army of 3,000,000 men, admittedly the most powerful military force on the face of the globe. It is upon the caprice and whim of this young German Emperor, who declares himself answerable for his actions, not to the people or to the world, but to God alone, that depends the maintenance of European peace. He has it in his power either to assume the latter, or

to involve the Old World in all the horrors of war. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the City Fathers of London should have been eager to propitiate and to earn the good will of a monarch who, with the power of peace and war vested in his hands, is able to control the continuance or decline of their commercial prosperity.

It is fortunate that the Emperor's stay on that occasion in England did not extend beyond a week, for the admiration and astonishment created among the steady and easy-going Britons by the restless activity of their Imperial guest were on the point of giving way to a feeling of intense weariness, when he took his departure. Perpetually on the go during twenty hours out of every twenty-four, he literally did not give his entertainers a moment's rest, and left them practically panting for breath when he bade them adieu. While the impression which he created in England appears to have been excellent, it was tempered by a sentiment of relief that he occupies the German and not the English Throne. The Britons admitted that he is a man of action, full of vitality, and neither slothful, self-indulgent, nor obtuse; but they preferred their own *roi-faineant*, so perfectly and admirably exemplified by their constitutional sovereign. The German Emperor's visit had the effect of increasing their loyalty towards their own Monarchy. Having enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining an insight into the characteristics of the restless German King-Stork, they came to the conclusion that they infinitely preferred their own inactive Queen-Log.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

OF

GERMANY.

II.

THE marriage of the Emperor William, which took place in February, 1881, was one of the most magnificent ceremonies of that kind which I ever witnessed. The public entry of the bride into Berlin was a very gorgeous pageant, for the greatest desire was shown to receive her enthusiastically. On the occasion of the popular reception, many thousands of people lined the thoroughfares leading from Bellevue to the Castle, and all the available places, including the tops of the houses, were thronged. "Unter den Linden" formed the chief attraction, being literally transformed into a *via-triumphas*. The bride, whose graceful appearance charmed the people, entered Berlin in the late Queen Louisa's wedding-coach, the Crown Princess being at her side. The public enthusiasm surpassed all bounds, and the loudest hurrahs accompanied the Royal procession through the city. On arriving at the Castle, the procession was received by their Majesties and all the members of the Royal Family, attended by the Court. Prince Wilhelm having personally led his company of Grenadier Guards into the capital in their place in the procession, it mounted guard before the Castle.

The meeting of His Royal Highness with his bride was really touching. The Emperor showed his satisfaction with his grandson by appointing him major, and embracing him

before all the assembly. In the evening, all Berlin was aglow with splendid illuminations, which extended even to the poorest quarters, and the public crowded the streets till long after midnight.

The wedding ceremony was witnessed by a distinguished company who had assembled in the Chapel of the Castle. All the celebrities of rank and science were present. Count von Moltke was conspicuous, but Prince Bismarck was absent. The appearance of the chapel, which was beautifully decorated, was most impressive. The choir chanted Mendelssohn's "How Lovely are the Messengers of Peace," when the bride, who was beautifully dressed, and escorted by the bridegroom in gala-uniform, entered. The Emperor, who looked remarkably hale and hearty, despite his advanced years, led the Queen of Saxony and the Duchess of Augustenburg. the bride's mother, into the sacred edifice. The Prince of Wales, who wore a British Field-Marshal's uniform, conducted the Empress, and the Duke of Edinburgh, attired in the uniform of a Prussian Major-General, escorted Princess Albrecht. The German Crown Princess walked between the Crown Prince of Sweden and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the German Crown Prince, between the Grand Duchess of Baden, his sister, and Princess Christian—each royal trio being attended by their ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting. The late Duke of Aosta, the Grand Duke Alexis, and a host of other Royal personages, took part in the bridal procession, which, surrounded as it was by Court dignitaries, royal pages and chamberlains, looked magnificent.

The Princess was dressed in white damask, with a veil covering her from head to foot. Over the myrtle in her hair she wore the diamond and jewelled Crown which Prussian

Princesses have donned on the occasion of their wedding for centuries past. Upon her neck were the grand Hohenzollern diamonds that have likewise done service on many a previous occasion of the kind; and as she walked demurely beside her chosen husband, a slight blush suffused her attractive countenance. Prince William, in the uniform of a Major in the First Foot Guards, walked erect to the Holy Table. Behind them appeared the four bridesmaids, Countess Pauline Kalckreuth, Countess Mathilde Keller, Countess Mathilde Puckler and Countess Victoria Bernstoff, carrying the train of the bride, and accompanied by Countess Brockdorff, the bride's Mistress of the Robes. The Adjutants of Prince William attended His Royal Highness.

As the procession, having traversed the suite of intervening rooms, approached the palace chapel, the Cathedral choir inside intoned a psalm. The chapel, a spacious and lofty octagon in the Byzantine polychromatic style, previous to the arrival of the royal family, had been filled with the foreign diplomatic corps and the highest dignitaries of the realm.

The bridal couple having placed themselves in front of the communion table before their nearest relatives, the Rev. Dr. Koegel, then His Majesty's first chaplain in ordinary, delivered a brief but emphatic address and exchanged the rings. The bride and bridegroom being asked if their intention was to remain true to each other for better or worse, audibly answered, "Yes."

Dr. Koegel, in his sermon, reminded the young couple that the last occasions on which the chapel had been used were the Emperor's golden wedding and Prince Henry's confirmation. He alluded also to the fact that they had received Queen Victoria's best wishes, and forcibly dilated upon the

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AND HIS FAMILY.

sacredness of marriage. The ceremony was closed with Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." The bride and the bridegroom as well appeared much affected. As they left the altar they were kissed by the mother of the bride, while the Emperor and Empress and the Crown Prince and Princess looked on with manifest pride. Thirty-six salvos of the artillery in the grounds announced to the people the marriage of the heir to the German Crown. The Emperor and Empress were visibly delighted at this crowning incident in their lives, and displayed the warmest affection for their son and daughters, and for the newly-married couple.

The royal procession having formed again returned to the White Hall, the principal apartment of the huge ancestral palace. There the Emperor and Empress, the King and Queen of Saxony, and the newly-married couple, having ranged themselves on the dais, with the royal guests beside them, the whole company defiled past, and bowed to the royal family. Next ensued the dinner in a suite of adjoining rooms. In the Knights' Hall, where the imperial family and their royal guests sat down, the Princesses, by virtue of customs handed down from the Middle Ages, waited upon the Emperor and Empress, the King and the Queen of Saxony, and the Prince and Princess William of Prussia. Between the first and second courses the Emperor proposed the health of his newly-married grandchildren.

Before ten o'clock the whole party were back in the White Hall for the final ceremony of the evening. This was the famous "Fackeltanz." The persons of royal rank again having disposed themselves on and around the Royal dais, twelve Cabinet Ministers, carrying lighted torches, preceded by Gold and Silver Stick, stepped up to the bridal pair to the

notes of a polonaise. Bowing deferentially, and being bowed to, they moved on with the bridal pair behind them. Thus they marched round the hall solemnly and silently with stately gait.

On their return to the Throne, the bride, approaching the Emperor, courtesied to him deeply, by way of invitation to dance, and again the procession made the circuit of the hall, this time accompanied by His Majesty. Next the bridegroom made the tour of the hall with the Queen of Saxony, and the bride with the King of Saxony. In the remaining stages of the elaborate dance the Princess performed each of her many circuits between two of the Princes present, the young husband following her with two of the Princesses. All the while the Silver Sticks and Cabinet Ministers marched in front, torch in hand; the polonaise resounding from the orchestral gallery. A grand monotony prevailed in the apartment. Considering the length and breadth of the hall, it was a severe trial for the bride.

The dance over, the twelve Ministers were at length relieved of their torches by twelve pages, who lighted the newly-married couple to their suite of rooms.

On the morrow a grand banquet was given in the White Hall of the Castle to which the Emperor had especially invited all the Court and foreign Princes, and the chief officers of the army, the heads of Princely houses, the Knights of the Black Eagle, the Vice-President of the Ministry, the Ministers of State and of the Household, the senior members of the Federal Councils, the Ambassadors, Parliamentary Presidents, Privy Councillors, and others.

The dinner table, which presented a very splendid and sumptuous appearance, was attended by pages in scarlet

uniform—all youths of gentle birth, from the cadet schools—with rapier at side, and plumed cavalier hats depending from their shoulders by a silken cord. The Emperor and Empress, under the Throne-canopy, occupied the centre of the table, which ran round the four sides of the capacious hall, with another board in the centre, the bride and bridegroom, flanked

THE EMPEROR'S STANDARD.

by the Crown-Prince and Princess respectively, being opposite their Majesties. The Prince of Wales sat between Princess Frederick Charles on the right and the Grand Duchess of Baden on the left. The banquet being well advanced the Emperor rose, and, to the accompaniment of the National Anthem, silently drank to the happiness of his wedded grandchildren, bowing to them and to his illustrious guests.

Later in the evening a magnificent spectacle was presented in the Opera House, when Quinault's heroic Armide, in four acts, was most effectively given as a gala performance before all the rank, wisdom, valour, beauty, and fashion assembled in Berlin. Entry being only attainable by special invitation from the manager-general of the Royal theatres, the audience was most select, and there was a display of uniforms and ball-room costumes of unparalleled splendor.

Quinault's opera was staged regardless of expense, and was well acted; but, though worthy of being closely followed, it was not the opera the Berliners had come to see, but the Prince and Princess. On their Royal Highnesses, with the Court, entering the grand box opposite the stage, the band broke forth with the National Anthem, and the whole house rising, cheered the Royal pair, who acknowledged the compliment with repeated bows and then sat down between their Majesties in the very centre of the house. At the close of the performance the audience again cheered. On the drop scene was a painted representation of the castle where the Princess was born, and of the two palaces or mansions appointed as her summer and winter residences in Potsdam.

Augusta Victoria, Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, Empress of Germany, is still a very handsome woman, in spite of her being the mother of seven children, the last of which is now only a little over a month old. The advent of the sixth boy was hailed with much joy, not only by the Imperial Family, but also by the Berliners, for he was the first child of the Emperor who was born in the Capital, all the others having made their debut into this world at Potsdam, and both the Court and the people ascribed extraordinary importance to the fact that the little fellow was a thorough "Berliner kind." The christening,

therefore, was observed as a popular festival throughout the Prussian Kingdom, and especially on the banks of the Spree. Banquets and various other kinds of public rejoicing took place everywhere, and both the Government and the people seemed determined to make the occasion a red-letter day. The Emperor himself was so delighted by the birth of his sixth boy—an event which he described merely as the completion of the first half-dozen—that he decided to solemnize the christening by accepting the sponsorship of a number of poor children throughout the country who were all baptized on the same day as the Imperial infant.

Besides the gifts which he presented to each of his new godchildren, both the Empress and himself arranged for the distribution of clothing and other kinds of useful presents to several thousands of poor children. The distribution was made in the name of the baby Prince, so as to secure for him, even at the commencement of his life, the good-will of his father's subjects, great and small. With the same object in view a large number of inmates of the civil and military prisons had their sentences remitted in part or altogether, while promotions in both the civil and military service took place on a perfectly wholesale scale.

Following the example of his grandmother, Queen Victoria, who invited the great Duke of Wellington to become godfather to her son Arthur, the present Duke of Connaught, William II., paid to Field-Marshal von Moltke the flattering compliment of requesting him to officiate as sponsor to the new-born Prince. The venerable old soldier was the only personage standing beside the font who was not of imperial or royal blood. The other godparents of the infant were the Queen Regent of Holland, the King and Queen of Italy,

the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and Princess Marguerite of Prussia. The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Greece, the widowed Queen of the Netherlands and the royal couple of Italy were represented by proxies, but all the others were there in person.

The English Princes were arrayed in their German uniforms, while Emperor William, as is his custom on such occasions, wore the gala uniform of a general of division, the large silver epaulettes of which make him always look much more than usually broad-shouldered.

The ceremony was performed in the chapel of the palace by Court Chaplain Drysander. The font consisted of a superb silver-gilt bowl, standing on a pillar of malachite, and the water used was that of the river Jordan. Sealed bottles of the latter are always kept on hand, and no other kind of water is ever employed for the baptism of Princes of the House of Prussia. The baby was enveloped in the same magnificent lace robe which has been worn by all Empress Frederick's children and grandchildren when they were being christened. The arms of Prussia are worked into the fabric of the robe, which was presented to "Unser Fritz" and his wife by the city of Berlin at the time of the birth of her son, the present Emperor. The royal infant remained in the arms of the Countess von Brockendorff, Grand Mistress of the Robes to the Empress, until the time came for making the sign of the cross, when the youngest of the sponsors, namely, Princess Marguerite, the Emperor's sister, took it from the Countess and handed it to the officiating minister.

With the exception of the Empress, for whom a chair of State had been prepared near the font, everybody remained

standing throughout the ceremony, which is very short, lasting barely more than twenty minutes. Prominent among those present, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Emperor's little sons, with whom he is a great favorite, was the white-haired and quaint-faced Prince Alexander. He is exceedingly simple-minded, and many are the anecdotes told about his almost childish innocence. During the war of 1866 he insisted on accompanying the Emperor's staff throughout the campaign. On the morning of the battle of Sadowa he, however, suddenly disappeared, and it was not until darkness had long set in that the members of the staff were at liberty to search for the missing prince, who holds the honorary rank of general. They spent the livelong night in looking vainly for him far and wide, and they had just given up every hope of finding him, when they suddenly came upon him in a little wood some five miles distant from the battlefield, sitting quietly on his horse and gazing placidly at the beautiful landscape.

When questioned by his rescuers, he simply replied that his horse, having been frightened by the noise of the battle, had bolted with him, and had only stopped at the place where he then stood, and where he had patiently remained for the twenty-four hours without making any attempt to join the German army. This extraordinary display of endurance, far from recommending him to the Emperor, was the cause of poor Prince Alexander being left behind during the campaign of 1870–71, a fact which filled him with distress, as he fondly imagines himself to be a great warrior, and more than capable of commanding an army corps. This extraordinary scion of the house of Hohenzollern is also a great ladies' man, and when a member of the fair sex is presented to him he at once

proceeds to make her an offer of marriage, neglecting even to ascertain whether she is in possession of a living husband or not. This sometimes happens six or seven times in the course of an evening. Indeed, a woman to whom the Prince does not propose must be either peculiarly plain or else of an advanced age, for almost all find grace before his indulgent eyes.

After the christening there was a State dinner in the great dining-hall, which is the most superbly decorated room in the Berlin residence of the Emperor. The ceiling is of unrivaled beauty, being composed of carved caissons inclosing paintings of the greatest masters. The centre-piece represents the German Eagle flying through the clouds, and driving before it swarms of birds of prey. All around this canvas are medallions containing the armorial bearings of all the vassal Princes of the Empire. The walls are hung with unique Gobelins, and the carved-oak sideboards groan beneath their load of gold and silver plate, on all State occasions. The high mantel-piece, reaching up to the ceiling, is of dark green marble, superbly carved and inlaid with precious mosaics, and the windows are draped with heavy gold-embroidered crimson-velvet curtains. The entire service is of gold, embossed with the Imperial arms.

Beautiful dresses were worn for the ceremony. The Empress was arrayed in a loose gown of soft, white, corded silk, covered with priceless lace, and relieved only by the broad orange ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle. Ropes of pearls fell on her breast and a tiara of superb diamonds glittered on her blond hair. Her sister, Princess Frederick Leopold, wore a petticoat and train of pink and silver brocade, edged with pink marabou feathers, the low corsage

of cloth of silver literally ablaze with rubies and diamonds. Her soft, fair curls were held together on the top of the head by a small princess's coronet of diamonds, rubies and pearls. The Empress Frederick's dress was of black velvet, the sombre hue of which was, however, lighted up by some beautiful point d'Alencon. Princess Charlotte, of Saxe-Meiningen, the Emperor's eldest sister, looked unusually well in the magnificent toilet of lavender brocade, trimmed on the bodice, skirt and train with pearl and diamond embroidery, which she had ordered from Paris for the occasion; the train was festooned with old Mechlin lace and laden with huge clusters of pink and lilac orchids, glittering with diamond dewdrops. In the hair diamond stars were scattered over a filet of pearls shaped like the tiny caps worn by the Venetian ladies in the time of the Doges. The aspect of all these gorgeous toilets, together with the brilliant uniforms of the men, presented a magnificent spectacle, for which the splendid halls and state apartments of the palace formed a fitting background.

Little Crown Prince Fritz, who is now ten years old, is a promising young gentleman. The Hohenzollerns, as a family, are rather slow in developing—slow but sure; and there is little to discourage the hope that time may bring out all the better and more prominent qualities of his race. He is certainly not so tall and probably not quite so vigorous and robust as his princely grandfather, Emperor Frederick, was at his age; but still the physical type of his paternal ancestors undoubtedly predominates in him. In particular, apart from the face, which greatly resembles that of his father in profile, Prince Fritz has inherited the powerful large hand of the Hohenzollerns, which palmistry has sought to connect

with their remarkable achievements in the sphere of conquest from the days when Conrad fought his way into the favor of Kaiser Red-Beard and the wardership of Nurnberg Castle, until the forcible annexation by his twenty-third lineal descendant, of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Frankfort, Schleswig-Holstein, and Alsace-Lorraine.

THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE.

The solemn reception of the little Crown Prince into the First Regiment of the Guards took place at Potsdam on his tenth birthday. The ceremony, in spite of the bad weather, was a splendid military spectacle. All the male members of the Royal House, and all the highest military and civil dignitaries had assembled in the Lustgarten, where the First Regiment of Guards, formed in square, awaited its new lieutenant. At a given signal the Emperor, surrounded by all the Princes, and accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse,

appeared with the Crown Prince on his left. The Emperor took up his position in the middle of the square and addressed the regiment in a long speech. It was an old custom, he said, for the Prussian Princes, on their tenth birthday, to enter the army. The Crown Prince was too young to do military service, but the day was meant to make him acquainted with the rules of discipline and military obedience. He (the Emperor) thought with sadness and gratitude of the day when he entered the army under the eyes of his grandfather and father. The speech concluded with three cheers for the new lieutenant.

The young Prince then advanced a few steps, and, with drawn sword, reported himself to the captain of his company, Herr von Pluskow. With him were the two young sons of Prince Albert, one of whom is but two years older than the Crown Prince. Then came the march-past, and the Emperor himself led the regiment by his Imperial Consort, who, with her other sons and her sister, the Princess Frederick Leopold, witnessed the review from the windows of the castle. The attention and interest of all present was, of course, centred in the Crown Prince, the little fellow, with his knapsack and the historical tin helmet and high boots standing next to Herr von Pluskow, the tallest officer in the whole army. The great zeal he showed, the accuracy with which he fulfilled the instructions, and his joyous childlike manner pleased everybody. It was by no means easy for him to keep pace with the giant strides of the Grenadiers. Sometimes he ran and sometimes jumped, but he never seemed to get out of step. He proudly saluted with his sword his Imperial mother. After the review the Emperor introduced his son to the officers of the regiment, with whom he shook hands as their new

comrade. At the State dinner the young Crown Prince was present for the first time, and sat next to his mother, thus occupying the seat due him as Crown Prince.

For the first time also on his birthday he adopted the style and predicate of Royal and Imperial Highness, for until the Princes of the reigning House of Prussia attain the age of ten no one is permitted to use the prefix of "Royal" or "Imperial" Highness in communicating with them. They must be addressed merely as "Prince." Like his father at the same age, the boy manifests a very pronounced taste for military matters. His whole time is passed in drilling his younger brothers, over whom he domineers in a manner that is full of promise for the people of Germany when he comes to the throne. Already he has mastered most of the intricacies of Prussian drill, and his eye, notwithstanding his youth, is quick to detect any defect in the appearance of his soldiers.

An illustration of this sharpness of criticism was afforded a short time ago when the Crown Prince was returning with his brothers from a drive. The Palace Guard turned out as usual on the approach of the Imperial children, As the carriage had driven rather rapidly the men were forced to run as fast as they could to assume their places in the ranks, and one unfortunate fellow in his haste forgot his rifle.

This was immediately noticed by the Crown Prince, who, when the carriage stopped, instead of entering the palace, hurried off with his brothers to the officer in command of the Guard, for the purpose of lodging complaint against the delinquent private.

The result was that the soldier was sentenced to four days' arrest and to a further term of fatigue duty for his remissness, while the Berlin papers were full of laudatory notices of the

military feeling and precision of the future Emperor of Germany.

Like all other boys of his age, he is never so happy as when in mischief, and innumerable stories are told of his pranks. One of the latter created some embarrassment on the part of the victim at the time.

The Emperor was engaged in giving audiences, and the little Princes were playing in the anterooms. Among the persons received was a solemn dignitary arrayed as required by etiquette, in full evening dress. His gibus, or opera crush-hat, he left in the anteroom, and while he was with the Emperor the little Princes, who had never seen such a thing before, amused themselves by opening it out and closing it down.

Needless to say that they put the mechanism out of order, a fact which the owner did not perceive until he had left the palace.

The next to be received was no other than the Emperor's old tutor, Prof. Hintzpeter. He, too, left his hat in the anteroom. It was not a crush-hat, but a regular high silk "tile" of peculiar size and very mature age.

The little Princes evidently believed that this hat possessed the same mechanism as the other, for when the Emperor and the professor, attracted by the children's screams of laughter, opened the door leading from the audience-chamber into the anteroom they found the two eldest boys engaged in violently seating their third fat brother on the unlucky hat with the aim of squashing it flat, a laudable object in which they had just succeeded when interrupted.

The Crown Prince's tenth birthday likewise meant an increase of his allowance of pocket money, which hitherto, in

accordance with the traditions of the Prussian Court, was very small; so small, indeed, that last autumn the Prince and his little brothers adopted characteristically ingenious methods of raising the financial wind.

Having ascertained that the deer in the palace park at Potsdam are fed through the winter months on acorns, which are purchased by the head-keeper in the public market for the purpose, the little fellows set to work with their toy carts and barrows to collect all the acorns that they could find. Their whole playtime was devoted to this work, and as soon as ever they had collected a few bushels they would sell them to the head-keeper at the ordinary market rate.

The Crown Prince, too, has a very pert and pretty wit, as the following sally of his will show. Being with his father one day, the Prince remarked on the extraordinary fondness of his sire for changing his uniform, and, with a child's curiosity, wanted to know why he never wore that of the "Railway Regiment," belonging to the pioneer detachment of the Guards. "Why should I wear that uniform, my son?" returned the Emperor. "Oh, papa, because thou art always traveling about on the railway!" rejoined the little Prince.

Young Fritz is a very manly little fellow, already a good rider, a neat shot and quite a clever oarsman. Very conscious of the greatness and importance of his position, he assumes on official occasions a most dignified bearing. The fact is that notwithstanding all the Spartan rigor and severity to which royal personages are—according to their biographers—subjected in their youth for the purpose of dispelling any exaggerated pride of birth and station, they nearly all of them imagine from the tenderest age that the rights and privileges which they enjoy above their fellow-men are

THE EMPEROR AND THE CROWN PRINCE
Taking their Morning Ride.

of divine origin. Some of them have sufficient tact and good sense to conceal these sentiments later in life, and realize that they are not in keeping with the sentiment of the age. Others, on the contrary, do not attempt to disguise them, and become in consequence responsible for an acceleration in the growth of democracy on the part of the people among whom their lot is cast.

The existence of this peculiar belief in the semi-divine character of their superiority above their fellow-creatures, can be readily understood when the peculiar atmosphere in which they live is taken into consideration. From their earliest youth they are surrounded by chamberlains and equerries of noble birth, whose sole duty is to humor their every whim, to divine their wishes even before they are expressed, to say "yea" to their "yea," and "nay" to their "nay," without venturing to have any opinion of their own, and who are supposed to preserve their Royal and Imperial charges from anything that can possibly prove offensive or even disagreeable to their Highnesses. When to this is added the pomp and glory of the military honors which are rendered to them by officers and soldiers alike, and the adulation which they receive not only from the masses, but from the classes also, it becomes only natural that they should end by possessing the most exaggerated notions concerning themselves. Even their very faults are described as virtues, and their most flagrant offences, and even crimes, are described by the servile crowds who surround them as mere harmless and amiable eccentricities. Nevertheless, I must say here, that the Emperor of Germany's children are one and all well-bred and thoroughly well cared for by their mother, who spends many hours daily in their nurseries and school-rooms.

The Empress is not what may be termed a brilliant or an extraordinarily bright woman, but she is an excellent wife, a devoted mother, and her somewhat stiff stateliness of manner is softened by great kindness and sweetness to those nearest to her. She herself was most carefully brought up by her father, who was passionately fond of her, and who personally superintended her education. She is tall and elegant, with very fair hair, a pink and white complexion, and large expressive blue eyes. Her calm, quiet manners are of a truth a refreshing contrast to her Imperial Consort's turbulent ways, and her sensible matter-of-fact fashion of accepting life has prevented her from suffering from his often strange and extravagant vagaries. On the whole, the august couple are much attached to one another and live a tolerably happy existence together.

The Empress is honorary Colonel of a regiment of Hussars, and looks always uncommonly well when attired in her full Regimentals (which include a skirt, I must add), and when reviewing her men, mounted on a superb black charger. Her newly-created body-guard is intended to do sentry duty at the palace, and serve as a mounted escort at reviews. It consists of twenty-four privates, two non-commissioned officers, and a lieutenant in command. When on horseback, the guard wears the white uniform of Curassiers, with cherry-red collar, cuffs, and turned-back coat flaps, and a helmet of polished steel, crested with the golden eagle. The gala-uniform on palace duty consists of a white Bradenburgh coat, with carmine facings, and shoulder-knots in black, white and silver, worn over a white waistcoat, a black three-cornered hat, with cockade and feather brush in the Prussian colors, taking the place of the helmet.

At the beginning of her married life, Empress Augusta-Victoria suffered much from the imperious and overbearing nature of her mother-in-law. Of late, the Kaiser has become more reconciled to his mother, and the bitterness which

THE WIDOWED EMPRESS.

formerly marred their relations, especially during the last years of his father's life, has entirely disappeared. This has, moreover, contributed to bring about greatly improved relations between the two Imperial ladies.

Not a day is now allowed to pass without the Emperor seeing his mother when she is at Berlin. William II. is too impetuous, headstrong and self-confident to submit to any control but that of a woman such as Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, who possesses the feminine art of not allowing him either to see or feel the reign; and she is diplomatic enough to give him the impression that he is leading, while in reality he is being led.

The widowed Empress was without a doubt mainly responsible for the fall of Prince Bismarck. There are many things that may be put forward in confirmation of this view. Empress Frederick always hated Bismarck, who, it must be owned, returned the feeling with interest.

One of the principal subjects of disagreement between the Empress Frederick and the Bismarcks was the nomination of Princess Natalie von Hatzfeldt-Trachenberg to the important post of Grand Mistress of the Imperial Household, a few years ago.

Princess Natalie was one of the pillars of the Court faction which, ever since the days of the Arnim scandal, has waged war against Prince Bismarck. Princess Natalie is a sister-in-law of the famous widow of the late Count Schleinitz, who is now the wife of Count Wolkenstein, the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and who, in consequence of her infatuation for Wagner's music, is known in the Court circles and diplomatic world of Europe as "*la Princess Trompette.*" The salon of the latter, before she left Berlin, was the trysting-place of all the members of the Court-party opposed to Bismarck, and its importance may be gauged by the fact that the Chancellor caused the late Emperor to issue an order to the Countess to discontinue her weekly receptions.

Princess Natalie's hatred of everything that bears the name of Bismarck is, however, attributable to another cause, for she was warmly attached to her husband's favorite sister, the lovely and blond wife of Prince Carolath-Beuthen, who, after being betrayed by Count Herbert Bismarck, was persuaded by him to desert home, her child, her place at Court, and her position in society, in order to elope with him to Italy. After traveling about for a couple of months in the south of Europe with the Princess, who was one of the most delicate and frail-looking beauties conceivable, Count Herbert finally tired of her and deserted her at Venice without making the slightest provision for her immediate necessities, or future life. Prince Carolath had meantime commenced proceedings for a divorce from her and, completely ruined both financially and socially, and disowned by all her family and friends, the poor woman made her way to Paris, where she suffered untold misery, humiliation and poverty. It was only two years later that, after diligent search, the unfortunate woman was discovered, almost in the gutter of the French metropolis, by her sister-in-law, Princess Natalie Hatzfeldt, who since that time has in the most kindly and delicate manner provided for all her relative's wants and treated her with unaltered feelings of affection.

The tact of Empress Frederick has triumphed where the statecraft, experience and cleverness of Prince Bismarck had signally failed. It was at her instigation that the Emperor summoned his former tutor, Professor Hintzpeter, to Berlin, and, after creating him Privy Councillor, gave the preference to his advice over that of Bismarck. The Professor is sincerely devoted to the widowed Empress, who years ago selected him from a large list of candidates to superintend the education of her eldest son.

General Count Waldersee, with his American wife, is also cordially disliked by Her Majesty, who is both jealous of and incensed at their influence over her son and daughter-in-law. The feud has been of long standing. It began during the last year of Frederick's life, when the present Emperor, then merely Prince William, had by reason of the failing faculties of his grandfather and the absence of his afflicted father at San Remo, been wielding the power and enjoying the rank of a *de facto*, although not *de jure*, regent. Naturally of a domineering and autocratic disposition, the young Prince was not backward in availing himself to the fullest extent of the advantages of this peculiar situation, and exercised his authority in so high-handed a manner as to incur the gravest displeasure of his father. For reasons of his own Prince Bismarck, instead of striving to temper and bridle Prince William's character and to imbue him with constitutional rather than autocratic notions, lost no opportunity of encouraging the youth to quaff the intoxicating draught of Imperial power. Like all persons of hot-headed and somewhat self-sufficient disposition, Germany's Kaiser is as soft as wax in the hands of a clever and clear-headed woman. In this particular case the woman happened to be this American lady, daughter of a New York banker, of the name of David Lea, who in 1864 was created by the Emperor of Austria a Princess von Noer in her own right, on the occasion of her previous morganatic marriage with Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein.

Born in 1840, Miss Mary Lea was but twenty-four years of age when she captivated the affections of the septuagenarian Prince at Paris. The wedding took place in the French capital after a courtship of only a few weeks, and the curiously

assorted couple, without proceeding to Germany, sailed from Marseilles for a prolonged bridal trip through Egypt and the Holy Land. The young Princess played her cards exceedingly cleverly. During the three months' trip up the Nile, the aged husband became more than ever infatuated with his beautiful young wife, and on his return to Cairo he drew up a will in which he bequeathed to her every farthing of his enormous wealth, including the valuable Noer estates, worth some $4,000,000. From Egypt they made their way to Mount Sinai, and thence to Jerusalem. Having visited the various places of interest in the Holy Land, they now proceeded to Beirout, and were on the point of embarking for Smyrna when the Prince was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off a couple of hours later. The beautiful young American, after only six months of married life, thus found herself, at barely twenty-five years of age, free to marry again, a Princess of the Austrian Empire in her own right, and one of the wealthiest women in all Europe.

Remembering old Weller's maxim, that as a rule mankind regards widows as a snare, and that the fact of their happening to be beautiful only serves to increase the suspicion with which they are viewed, Madame de Noer determined to lose no time in getting another husband. With this laudable purpose in view, she took up her abode at one of the most fashionable of German watering-places, where her beauty, her wealth, her cleverness, and the touch of romance in her history soon caused her to be surrounded by a crowd of suitors of every degree and nationality. Among the most prominent and desirable of these was Count Waldersee, who, besides being a member of one of the most ancient families of Prussia, was a great favorite both of the King and of Bismarck, and

COUNT HATZFELDT.
German Ambassador to England.

generally regarded as one of the most prominent staff officers of the army. Still young in years, though high in military rank, Count Waldersee was then, and in fact still is, a singularly handsome man, of elegant figure and clear-cut features, whose ambitious views are tempered by a very clear head and a vast amount of common-sense. By the time that Princess de Noer's first year of widowhood had expired the battle of Sadowa had been fought, and the Count had been promoted from the rank of Colonel to that of Major-General. As his wife, the young American was far more likely to be able to enjoy to the fullest extent the advantages of her rank as Princess, than as a single woman and a foreigner; toward the end of 1866 a marriage accordingly took place between the Count and the widow, who shortly afterward proceeded with her husband to take up her residence at Berlin.

Aided by his charming wife's cleverness and wealth, Count Waldersee now became an important personage in the Prussian capital. A favorite of the Field Marshal von Moltke, and maintaining his intimate relations with the great Chancellor, he gradually got to be looked upon in the light of the latter's representative on the headquarter staff. He greatly distinguished himself during the Franco-German war, and when, a couple of years later, increasing age and infirmities forced von Moltke to ask for a deputy, General Count Waldersee was nominated to the post with the rank of Quartermaster-General of the German Empire. His wife's salon had meanwhile become a power in Berlin. It was the rallying place of the Chancellor's party as opposed to that of the anti-Bismarckian Court factions, and the great statesman, who has moulded in so wonderful a manner the German Empire and German unity, was never tired of expressing his warm

regard for, and high appreciation of, the services rendered to his policy by the American Princess.

When, in 1881, Prince William, the present Emperor, married Princess Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein, the power and influence of the Waldersees still further increased, for by virtue of her first marriage, Princess de Noer was a grand-aunt of the Royal bride. The latter did not meet with much kindness at the hands either of the Prussian Royal family or of the Imperial Court. Her mother-in-law, the Empress Frederick, who is one of the most talented and clever women in Europe, is intensely intolerant of stupid women; and, unfortunately, she made no pretence of hiding the fact that she placed her eldest son's wife in that category. Thoroughly unhappy, disconcerted and friendless, Princess William was only too glad to seize the helping hand held out to her by Count Waldersee's wife, and to avail herself of the relationship which existed between them to turn to her for guidance and advice. Few persons were better qualified than Countess Waldersee to act the part of mentor to the young Princess among the pit-falls of the Berlin Court society. Nor was the result long in making itself felt. The Princess became completely subject to the will and direction of her clever relative, and Prince William was not long in following his wife's example, and soon was as subservient as the latter to the talented American.

Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess, always displayed a marked antipathy towards Count Waldersee's wife, whom she regards as a parvenu, an intriguante, and even as an adventuress. The bitterest enmity raged between the two women, and partly to this must be attributed the exceedingly strained relations between her and Prince and Princess

William, which continued for a long time. It was due to the influence of Countess Waldersee that for more than five months Princess William entirely ceased to correspond with her mother-in-law, and it is likewise due to the Countess that both Prince William and his wife displayed such marked favor to the well-known Court Chaplain Stoecker, the leader of the "Judenhetz" movement, who is probably the bitterest and most openly avowed of the enemies of the Empress Frederick. Pastor Stoecker was the editor of a religious weekly paper, "The Ecclesiastical Review," and in a number issued on the 10th of December, 1887, he actually had the audacity to write in an editorial article signed with his name the following cruel sentence:

"Let us pray every day and every hour for our Royal Family, and in particular for the old man (Kaiser William) and for the young man (Prince William) of this race of heroes. May God in his mercy grant that the terrible punishment which has overtaken the sick Prince Frederick bear fruit, and may it bring resignation to his mind and peace to his conscience."

It should be borne in mind that this strange paragraph, in which it was openly insinuated that Unser Fritz's malady was a just and well-merited punishment for his sins, appeared just at the time when, sorely afflicted and singularly blameless, the Prince appeared to be nearest death's door; at a time, in short, when Pastor Stoecker was going about everywhere, exclaiming: "A brilliant future is about to open up before us!"

A few days later, both Prince and Princess William were present at a lecture delivered by Pastor Stoecker in the salons of Countess Waldersee, the main purpose of which was

that a revival of the movement against the Jews, which was necessary to ensure the maintenance of the Throne, the preservation of the "Vaterland," and the safeguard of society. An appeal was made for funds for the Stoecker Berlin Mission, which, under the cover of propagating the gospel, was especially devoted to the work of the anti-Jewish movement; and a liberal response was made thereto by those present. Moreover, at the close of the lecture, Prince William arose and endorsed "his friend," Pastor Stoecker's remarks in such forcible language that a profound sensation was created throughout Germany at the time, and that Prince Bismarck was forced to publish an official notice to the effect that they had been misunderstood. It should be added that "Unser Fritz" frequently expressed his strongest disapproval of Pastor Stoecker's participation in the "Judenhetz," and repeatedly, though unsuccessfully, urged Kaiser Wilhelm to deprive him of the Court Chaplaincy. The Emperor, whose liberal and broad-minded tendencies are well known, was of the opinion of Frederick the Great, namely, that everybody is entitled to seek eternal salvation in his own way, and he even went so far as to be present with his wife at the solemn inauguration of a Jewish synagogue, in order to show how thoroughly he disapproved of the persecution of the Jews. As if still further to demonstrate their sympathy and favor towards their father's assailant, Prince and Princess William actually took the trouble on New Year's day to drive to Pastor Stoecker's house and to convey to him in person their good wishes—an unheard-of compliment, and entirely in contradiction of the traditional Court etiquette.

This will suffice to show how great is the influence which Countess Waldersee wielded over the Emperor and the

Empress of Germany. She was at the time popularly regarded as the power behind the Throne. She is probably the only woman in the Prussian Capital who, as far as power of intellect is concerned, can be in any way compared with the young Monarch's mother. Of course, the latter was extremely jealous of her, and during the brief reign of Emperor Frederick she prevailed upon him to keep both the Count and his wife at a distance from Berlin. On the present Monarch's accession, the couple became almost omnipotent. The Count was regarded as Prince Bismarck's only possible successor, and the intercourse between the Countess and her Imperial niece was of the most intimate nature.

Now, however, all is changed, the Empress mother triumphed so far over her powerful rival that the relations between the Palace and the Waldersees have become exceedingly frigid.

Another proof of the influence wielded by the mother over the son is given by His Majesty's marked demonstrations of affection and cordiality lavished upon his uncle, the Prince of Wales, during his visit to England. Three years ago they were scarcely on speaking terms, and both the British Heir Apparent and his charming Consort were even the objects of great discourtesy on the part of their nephew when they were in the Prussian capital at the time of the late Emperor's funeral.

One of the most interesting personalities at the Prussian Court is Princess Frederick Charles, who lately accepted the Presidency of the German Woman's Department of the World's Fair at Chicago. She is the widow of the celebrated cavalry general, who played so prominent a part in the wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870.

REIGNING GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

He used to be known as the "Red Prince," in consequence of the hussar uniform which he invariably wore, and was the type of the cavalry leader of the olden times—that is to say, swaggering, blustering, loud-voiced and exceedingly brusque and abrupt in his manner. He presented a striking contrast in every way to his wife, who was, and who still is, a singularly beautiful woman. The couple lived unhappily with one another. Stories of the Princess's maltreatment by her husband were very frequent at one time, and only ceased when, after bearing him seven daughters, she finally gave birth to an ardently wished-for son.

The Princess became a widow about six years ago and recently contracted a second marriage, of a morganatic character, with one of her chamberlains, a *mesalliance* which gave great offence at Court. She can, however, afford to be very independent, as she is immensely rich, and whenever anything occurs at Berlin which she does not like, she goes off to Italy, to France, or Spain for a prolonged trip.

It is probable, because she is one of the most attractive, elegant and chic of Prussian Princesses, that she is unpopular with the feminine portion of the Berlin Court, and of Berlin society.

Women have always been jealous of her, and it is to this sentiment that must be attributed the vile stories whispered concerning her conduct from one boudoir to another. But it cannot be denied that the household of Prince and Princess Frederick Charles at Berlin was a hot-bed of never-ending scandal, which necessitated constant changes among the ladies-in-waiting.

Prince Frederick Charles's father, a younger brother of old Emperor William, was likewise the hero of many scandals.

Indeed, it was fortunate for him that he was a member of the Royal Family, else the authorities would have been forced to deal very severely with him. His own brother admitted as much.

Another member of the present Emperor's family, namely, his brother-in-law, Prince Bernhardt, of Saxe-Meiningen, is cordially disliked in Court circles. Although a harmless enough fellow, he continually manages to become the victim of some ridiculous adventure or other, and the Berlin *grand-monde* has hardly yet stopped laughing at the amusing incident which happened to him during his recent stay at Ems. He had accepted an invitation to dine with one of the local dignitaries, and, finding on reaching the street in which his host resided that he was ten minutes ahead of time, he sent away his carriage and commenced strolling up and down in the dusk so as to give an opportunity for the other guests to arrive, since etiquette demanded that they should all be present when he made his appearance. His military cloak was thrown over his shoulder, and the gas lamps gave such a dim light that his features were scarcely recognizable.

Suddenly a side door opened, and an exceedingly fat woman, dressed as a cook, bounced out, imprinted a loud-smacking kiss on His Royal Highness's lips, and placed a huge package which smelt of ham, sausage and cheese in his arms, with the exclamation:

"There, my dear, we have got a royal prince to dinner to-night, and I am driven off my feet; I cannot give you more. Come to-morrow night." With that she disappeared before he had time to make any response.

Prince Bernhardt, who is of rather a phlegmatic and philosophical turn of mind, continued his walk, carrying the

somewhat greasy parcel in his arms, and awaited developments! A few minutes later he observed on the other side of the street a soldier gazing in a melancholy and expectant manner at the windows of the house opposite. He thereupon crossed over, and, accosting the soldier, asked him if his sweetheart lived in that house, and on receiving an affirmative answer from the man, he handed him the parcel and informed him that the cook expected him at the usual hour on the following day. The soldier's whole face lighted up as he thanked the Prince, whom he failed to recognize.

"She gave me something else for you," continued His Royal Highness, "which, however, I do not know how to give you."

"Keep it, keep it," replied the soldier, "I have got quite enough to-day," and with that disappeared.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

BAVARIA.

THE reigning King of Bavaria is Otto I, a man whose state of mental alienation is dark and terrible. He lives since his accession, as he had lived before, shut up in the small palace of Furstenreid, about two hours distant from Munich. Of late years his malady has taken the form of stupor, though there are still occasional outbreaks of violence. There was from the beginning no prospect of recovery or even of improvement in his case, although it was foreseen that his merely animal existence might continue for a long time. He occupies a suite of apartments on the ground floor, the doors of which, as well as the outside door leading into the garden, are always left open in the day-time, as a closed door immediately excites his rage. He seems suspicious of restraint, and his attendants conceal as much as possible an appearance of authority over his movements. Once he broke all the front windows of his apartments, and since then the glass has been protected by wire; and otherwise there is nothing to indicate that a lunatic inhabits the premises. The rooms are handsomely furnished, and everything that can amuse the patient is promptly supplied.

The King is always dressed in black. His beard is very long and thick, and he will not allow it to be trimmed. He often washes his face and hands, but can seldom be persuaded to take a full bath. He is extremely fond of cigarettes, and smokes about thirty a day—enough in itself to make him crazy and keep him so! Every time he lights a

cigarette he burns a whole box of matches, and seems to enjoy the noise and flame. He often walks out in the park, but is very unwilling to drive out, probably because it annoys him to be looked at by people in the road. The sensational reports which appear occasionally in the papers concerning King Otto are, for the most part, false. The truth is, he has no marked desire for anything. His gaze is generally fixed on vacancy, and he does not appear to recognize even his servants, excepting an old woman who has charge of the silver. He has known her all his life; she used to carry him in her arms when he was a baby, and it is touching to see how the last faint rays of his fading intelligence rest upon her alone. When he sees her he calls her name in a loud tone, and orders her to bring him a glass of beer or whatever he may happen to think of, but he soon forgets what he has said, and relapses into his usual state of apathy.

Two of the most prominent physicians of Munich are in attendance on alternate weeks, and every Sunday the Director of the Insane Asylum visits the Palace to examine him and make the medical report. At rare intervals the King speaks coherently to his attendants, and it is said that soon after his accession to the throne he remarked to a lackey, "Henceforth, you must address me as your Majesty." But this story does not appear to be well founded, and it is certain that when Princess Theresa went from the death-bed of the Queen-mother to apprise the son of his loss, he showed no signs of comprehension, and was unmoved by the grief of the Princess, whose tears were doubtless more for the living than for the dead.

The reign of the mad King, unfortunately for the country and the people, promises to continue for some time. The marvelous Wittelsbach strength, has enabled him to recover

STATE COACH OF THE PRINCE REGENT OF BAVARIA.

from the effects of the physical weakness which overcame him a short time ago. He may live for years in the semi-conscious state in which he is found a great part of the time. As a matter of course, he has the best medical care and attendance possible, and the physicians do all in their power to prolong his unhappy and miserable existence. No other course is possible, but his death would be a relief to the country and to Germany.

Although, as I said above, he is unable to recognize his relatives, attendants, or friends, and remains for hours motionless in his padded room, he has lucid intervals. Not a great while ago he suddenly recognized his attendants and became cognizant of his lofty position. A cavalier about the castle asked him if he did not wish to show himself to his subjects in Munich.

"Gladly, gladly would I go to Munich," he replied, with a look of irrepressible sadness in his eyes, "but my people wish to see a well King, and I am sick. Yes, yes, yes, I am sick, and these terrible fancies will not leave me."

Upon another occasion he demanded suddenly that his attendants take him to his capital. In order to avoid an attack of violent excitement probable in case of a refusal, a court carriage was summoned to the castle steps. The King, one of the physicians, and an attendant, clad in royal livery to avoid suspicion, entered the coach, which started on its journey. Looking out of the window, the King saw a meadow almost covered with variously-hued flowers. He expressed a desire to gather a bouquet to present to his mother, and the coachman stopped while he plucked the flowers. But the work was too tiring, and he returned to the carriage completely exhausted. He was taken back to the castle and

placed in bed. When he awoke on the following morning his reason was again clouded, and he had entirely forgot the journey to Munich.

The greatest difficulty which confronts the King's physicians is to persuade him to eat. At times the doctors take advantage of his weakness for cigarettes to urge him to take some food. Upon one occasion they placed a package of cigarettes on the table next to his plate. When the King entered the dining-room he rushed at once toward the cigarettes, but the attendant physician quickly threw a napkin over them, saying at the same time, "The cigarettes, Your Majesty, must follow the dinner." Keeping the tobacco in sight during the meal-time, the doctor induced the King to eat some nourishing food. He received his reward at the proper time. But such subterfuges are not always successful. Although the good Bavarians celebrate his natal day with becoming loyalty, they would one and all welcome his death as a deliverance to the country. Prince Leopold, the Regent, is popular, and his son promises to become one of the most enlightened monarchs who have sat upon South German thrones.

Singularly unfortunate have been the rulers of Bavaria for many years past. The mysterious circumstances attending the deposition and death of the late King Louis are still present to the mind, and thoughts of the poor mad King are so closely linked with any mention of the country itself that whilst writing about his unfortunate successor, I seem to live again through my last visit to Neuschwannstein.

In spite of the almost incredible luxury with which he was surrounded, the King presented a heart-breaking picture as

he wandered wildly about the gorgeous apartments which he had himself designed.

Guarding the door of the sovereign's private rooms in the castle of Neuschwannstein was a curious ornament of the King's own design, consisting of a magnificent silver palm-tree, eight feet high, laden with fruit, at the foot of which crouched a horrible gray dragon, sapping the roots.

THE REGENT KING.

Who knows if the poor, mad King did not mean to illustrate his own magnificent physique and intelligence attacked by that most terrible of all diseases, namely, hereditary insanity?

Neuschwannstein is built on the extreme edge of the plateau, and when the King was on the balcony of the fifth-floor room above mentioned, he was able to gaze down into a chasm over 1,000 feet deep. With his horror of daylight he would retire to rest at daybreak, and remain in artificially darkened rooms all day.

The ceilings of each of his bed-rooms were painted dark-

blue, and through little pieces of glass, cut in the shape of stars, a soft light shone on the royal sleeper. An artificial moon was likewise arranged in the ceiling, artificial palm-trees surrounded the bed, and through the branches thereof might be seen at the end of the room an artificial waterfall. He would never rise until five o'clock in the afternoon. The whole place had to be brilliantly lighted up every evening with some 8,000 wax candles, at a nightly cost of over $1,000.

One of his pet crazes was about King Louis XIV, of France, and on the anniversary of the latter's birth he would dine *en tête-à-tête* with a marble bust of the "Grand Monarque," to which he would address the most *talon rouge* compliments. On these occasions he would be dressed in a Louis XIV costume, and was very proud of his shapely leg, which, however, ended unfortunately in an unusually big foot.

In his *Cabinet de toilette* at Neuschwannstein are some rather *risqué* but magnificently executed frescoes, representing scenes from the *Droit du Seigneur* (the Lord's privileges). In one room there is a fine portrait of Marie Antoinette, of France, which no one was allowed to pass without prostrating himself before it. He insisted that the servants who waited on him at the table should do so on their knees without looking up. If they forgot this injunction by any mischance, His Majesty would box their ears, kick them, or else spit in their face. During the last months of his life he used to suffer terribly from pains in the back of his head, which were so severe that he used to wear a kind of gutta-percha cap filled with ice at his meals.

So anxious was he to obtain funds for the continuance of his building operations that he sent emissaries requesting loans, among others to the Emperor of Austria and Brazil, to

the Shah of Persia, and to the King of Sweden. He succeeded in obtaining money from Queen Isabella of Spain, and from the Khedive of Egypt. His emissaries had commenced negotiations with the Comte de Paris for a loan of $8,000,000, which the Rothschilds had agreed to advance on the French

STATE SLEIGH OF THE REGENT OF BAVARIA.

pretender's guarantee. The loan was to have been made on the condition that the King should do his best to neutralize Bismarck's policy in case of war between France and Germany. It was probably partly due to this and the complications which might have resulted therefrom which incited

Prince Bismarck at the time to give his consent to the deposition of his most devoted admirer. It may be added as indicative of the diseased state of the King's brain that he was greatly interested in the perfection of a flying-machine, and assuredly the inventor of Keeley's motor would have found a warm patron in the royal crank.

Among other things contained in the report of the medical faculty about the King's mental condition was a statement of Dr. Loehr, Director of the Bavarian Archives, to the effect that Ludwig wished to sell Bavaria in order to purchase for himself a kingdom where he could reign as an absolute monarch. Dr. Loehr declared that in 1873, by order of the late King, he spent three months and a half in visiting the Canary Islands and the Greek Archipelago, and in 1875 two months and a half in visits to Crete, Cyprus, and the Levant, with the object of finding a suitable place of residence for His Majesty for a longer or shorter period, as might be desired. He was also careful to inquire whether in any of these places it would be possible for His Majesty to acquire the full and absolute right of sovereignty of the locality for the remainder of his life. The Director strongly and earnestly advised the King to relinquish these projects, but at the same time could not refuse to comply with His Majesty's positive orders to obtain the necessary information.

Another member of the family of Bavaria whose brain is certainly more than unsettled is Duchess Adalbert of Bavaria, who about a year ago created such a sensation throughout Europe by her intimacy with a popular German actor—an intimacy which led to the suicide under particularly dramatic circumstances of the actor's *fiancée*. Nor is this by any means the only scandal of this kind in which the Duchess has been

implicated, and her conduct since the death of her husband, fifteen years ago, has been such that the urgency of placing her under restraint has several times been under discussion by the members of the Royal family of Bavaria.

One of the most extraordinary things which I have ever seen her do was during a performance at the opera in Munich some seven years ago, when she suddenly, to the consternation of the entire audience, made a desperate attempt to sit on the balustrade of the royal box with her feet hanging downward over the heads of the people below. It was only with the greatest difficulty that her ladies and gentlemen in waiting were able to induce her to withdraw from this extraordinary and perilous position and to retire to her place.

The extravagances of the Duchess will surprise no one when it is remembered that she is the sister-in-law of Queen Isabella of Spain and that every one of her brothers and sisters have turned out to be a discredit to their Royal family.

Three of her sisters, the Infantas Isabella, Louise, and Josephine, eloped with persons of non-royal rank whom they subsequently married. Her fourth sister, Christine, the mother of the Duke of Durcal who attempted to foist a collection of questionable old masters upon the New York public three years ago, is what they call in Spain a "tonta," or in other words, an imbecile. Of her two brothers, one was killed in a duel by the Duke of Montpensier, while the other is the ridiculous little creature under five feet high, who is the husband—in name only—of the jolly, fat, and—I am sorry to add—disreputable old Queen Isabella.

With a family such as this it is only natural that the Duchess Adalbert should be somewhat odd, and it is to be hoped that

her daughter, the Princess Elvira, whose name has already once been before the public in connection with a romantic episode, which it would be ungracious to describe here, will inherit none of her mother's moral peculiarities.

Princess Elvira has two brothers, one whom, Prince Louis, has adopted the medical profession, and has acquired almost as much fame as an obstetrical surgeon as his uncle, Duke Charles Theodore, has achieved as an oculist. He is very devout and, I might almost add, bigoted, for his youngest child bears not only the names of eight saints but also the peculiar additional names of *omnes sancti*, which means that, in addition to those mentioned, all the other thousands of saints are to be called the child's sponsors and patrons.

DUKE CHARLES THEODORE.
(The Famous Oculist.)

Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, a cousin of King Otto, and a brother of the Empress of Austria, combines his med-

ical practice with the manifold duties involved by the personal management of a great summer hotel. It is a hotel conducted on peculiar principles. During the three summer months it is thronged by a fashionable and wealthy crowd of visitors, belonging to the great world of Vienna, Munich, Berlin, etc., and the prices charged for accommodation are about on a par with those at other summer hotels. The money thus earned is used by the Duke to board and lodge in the hotel during the three months of the spring and the three months of autumn poor artists, officers, professors, and literary men —persons of education and breeding who stand in need of a holiday, but who have not wherewith to pay for it—all without expense to themselves of a single cent.

This ducal hotel, thus conducted, is an old Benedictine monastery, situated at Kreuth, on the slopes of Hohlenstein, one of the Bavarian Alps, overlooking the lovely Tegernsee.

For three months in the year Kreuth is thronged with visitors, South Germans as a rule, who come and go and pay their bills, as at any other health resort. Every effort is made to render their visit as pleasant as possible. Hardly a day passes but Duke Charles Theodore, King Max's grandson, and the present owner of Kreuth, drives over from Tegernsee to see that they are being properly taken care of; while his brother, Prince Ludwig, generally lives in the hotel, and plays the host in a quaint, informal fashion, lavishing upon his guests all sorts of courteous attentions. Moreover, many high and mighty personages are to be met with at every turn. Until the last few years the Empress of Austria, who, as I just said, is a sister of Duke Charles Theodore, was a constant visitor at Kreuth; the ex-Queen of Naples still goes there, and so do the King of Wurtemburg, the Orleanist Princes,

the Princess Frederica of Hanover, and the Duke of Cumberland; while as for the members of the Bavarian Royal family, there is always some one or other of them there. There are, in fact, so many royalties at Kreuth that it is one of the few places on the earth where they are treated just as ordinary mortals. Perhaps that is why they like going there so much.

During June, July, and August the place is conducted upon strictly business principles, the charges for the rooms, etc., being precisely the same as those charged in other hotels of equal standing in the neighborhood. The Duke, who has a wholesome horror of middlemen, has made his hotel almost independent of outside supplies. He rears his own cattle, grinds his own corn, and has even turned one wing of his palace into a brewery that he may brew his own beer. By this arrangement the working expenses of the establishment are considerably lessened; and at the end of the season the Duke has always a handsome balance in hand, the profits of his three months' hotel-keeping, which he spends for the benefit of his poor *protegés*. As I said above, he is one of the most skillful oculists in Europe, and he is always on the look-out for people whom he can help. The success of his operations is really marvelous, and in spite of the scantiness of his private fortune he manages to keep up two huge eye-hospitals, one at Tegernsee and one at Meran, for the benefit of the poor.

All the members of the Royal family, in spite of their eccentricities, are charitable.

Princess Maria Theresa, who is at the present moment the first lady in the kingdom of Bavaria, is the wife of the heir-apparent to the Bavarian throne. She is distinguished for the arrogance and haughtiness of her demeanor, as well as

for the fact that she is the mother of no less than 13 children. Inasmuch as both the insane King and the aged Regent, her father-in-law, are both wifeless, it is she who possesses most of the attributes of a Queen, and who decides on all questions of female rank and precedence.

Her sister-in-law, Princess Gisella, who, like herself, is an Austrian Archduchess, although of a different branch, being the eldest daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph, has much to suffer from Maria Theresa's terrible temper, and from the attitude of antagonism which the latter adopts toward her.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria's eldest brother, Duke Louis of Bavaria, has been twice morganatically married, on each occasion to actresses. His second wife is now living. By his first marriage he became the father of that Countess George Larisch who played so discreditable a *rôle* in connection with the late Crown Prince Rudolph's intimacy with the Baroness Marie Vetschera.

Duke Louis is the favorité brother of the Empress Elizabeth, and formerly enjoyed the reputation of being as superb a horseman as his sister is an equestrienne. He is still a handsome man, and has always enjoyed a considerable amount of popularity among his people in consequence of the romantic interest attaching to his marriage; for, when he led the fair Ballerina Henrietta Mendel to the altar, he surrendered all his rights of succession, as well as his share in the entailed property of the family to his younger brother, the oculist, Duke Charles Theodore.

The Royal family of Bavaria have from time immemorial been known to fame as the principal brewers of all Germany. The famous Hofbrau Haus, or royal brewery, was established in September, 1589, by Duke William, of Bavaria, and has become one of the national institutions of the country.

No one who has not been much in Munich can form any idea of the grim, dingy tavern at which the royal court beer has been sold at retail for the last 300 years, and which forms part of the ancient palace of the Dukes of Bavaria.

There are no waiters, no waitresses, everybody being expected to attend to his own wants, and on the occasion of the Emperor of Germany's last visit to Munich, he, together with Prince Leopold, of Bavaria, took their place in line and awaited their turn for a stone mug, which, in accordance with a time-honored custom of the place, they themselves rinsed at the tank before again forming in a line for the purpose of having their mugs filled.

Colonels and Generals in full uniform were in this line, along with chimney-sweeps, scavengers, students, and Jew peddlers. As soon as their mugs were filled the Emperor and the Prince sat down at the rough deal tables, which have done service for time immemorial, and purchased from the perambulating vendors slices of "wurst" and "schwarzbrod" (sausage and black bread).

It would surprise most people that great personages should be ready to put up with so much discomfort for the sake of a mere mug of beer. A draught of the latter is all that is required by way of explanation. The beer is truly royal and in every way worthy of the ancient dynasty of Witeslbach which produces it. Nowhere else in the world is it possible to obtain such beer, the recipe for which was obtained by the ducal founder from the famous brewer Degernberg, and has been kept as a State secret ever since.

The net profit of the Hofbrau Haus, the beer being sold only at retail and drunk on the premises, amounts to about $800,000 or $1,000,000 every year, and constitutes an important source of private revenue for the Royal House of Bavaria.

The early history of the ducal hotel at Kreuth, before mentioned, is quite interesting. Early in the eighteenth century the Benedictine monks, who had their headquarters at Tegernsee, obtained possession of all the land in that neighborhood. The fathers, skillful doctors in their way, were not long in discovering the curative qualities of the little sulphur springs on the Hohlenstein plateau. They built by the side of it a hospital, to which the delicate members of the order used to retire from time to time to recruit.

As years passed this hospital was replaced by a larger one; and right up to 1803, when the order was dissolved, Kreuth was the regular health-resort of the Benedictines. The hospital was then turned into a farm-house. In 1813, however, it was purchased by King Max of Bavaria, who restored the old Badhaus and erected a second. So long as he lived the place was used as a convalescent home for the poor; and when at his death it passed into the hands of his widow, it was with the condition attached that a certain number of poor girls should every year be hospitably entertained there. It was his wish that Kreuth should remain a charitable institution; but, as usual, funds were low in the Bavarian exchequer, and the poor cannot be entertained without money.

Soon King Max's widow and son resolved to try an experiment. They set to work to see whether the natural advantages of Kreuth could not be turned to account as a means of raising funds for charity. The old buildings were furbished up and new ones erected, until accommodation for nearly three hundred persons was provided. An excellent cook was engaged and the place was turned into a regular hotel.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
HOLLAND.

I.

QUEEN Wilhelmina Paulene Helene Marie of the Netherlands was born on the 31st of August, 1880, when her royal father was already sixty-three years of age, and when consequently hope had almost been abandoned of seeing the royal family of Orange perpetuated in the direct line. Queen Emma, who was then only twenty-two, was overjoyed at the birth of the child, as she was in great need of something to love, her elderly husband being anything but the kind of man on which it would be natural to lavish one's affections.

The royal child was brought up by a French nurse during the first three years of her life, and was then confided to the care of a Parisian governess, Mlle. Loitard, a woman of many talents, who took pleasure in her task, and devoted her whole existence to her young charge. The King, who hated everything German, never consented to his little daughter learning the German language, but Queen Wilhelmina speaks Dutch, Italian and English as fluently as French. Two years ago, Mlle. Loitard, being forced by family circumstances to give up her post of governess to the little Princess, was replaced by an English lady, Miss Winter, who is still intrusted with the young Queen's education.

The Queen's household is composed of two chamberlains, of four professors, of an equerry, and of two lady's maids; this is her immediate entourage; but, of course, she also has a military household, whose place, for the present at least, may be considered in the light of a sinecure.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

It has been said of the English Parliament that there was nothing it could not do except turn a woman into a man. The Dutch High Court of Justice has given proof of its ability to accomplish what is beyond the power even of the British Parliament, by deciding at the time of the King's death that officials and other public servants should take the oath of allegiance, not to the "Queen," but to "King" Wilhelmina. This extraordinary decision was violently attacked by the press as contrary to common-sense, but the High Court is far too independent a body for their having any chance of its yielding the point.

Indifferent as to whether she is officially regarded as King or Queen, pretty, fair-haired Wilhelmina enjoys life as Sovereign

of the Netherlands, and oblivious of the mighty interests gathered about her crown, she spends her days happily at the old Castle of Loo, where she has remained with her mother ever since her father's death.

Het-Loo, as the place is called in Dutch, is a very beautiful place, although the palace itself is small for a royal abode. It is surrounded by green meadows and shaded by century-old trees, which give the place a very English aspect. In the garden during the spring and early summer blossom the marvellous tulips in which King William took so much pride, but in winter everything is bare and bleak, and were it not for the great clusters of evergreens which stand out here and there against the snowy background, and for some red-berried holly bushes in Queen Wilhelmina's own little garden, the view from the windows would be a dreary one.

The rooms on the ground floor are almost entirely devoted to a superb collection of curios from the West Indies, brought back by King William's brother, Prince Henry of Orange, who realized an enormous fortune by a series of lucky investments in the Dutch West Indies, and who bequeathed his entire wealth to his little niece.

A double staircase, with an elaborately carved balustrade, leads to the upper hall, which is draped with the most exquisite sixteenth-century Flemish tapestries. There are also to be seen some of the finest paintings of Bouguereau, Meissonier, Jules Lefevre and Fortuny, King William having had a weakness for the French school of painters.

The King's study, which has now become the young Queen's private audience-room, looks more like an armory than like anything else. On the carved and wainscoted walls are trophies of guns and matchlocks, swords, daggers and spears,

some of them dating as far back as the time of the Crusades. The fireplace is of porphyry, and is adorned with a cartouch, whereon the motto of the House of Orange, "*Je maintiendrai*," is engraved in gold. One of the most conspicuous ornaments of this apartment is a ponderous silver inkstand, which has played an important role in Dutch history. Indeed, it may be asserted that the Hollanders are indebted thereto for their safety and for the maintenance of their independence in 1870. King William, who always hated Germany, had announced his intention to accept Napoleon III.'s invitation and to join in the conflict on the French side. Popular feeling in Holland, however, was in favor of neutrality, and strongly opposed to any participation in the war. But so ungovernable and violent was the temper of the King that no one, not even his Ministers, would venture to point out to him the danger of his projected course. At length an old Privy Councillor, named Thorbecke, who had held the Premiership on several occasions, and who was a special object of detestation to the King, undertook the task. On perceiving him the Monarch blurted out, roughly and without rising:

"Good morning, good morning. What do you want? What's the news?"

"Nothing in particular, Your Majesty, only the Haguers are talking a good deal of nonsense."

"I hope it is only about those idiotic Ministers of mine, and not about me."

"Yes, sire; it is about Your Majesty."

"About me! About me!" exclaimed the passionate Monarch, with growing wrath. "What may they say about me? Tell me, I insist."

"Well, sire," answered the old Statesman, slowly and

impressively, "the Haguers declare that Your Majesty has become stark, staring mad as—"

Before he could utter another word, the King had jumped up, his face purple with fury, and raised the heavy silver inkstand aloft, with the intention of hurling it at the head of his former Premier. Fortunately, a projecting angle of the inkstand had been caught in the table-cloth, and, while dragging everything off the table, had arrested the flight of the missile.

"Sire," exclaimed Thorbecke, quietly stepping close up to the King, but without betraying the slightest trace of emotion either in his speech or attitude, "If your Majesty does hurl that beautiful inkstand at my head the Haguers will have been correct in their assertions."

For a minute the fat little King gazed in silence at the lean, lank, phlegmatic old Dutchman standing before him. Neither uttered a word. Then gradually William lowered his arm and replaced the inkstand on the table, after which he walked to one of the windows, where he remained looking out for about five minutes. Returning to the table he resumed his seat, motioned Thorbecke to another one, and then said, as if nothing had happened, "And now tell me what you have got to say."

An hour later, when the statesman left, he carried away with him the monarch's promise to issue, within twenty-four hours, a proclamation declaring the neutrality of Holland.

The drawing-rooms, music-room and dining-hall of the palace are all furnished in a thoroughly English style, and are filled with beautiful flowering plants, lovingly cared for by the Queen Regent, who is very fond of gardening. Queen Wilhelmina's boudoir—one hesitates to call it a nursery, for the little lady is very proud of her twelve years, and considers

herself very nearly grown up—is filled with a quantity of toys, among which are several dozen of beautiful dolls, dressed in gorgeous court dresses, and possessing such marvellous trousseaus that many a woman of fashion would envy the wax and bisque beauties.

Among them is a huge one which she calls, perhaps with a touch of satire, "The Governess." She has doll figures of officers in the army and navy to familiarize her with the uniforms of the various corps, and a whole gallery of Court ladies in miniature, for each one of which she has a pet name. This collection of "official dollies" must have cost the Dutch nation a pretty penny.

The Queen is an early riser, and is up and dressed by seven o'clock. As soon as she is ready she enters her mother's room and says her prayers by the Regent's bedside. Breakfast is served at eight o'clock, and from nine till twelve the royal child takes her lessons, plays on the piano and reads aloud. At twelve she comes down to luncheon, which for her is generally composed of eggs, milk and fruit. Hardly has she swallowed the last mouthful when she dons her fur-lined jacket and cap, and runs out to a little chalet called the pigeon-house, where she keeps one hundred and fifty members of the cooing tribe, feeding them and caring for them herself. These and a funny-looking and very shaggy Shetland pony are her great pets, and she is so devoted to them that should the handsomely dressed dolls find it out they would have good cause for jealousy. She goes out whether the day is fine or cloudy, cold or warm, and takes a ride every afternoon on the fat little pony, whom she knows how to urge into quite a lively gallop. Dinner takes place at six o'clock, and afterward the Queen and her mother have a chat

until eight o'clock, when Her Majesty is sent to bed. The child is very intelligent, and from being continually her mother's companion has a way of talking and judging things which is far above her years; she is a pretty, winning girl, with a happy look in her great blue eyes, and almost always a smile on her fresh young lips.

The jewels and plate owned by the little Queen Wilhelmina as Sovereign of the Netherlands are kept, not at the Chateau of Het-Loo, but at the Royal Palace of The Hague. Among the most splendid features thereof is a huge mirror, contained in a frame of pure and exquisitely chiseled gold. It used to belong to Queen Anna of Holland, and was presented to her at her marriage by her brother, Czar Nicolas of Russia. The gold dinner service, representing a value of almost $5,000,000, is, curiously enough, adorned with the Royal arms of England, having been formed by the Prince of Orange, who ruled over Great Britain as King William III.

The treasury likewise contains an absolutely priceless service of old Saxe porcelain, comprising some forty eight pieces, the remaining twenty-four constituting one of the most highly valued features of the Czar's treasury at St. Petersburg.

Should Queen Wilhelmina die, either in childhood or without marrying, she would be succeeded on the Dutch throne by her father's only sister, the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who has two daughters, one married to Prince Reuss, German Ambassador at Vienna, and one son, a General in the Prussian service, who has two boys. Her husband, the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, is one of the youngest looking men of his age in Europe. The only brother of the late Empress Augusta, of Germany, he is one of the few living links with Goethe, having almost completed his fourteenth

year when the great poet died at Weimar, in 1832; and it was to him, then six months old, that Goethe alluded in the "Maskenzug," in honor of the visit of his grandmother, the Dowager-Empress of Russia, the lines:

> "Nun aber an die Wiege. Diesen Spröszling
> Verehrend, der sich schnell entwickelnd zeigt,
> Sein Leben sei Lustgesänge
> Sich und den andern Melodie."

The poet was a prophet. Highly cultivated himself (and it is no secret that Goethe had much to say in the question of his education), the Grand Duke has fostered art in every form; but he has favored music more especially, and thought it an honor to his State that Liszt lived and died in his capital.

The Grand Duke is grandson of Goethe's lifelong friend, Karl August. His mother was the Grand Duchess Marie Paulowna, sister of the Czars Alexander I. and Nicolas. His wife's mother was another sister of the above-named Czars, the Grand Duchess Anna. Besides being greatly esteemed and beloved at St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke is one of the steadfast friends and supporters of Prince Bismarck, and has refrained from visiting the Court of his grandnephew at Berlin since the ex-Chancellor's disgrace.

Queen Wilhelmina's mother, who now rules over the Netherlands as Regent, during her daughter's childhood, is the eldest daughter of the reigning Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont.

She was born in 1858, at Arolsen, the capital of her father's miniature State, Waldeck. Three daughters and one son formed the family circle; they were carefully, simply and religiously educated, and their kindly ways endeared them to the handful of subjects who owned their father's sway. In

her girlhood Queen Emma was not strictly pretty, but she had a winsome expression, soft eyes and an abundance of hair. But few suitors had made their way to Arsolen to seek the hand of that dowerless Princess, when one day there arrived at the castle the elderly, widowed and next to childless King of Holland to ask the girl in marriage.

THE QUEEN REGENT.

The offer was dazzling, but there was much in the conditions attending it to repel a young girl. The King was a widower, nearly three times her age: the unhappiness of his first marriage was an open secret. Everybody knew that he and Queen Sophia, a Princess of the Wurtemberg family, endowed with fine qualities of head and heart, had lived a wretched existence, and that the blame of this unhappiness could not be said to rest with Queen Sophia. She had, it is true, a

great love of letters, and had striven to make the Palace of La Haye an intellectual centre. She had a keen interest in politics.

The King, on the other hand, cared for nothing but his own pleasure, and loathed everything connected with Court etiquette or politics, as being unwelcome hindrances to his purely pleasure-seeking existence. For ten long years this ill-sorted couple lived at daggers drawn, and when, in 1849, William succeeded to the throne of the Netherlands, the discord which subsisted between William and Sophia divided the Court of The Hague into two separate camps, known as "*le parti du Roi*" and "*le parti de la Reine.*"

In 1887, Queen Sophia died, leaving two sons, the eldest, "Prince Citron," who was already at the time in a state of semi-imbecility, brought on by dissipation, and Prince Alexander, who was a cripple, and afflicted with certain hereditary physical and mental ailments, which left but small prospects that he would ever be able to succeed to the throne of his father. Both of these unfortunate Princes died shortly after their mother, and now lie buried in the modern portion of the royal vault at Delft, beneath the monument of William the Silent. The younger of the two, Prince Alexander, is, I suppose, the only male member of any royal family who has been buried dressed in feminine garments. Among the numerous eccentricities of the latter portion of his semi-demented life, was that of declining to wear the nether garments peculiar to the male sex, and he was accustomed to array himself in orange satin-quilted petticoats. In accordance with his express instructions he was laid in his tomb arrayed in one of these fantastic petticoats, and I presume that when in ages to come the royal vaults at Delft are explored

by the archæologists of the thirtieth century, it will be taken for granted that the remains in question are those of some Princess rather than of some Prince of the House of Orange. Close beside the tomb of Prince Alexander is that of his father, the old King, while surrounding them are the bodies of the members of the House of Orange, who have died since the creation of the kingdom of the Netherlands at the beginning of the century. The old vault, which is likewise beneath the monument, contains only the remains of William the Silent, of his wife and of his two sons.

Moreover, up to the date of the King's second marriage, his morals were of such a nature as to preclude all possibility of a happy home life. While as King he may be said to have done much to promote the welfare of his subjects, even to the extent of surrendering half of his civil list accorded to him by the State, yet as far as his personal behavior was concerned, his name will remain on record as that of the most profligate and depraved monarch of the nineteenth century. His private and domestic life consisted of one long and uninterrupted series of disreputable scandals, most of which, however, occurred beyond the Dutch border.

Among those who played a prominent role in the shady side of his existence were Mme. Elisa Musard, who was an American by birth, and whose relatives still reside in Pennsylvania; the beautiful Mlle. Abington, of the Paris Varieties Theatre; and lastly, Mlle. Emilie Ambrée, a star of the Italian Opera at Paris, and the author of the novel "La Diva," in which a number of famous people are made to figure in an unenviable light.

Of these three women in question, Mme. Musard, although possessing millions of money, died at the age of forty, blind

and raving mad, in the insane asylum of Dr. Blanche, of Paris. Emilie Ambrée, who spent the vast sums lavished on her by her Royal admirer as quickly as she received them, is now living in obscure and impoverished circumstances in a village of Brittany; while Mlle. Abington, who was as beautiful but not so clever as the other two literally died in the gutter a few years ago.

King William's intimacy with Mme. Musard, which came to an end in 1870, was for many years surrounded with an amount of mystery which gave it a certain coloring of romance. Several times during the course of the year, M. Alfred Musard, who was by profession a conductor of orchestra, used to take his beautiful wife to the Dutch frontier, where she was met by an emissary of the King, who took her in a post-chaise to a small house buried in the depths of the forest. There she was joined by her middle-aged royal friend and remained two or three days in his company.

The King loaded her with presents of all kinds, and when she returned to her husband, she handed these gifts with praiseworthy generosity to him. In this fashion, diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, valuable plate, pictures, laces, etc., found their way to the superb residence of M. and Mme. Musard, in the Avenue d'Iena.

The luxury displayed by this worthy couple in those days was amazing. Mme. Musard's diamonds were of European renown, her horses and equipages excited the admiration of all Paris, and when she appeared in her box at the opera, clothed in sumptuous raiment, and covered from head to foot with jewels of untold value, she was the cynosure of all eyes.

In the course of a few years Mme. Musard found means to purchase the splendid Chateau of Villequier, on the banks of

the Seine, likewise a villa on the lake of Como, which had been built by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a marvelous chalet at Trouville, on the shores of the sea.

Mme. Musard's beautiful face was one of the most admired as she drove in the Bois de Boulogne, reclining in her marvelous equipage, during the second empire, and the generosity of King William was on every lip.

When the enchantress deemed that her fortune was sufficiently enormous, she fulfilled her most cherished dream, namely, that of living in retirement with her husband, whom she adored, in spite of her somewhat questionable intimacy with the King. She accordingly broke off all relations with her royal lover, who speedily replaced her by Mlle. Emilie Ambrée.

In 1876, when that gallant Monarch was in mourning for his first Consort, a very charming Diva, Mlle. Abington, who was, I believe, born in Algeria, made her appearance among the singers at the French Opera in Amsterdam. The fame of her fascinations reached the widower, who was living in retirement at The Hague, and though His Majesty could not go to hear her at the opera just then, it was thought there could be no objection to her diverting the grief-stricken mourner by a little music on the quiet at home. The fair prima donna, therefore, came, sang and conquered; and from being a star on the theatrical horizon, speedily became the "rising star" at Court. In fact, her influence became so rapidly all-powerful that when the Exposition of 1878 was under way at Paris, the Dutch King made up his mind to occupy one of the magnificent mansions in the Champs Elysees, with his beautiful favorite at his side to preside over the establishment.

But he proposed to do this out of his own private purse, instead of from his Royal revenue as Sovereign of the Netherlands, and for this purpose he deemed it necessary to raise a loan of two millions of guldens. The commission was entrusted to one M. de Soolen, who was also authorized to choose the mansion at Paris.

For reasons best known to himself, King William absolutely forbade any negotiations with the bankers of France or of Holland, and M. de Soolen was in the act of preparing for a journey to London to arrange the matter with the English financiers, when an imperative message summoned him to the presence of the fair Algerienne, who was already located in the French capital. He repaired at once to the hotel in the Rue de Clichy, where she was installed with the utmost magnificence, and where she received him in a gorgeous Oriental costume. He found her brimming over with confident assurances that the King was about to marry her. His Majesty had already demanded of his Dutch Ministers that she should be ennobled, and when they refused to do this, had given positive orders to the same effect to his Viceroy of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. In fact, she was then in triumphant possession of the documents creating her a Luxemburg countess, and had already bedizened her carriages with coronets and the newly-chosen device, "*Fiat voluntas mea!*"

M. de Soolen was so astounded and disgusted with what he heard and saw, that apprehensions arose in his mind as to what would become of the Dutch Crown if the *mesalliance* were really to take place, and when, the following Sunday, she invited him to spend the afternoon at a chateau lent to her by the King, at Bellevue, near Meudon, and found that the place had been adorned for her reception with priceless art

treasures from the Royal residences in Holland, his indignation rose to a great height. Moreover, in the midst of these splendors of the King's providing, he found domesticated there an old acquaintance of his, a certain M. de B—, one of the best known and gayest bachelors of the French capital, who was, in fact, so much master of the situation, that he evidently reigned paramount over the entire establishment.

Meantime the financial negotiations progressed apace; and at the close of 1877, M. de Soolen was summoned to The Hague, where the King, while urging him to carry through money matters with despatch, expressed himself with the greatest satisfaction as to what had already been accomplished, and actually gave him a document with full authority for raising the loan in England.

While at The Hague, many of the principal personages of the Court, including the King's brother, Prince Henry, endeavored to get information from M. de Soolen about the King's latest infatuation, and having obtained an inkling of her matrimonial aspirations, consulted with him as to the best means to avert the projected union.

While they were all quietly putting their heads together about the affair, the King sent some of his attendants to show M. de Soolen the presents his beloved Countess had sent to him for his New Year gift. They consisted chiefly of Oriental costumes, from Tunis and Algiers; but there was also a photograph of the chateau de Bellevue, Meudon, with a group of its occupants on the balcony. Taking it up to examine, M. de Soolen perceived, in the corner of the window, a splendid youth in an embroidered vest, whose face he immediately recognized as that of his friend, M. de B—. While he was gazing in sheer astonishment at the striking likeness, the

Secretary of the Treasury pointed out the figures, saying, "Look, what good portraits they are, the Countess, her sister, and this, it is her brother, I presume?" "Her brother!" exclaimed M. de Soolen indignantly, "*Elle est bien bonne!* It is M. de B—, her cavaliere servente!"

On hearing of this the King's brother at once went to him, photograph in hand, and compelled him to hear the truth. The Monarch thereupon started off in hot haste by special train for Paris, arrived at the hotel in the rue Clichy, with two of his secretaries, in the middle of the night, and insisted on breaking open the doors and walking inside. There he found—well, His Majesty found M. de B—, comfortably established in the very room which he had proposed to occupy himself.

The negotiations for the loan of two millions were at once broken off, as were also those in connection with the purchase of the mansion in the Champs Elysees.

Soon afterwards the King, thoroughly disillusioned by his last *affaire d'cœur*, took the advice of old Emperor William of Germany and contracted a marriage with Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who now governs Holland as Regent during the minority of her little daughter, Queen Wilhelmina. The wedding took place in January, 1879, and during the remainder of his life the King may be said to have endeavored to redeem his questionable reputation, by living respectably and quietly with his young wife. Their child, Queen Wilhelmina, was born about a couple of years later, and the affection of the old monarch immediately centred upon the little girl, who has now inherited not only his throne, but also his enormous personal fortune.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

KING OSCAR of Sweden is very tall and imposing-looking. Indeed, one might almost describe him as the most majestic monarch of Europe. With all that, he is the simplest and most unaffected of men, and, if the truth were known, would be far happier if the difficulty of driving his double team of Sweden and Norway—those two antagonistic countries subject to his rule—were to leave him more time to devote to poetry, science and art.

By every means in his power King Oscar tries to get at the real requirements of his people. He travels much in the provinces. He interviews both public and private personages; he insists so far as in him lies on hearing the truth concerning all matters. He even often appears unexpectedly in the police-courts to hear the trials himself, and frequently he exercises his Royal prerogative of pardoning if the offences be small.

What distinguished the Swedish Bernadottes, and still distinguishes all their descendants, is their domestic virtues and their family ties and affections. No one has contributed more to foster these than the present Queen. It was at the little Court of Wied that Prince Oscar first saw the woman who has been to him a true helpmate and loving consort. His meeting with her is told in his poem, "Mon Repos," the name of the Prince of Wied's family castle. In 1857 he led to his far mountain home his "Angel bright and good," the

Princess Sophie of Nassau. A quiet, happy, retired life was that led by the young couple, the mother occupied with the cares of the baby boy, who the following year came to cheer their hearts and that of the delighted grandfather.

KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Not long, however, was Prince Oscar allowed to live the life of a simple burgher. In 1859 his father died, and his brother ascended the throne. As the new King was still childless, it fell on Prince Oscar to fill the role of Crown Prince, and undertake all the onerous offices of that post, from which he never was relieved until his brother's sudden and unexpected death, in 1872, placed the crown upon his own brow. His poetic gifts hence had to rest a while, but only for a while. In the intervals

of business, in spare moments, Oscar Frederick is always ready to use his pen. His very real and simple piety, too, finds an outlet in his poems. The "Easter Hymn" can be worthily placed beside any of the Evangelical Church songs. A German translation of these poems was by the King's express desire dedicated to the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, as "the patron of the works of peace and humanity."

When King Oscar passed through Biarritz last year, where Queen Natalie of Servia is now living, he paid her all those attentions and courtesies which are part and parcel of his genial nature. Sorry for her loneliness, he called upon her at her villa, and on her returning his visit at his hotel he came down stairs with all his suite under the portico, to help her alight from her carriage, and kissed her in royal fashion before all who were assembled to behold the meeting, and then conducted her in doors with a most studied and stately deference.

I need hardly say that, although King Oscar subsequently spent a couple of weeks at Paris, he took no kind of notice of King Milan's presence there, and deliberately cut him when they met at the polo grounds at the Bois de Boulogne.

It is, however, only natural that His Majesty of Sweden should have preferred kissing Queen Natalie, who is still a wonderfully beautiful woman, to the bloated and dissipated countenance of her morally and physically dilapidated ex-husband.

Talking of King Oscar's kiss on Queen Natalie's cheek reminds me of a similar embrace of His Majesty, which gave rise to an almost equal amount of talk a few years ago.

Being on a visit to Rome, he made arrangements for an interview with the Pope. He was received at the Vatican

with all the pomp and ceremony in the case of visits from reigning monarchs.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

As he approached the Throne Room the venerable Pontiff came to meet him and extended his hand in greeting.

A Catholic Monarch would have bent his knee and kissed the proffered hand; Protestant Royalties who had previously visited him had bowed low before him.

King Oscar, however, who is about six feet four inches in height, entered with head erect, seized hold of the Holy Father's hand, shook it heartily, and then, stooping down, threw his arms around the fragile form of the Pope and imprinted in rapid succession three sounding kisses on his withered cheeks, just in the same manner as he is accustomed to do when visiting brother

monarchs, whose sovereignty is of a temporal instead of spiritual nature.

The horror of the prelates and courtiers in attendance on the Pontiff can be more easily imagined than described. The Pope himself, however, was much amused and took a great fancy to this Anak of European monarchs.

The King wears well, and keeps the fine carriage for which he was remarkable as a young man. He has that expression of eye which sailors acquire from trying constantly to see what is on the horizon. During his last visit to France he was overwhelmed with attention by both the Government and the people. King Oscar's incognito was a real one in that instance. But it was somewhat dropped in his relations with the French Government, which were limited to receiving, through the medium of General Brugere, then chief of the President's military household, the compliments of M. Carnot at the Paris end of the railroad by which he came from Biarritz, lunching with the President and Madame Carnot, and asking them to accept for their library the forty-nine volumes written by different members of the Bernadotte family since they went to fill the place of the Vasa. The Paris people were disappointed that he did not buy the bourgeoisie-looking house there wherein his ancestors sold curios and furniture and also practiced law as attorneys. It has no sort of character other than that of utter commonplace, and the King would rather, I dare say, prefer not being reminded of it. At the same time, the Bernadottes, since they went to live in Sweden, have never shown themselves ashamed of their recent elevatoin.

King Oscar, when at Cannes, was invited to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Freemasons of France held to commemorate the bicentenary of the death of Elias

Ashmole, who died in London on the 18th of May, 1692. King Oscar is Grand Master of masonic lodges of Sweden and Norway, with which dignity he was invested on his coronation. The Order of Charles XIII. which is highly prized in Scandinavia, where Freemasonry is held in great honor, was specially designed for the dignitaries of the craft.

It is a great mistake to believe that King Oscar is popular in his own country. He is hated in Norway, which aspires to become a republic, and regards the Crown as an incubus, while he is treated with downright disdain by the Swedes, especially by the nobles, who object to him both as a foreigner and a parvenu. Indeed, many of the great Swedish nobles absolutely refuse to go to Court, or in any way to pay him honor. They ignore him completely.

King Oscar's grandfather was of bourgeois birth, being the French General Bernadotte, who was imposed upon the Swedish people first as Crown Prince, and then as King, by Napoleon I. His grandmother was a Marseillaise, a Miss Clary, and also of plebeian origin. Notwithstanding all this French blood in his veins, King Oscar is a thorough German at heart, and is proud of his alliance with Berlin.

He is fond of good cheer, and a hard drinker, adding cognac to his champagne for the purpose of giving it a relish which he otherwise does not find in it.

He lost a considerable portion of his large private fortune in the Panama Canal enterprise, in which he was persuaded to invest by M. de Lesseps, who flattered him into the belief that he was the most accomplished and scientific monarch in existence—far superior, in fact, to the late Dom Pedro, whom he resembles in many particulars.

He is rather elegant, and presents an imposing appearance

—though not on the photograph which he is accustomed to give away. For that portrait represents him dressed in full toggery of a general-in-chief and engaged in playing the piano!

I should add that King Oscar is very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, and that he is accustomed to seek outside his palace walls that feminine companionship which he does not and cannot possibly find in his wife. The Queen can only be portrayed in the words of a witty French diplomatist, who described her as "the phylloxera of all gayety."

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

She is not beautiful, and is much more devoted to religious matters than to the festivities of court circles, on which account and because of her constant ill health she is not a favorite in society nor a congenial companion to the king.

King Oscar was almost a chum of Colonel Staaff, a Swede, who wrote the best compendium of French literature that exists, for use of cadet schools in Sweden.

In his young days the King was reported a universal genius, and took pleasure in the society of intellectual people of the earnest sort, but who could also be lively and enlivening. His eyes, by the bye, have a singular beauty of expression. The aged Marechale Sushet, who was a near relation of the first Queen of Sweden, of the Bernadotte line, used to say that Oscar was the only one of the Empress Josephine's descendants who inherited her eyes.

I particularly remember the first time when I had the pleasure of meeting His Majesty, Oscar II., who was then not yet on the throne. It was at a soirée. He was sitting down when I came into the room. When he rose, I thought he would never stop until his head went through the ceiling; indeed, when once drawn up to his full height, he looked like Gulliver among the Liliputians.

There was nothing bookish in him, although he was then always working in public libraries, record-offices, etc., and consulting authorities on Corneille, whose "Cid" was to him a fount of inspiration and a kind of Bible. I believe he translated it into Swedish. He has also written a book on military tactics, and a nautical poem (in which he relates his own recollections of cruises in a Swedish war ship). It may be said of him that he only wanted the frost of poverty to enable him to rank among the distinguished authors of his time.

A pretender to the throne of Sweden started up some time ago, to the disgust of the Royal Family. He gave out that he is the unfortunate Prince Gustavus, elder brother of the King of Sweden, who is supposed to have died from a fall from his horse during the military manœuvres at Skone.

There are many Swedes at the present day who believe that in place of having been killed Prince Gustavus was

merely put out of the way by his family because he insisted on marrying a girl of obscure birth. The mysterious individual who claims to be the Prince is working on this popular supposition, and declares that he was put away in Norway, whence he escaped in disguise. The pretender is residing in Gothland, and intends, it appears, to come shortly to the front.

Nor is King Oscar the only monarch whose throne is assailed by pretenders, for the King of Denmark is in the same unpleasant situation. Two persons, a father and a son, who about two years ago arrived from Stettin at Copenhagen with a trunk stuffed with documents, asserted that they could prove their descent in a direct line from the House of Oldenburg, and that they could have established their claim to the throne at the death of Frederick VII., if they had had the papers they now possess earlier. Father and son call themselves "Beck," which is the *nom primitif* of the House of Gluckburg. Unable to obtain an audience from the King they moved heaven and earth to interest the authorities in their cause. Far from looking like impostors, the two pretenders have a most aristocratic appearance, and the father bears a striking likeness to the late Czar Alexander II. As to the son, he has all the details concerning the House of Oldenburg at his fingers' ends, besides being the very image of Prince Vladimir.

The Crown Princess of Sweden, daughter of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, is very delicate, and it is considered extremely doubtful whether she will be able to take up a permanent abode at Stockholm for at least one or two years to come. The Crown Princess has not been in Sweden for a very long time, as she is threatened with

pulmonary disease, which would certainly be rapidly developed were she to confront the bleak and harsh climate of Scandinavia.

She is a very nice, good-natured and highly accomplished specimen of German blonde. She betrays that curious mixture of simplicity and pride of bourgeoisie and of high breeding which distinguishes the Hohenzollerns. These traits she has inherited from her mother, who is the only daughter of the late Emperor William and the sister of late Emperor Frederick.

The Crown Princess can scarcely be described as beautiful. There is a perceptible tendency on the part of her chin to drop a little from the upper part of her face, which spoils the harmony of the contour. Her eyes are soft and blue. They tell that a calm, contented and, on the whole, happy soul lodges behind them. It is a soul that takes to poetry, sentiment, needlework and culinary studies. There are many such among the reigning families of Germany.

Her character is well suited to that of her extremely tall husband, the Crown Prince. He too is dreamy and poetical and has more of the artist than of the philosopher in his composition. He is a fair poet, a first-rate musician and possesses a splendid bass voice. The King, his father, with a view of checking this tendency to poetical dreams, which developed itself at an early age, sent him when he was about nineteen to board with the humble pastor of an obscure village at some distance from the capital. The good man was instructed to eradicate all poetical ideas from the mind of the young Prince and allow him to run wild about the country in the intervals of study.

Unfortunately the Prince did not run wild alone. He

became deeply enamoured, and sentimentally so, with the pastor's only daughter.

So serious, indeed, did the condition of affairs become that the Court people were forced to procure a husband for the young lady and to send the Prince himself on his travels.

It was during these peregrinations that he developed that fondness for the chase and for kindred sports that has won for him the reputation of being one of the foremost Nimrods in Europe.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

Although he holds the rank of lieutenant-general in the army, he detests military life, and put off entering the service as long as it was possible to do so.

I can scarcely describe him as handsome. His mouth has that kind of unfinished look about it which is remarkable in the Nassaus, from whom he is descended through his mother.

In conclusion, I would add that the Crown Prince is quite rich, for not only does he receive a handsome allowance from the civil list, but he has also inherited a

large fortune from his grandmother, Queen Desirée of Sweden.

Prince Oscar of Sweden, the second son of King Oscar, who some years ago contracted a morganatic marriage with a Miss Munck, who was one of the maids of honor of his mother, the Queen, is evidently anxious to relinquish and conceal his royalty more completely than he has hitherto been able to do under the title of Prince Bernadotte, which he assumed after his wedding, for he induced the Grand Duke of Luxemburg to confer upon himself and upon his wife the title of Count and Countess of Wisborg, and now he is known by that name, and has dropped the prefix of Prince to his name altogether.

He lives very happily with his wife at Carlskrona, the great naval arsenal of Sweden. Their existence is unhampered by any of the ordinary impediments and attributes of royalty, such as gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting, armed guards, salutes, etc.

The Prince, or as I should say the Count, is a very tall and handsome young fellow, who, like that other royal giant, Prince George of Greece, has distinguished himself on several occasions by saving the lives of others at the risk of his own.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

WURTEMBERG.

THE King of Wurtemberg is the first restaurateur of his kingdom! He owns a café as well as the two most important restaurants in Stuttgart. One of the restaurants is called the Marcquardt, and is situated right opposite the Royal Palace, while the other and the café bear the name of Riesig, and are located under the arcades of the Koenigsbau. He differs, however, from his predecessor in personal appearance and in his abstemiousness.

The old King was not only exceedingly stout, but also remarkably gross in his tastes, as well as familiar throughout the kingdom for his gluttony.

Somehow or other most of the royal personages with whom I have been brought into contact have been addicted to the pleasures of the table. Thus the Czar of Russia is an enormous eater, and is capable of disposing of an amount of food that would satisfy three ordinary men. Young Emperor William, too, is a very big eater, and his proclivities in that respect are somewhat coarse.

The Prince of Wales, on the contrary, is fond of delicacies and refinements in the viands that are set before him, but he, too, requires an abnormal quantity thereof. The amount of food that he devours during the course of a day is something perfectly astonishing.

His breakfasts, which are generally rather late in the morning, are thoroughly English in their solidity and

abundance. At two o'clock, that is, barely three hours later, comes an enormous luncheon, with all kinds of hot and cold meats, which, as far as quality and quantity are concerned, beggars description. I am sure that the average American housewife, who prides herself on providing sufficient viands for her table, would stagger at the mere mention of the variety and the proportions of this post-meridian meal. The King of Wurtemberg, his household and his subjects are fond of "good food, good cheer, and plenty of both," as one of their bards has sung. A well-told tale, be it ghostly, witty or wise, has its proper place at all of Wurtemberg's feasts, private or public. At between five and six in the afternoon there is what is known as his afternoon tea, a strange name for such a meal, for it has none of the daintiness so inseparably associated with the same social institution in most of the United States. The love of the feast seems to predominate over all else, and consequently the "tea" is decidedly a square meal, with liqueurs, *paté de fois gras*, sandwiches and numerous

THE KING OF WURTEMBERG.

other edibles of the same character. The dinner follows at eight o'clock, and a heavy hot supper invariably forms the closing meal of the day.

Nor is gluttony confined to the royal families of England and Germany, for it is also one of the most notable vices of the House of Bourbon. The young Duke of Orleans, during his term of imprisonment in France, proved himself a worthy descendant of his ancestors. Among the latter was King Louis XVIII., who toward the end of his life became so obese and fat that he was almost unable to walk.

During the closing years of his life he was so *blasé* that he ceased to appreciate any food but potatoes prepared in a particular way by a chef who was as fat as himself. One night, as was not unusual with him, he awoke in the small hours with a craving upon him for the dish, and rising from his bed he waddled off to the apartment of the chef, whom he aroused with a suggestion that he should then and there prepare him his favorite article of food.

The cook was nothing loth, for it was the King's most gracious custom to permit him to share in the consumption of the delicacy at these nightly orgies. A dish of immense size was in due course prepared, and the King and the cook started fair, standing side by side, to consume it.

"You will kill yourself if you eat as fast as that!" exclaimed the King between two mouthfuls. But the cook did not take the warning, and in five minutes he fell back dead at the King's side.

"There, I told him so!" ejaculated King Louis, as he pointed out the body with his fork to one of his chamberlains who had followed his master; but he never for a moment desisted from the feast, and not only consumed his own share,

but also that which had been left uneaten by the cook at the moment when he ceased to live.

King Louis XVI. of France lost his life and that of his wife, Queen Marie Antoinette, because of his slavery to his appetite; for they would have escaped at the time of their flight to Varennes had not the King insisted on stopping at an inn in order to devour a roast turkey, for which his stomach experienced an insatiable craving.

Just as he was finishing the meal his pursuers caught him, and placed him, together with the Queen and his son, under arrest. They were taken back to Paris, where the boy died in the prison into which they had been thrown, and from which the King and Queen emerged only to appear on the scaffold.

Another royal family, which is likewise famed for its powers of absorption of food, is that of Portugal. Dom Luis, the late King, was a heavy eater, and extraordinarily stout and ungainly. His son, the present monarch, however, possesses a girth still more voluminous, and is even a larger eater than his father.

To return, however, to my subject, from which I have considerably wandered, I must say that the King of Wurtemberg is a man of keen intelligence and wit, and that since his accession to the throne he has been doing all within his power to further the interests and the welfare of his people, who have grown greatly attached both to himself and to his beautiful consort.

King William is one of the most simple-minded, anti-monarchical monarchs in Europe. Anti-monarchical because, though "a jolly good fellow," he has more than once, when Crown Prince, proposed to abdicate, and he would have abdicated had Bismarck still been in power. He is a keen sportsman,

a magnificent rider and driver, and the supporter of all sporting and horse-racing associations in the south of Germany, for there is never a race meeting within reach that he does not attend. He does not go in state. He is absolutely indifferent to appearances, and walks around and amid the crowd on the race-course, talking to this man, chatting to that one, careless whether he is recognized as the King, only seeking to be friendly and affable to all.

In 1868, immediately after the Austrian war was settled, the Emperor of Germany (then King of Prussia) decided that each of the three States—Baden, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg—not then in the North German Confederation should send a certain number of officers to be drilled in Prussian regiments.

In the First Regiment of the Potsdam Foot Guards there were five Wurtemberg officers, each attached to a leading officer and having to attend every drill, not to do anything of necessity themselves, but to watch and learn. King William knew full well that in case of a war with France the Wurtemberg officers would be of little use for they were very careless and a beer brewery opening was considered of far more importance than drill, whilst a rainy day was always sufficient to stop military exercises for them.

Two of these officers were attached to the second company of the Potsdam Guards. One was Prince William of Wurtemberg, the other a captain, whose name is immaterial here. Prince William was accompanied by Rittmeister Graf von Zeppelin, who, under the pretext of being his aide-de-camp, was in reality his "governor" or chaperon in charge. Prince William was then a first lieutenant in the company.

The captain of the second company of the Potsdam Guards

was Hauptmann von Stulpnagel, brother of the victor of Mars Latour, and who afterward became one of the most distinguished generals in the German Army. The Prince was introduced to Von Stulpnagel by his uncle, Prince August von Wurtemberg, the commander of the corps, with the following remarkable words:

"I hope this young man will become a good soldier. He is nothing now. He will need to be watched closely."

Von Stulpnagel said he was sorry that there was nothing for the young officer to do that day, but he would have to begin his new duties as soon as possible. He thereupon announced that the next day there should be a sham fight, beginning at five o'clock in the morning, at which the Prince's presence would be required.

The next morning broke cold and rainy, but this did not prevent the company from being present, including every officer and man except the Prince and one captain, a Wurtemberger. As soon as Von Stulpnagel noticed their absence he called up the sergeant-major and asked if he had seen them and given them the proper notification. The sergeant-major declared that he had. The sham fight was gone through and toward noon everybody returned to the barracks in Potsdam. The officers made at once for the mess-room to get some breakfast. Whom should they see comfortably seated at a table, smoking and drinking beer, but Prince William and the captain above mentioned.

Stulpnagel was much incensed and rushing toward them exclaimed: "What the devil—" He was interrupted.

"Why, where on earth have you been this morning? You are all mud and dirt!"

"Allow me," said Stulpnagel, "to put that question to you. Where have *you* been?"

"Why, here in the mess-room."

"Why were you not at the rendezvous?"

"Surely you have not been drilling?"

"Indeed we have. You see from my appearance that I have. Why were you not with us?"

"Why? because it was raining!"

Evidently he could not understand any one going out to drill when it was raining.

The Queen of Wurtemberg is a woman of considerable nerve and presence of mind, as well as very good-looking. Last spring her horses bolted while she was out driving at Stuttgart.

Both the coachman and the footman were thrown off, whereupon the Queen climbed upon the box, and, bending down over the dashboard, managed to secure the reins, which were trailing on the ground, and finally obtained control of the frightened animals.

Her lady-in-waiting was found unconscious from fear when the carriage was stopped, but she soon recovered, and, beyond a loss of one wheel of the carriage aud a few bruises sustained by the coachman and the footman, there was no harm done.

This is by no means the first time the Queen of Wurtemberg has given evidence of her pluck. About three years ago, prior to her husband's accession to the throne, she was driving with him to church at Ludwigsburg, when an unemployed saddler named Klaiber fired a revolver at the Prince.

The bullet grazed the forehead of the Princess, and the would-be assassin was seized by passers-by before he had time to fire a second shot. The Prince and Princess stopped the carriage just long enough to see the man taken into

custody by the police, and then they drove off to church as cool and as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

The Queen is very popular, not only in her husband's kingdom, but also throughout Germany, and there are many who share her sorrow and disappointment at her marriage remaining childless.

Both the King and the Queen much relished the change in their fortune which occurred through their accession to the throne, as during the lifetime of the late King their position was an unpleasant one in every respect. Not only were they on bad terms with the repulsive and debauched old monarch, but also with his imperious and masterful Russian wife, Queen Olga, who is now living in Italy.

Although the late King of Wurtemberg left no legitimate children to succeed to his throne, yet there is a natural daughter of his who still survives. I scarcely imagine, however, that she benefited very materially or financially by his death, for she is at the present moment an inmate of a private lunatic asylum near Cologne, where she was placed in consequence of a number of frauds and swindles that she practiced on several bankers, money changers and tradesmen at Vienna. Indeed, she would inevitably have been sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years, had it not been for the interference in her behalf of the Wurtemberg Envoy at the Court of Vienna.

Her mother was a janitress at Carlsruhe, and was for many years the object of the King's adoration. The name of the daughter was Beke, and, after being carefully and respectfully educated at one of the first schools of Munich, she ran away to Paris, where she entered the corps of demi-mondaines, and contributed during a time more than any one else toward the consolation of the exiled King Milan of Servia.

Duke William of Wurtemberg, who is now heir apparent to the throne, is without exception the most battered scion of royalty in Europe. Born sixty-two years ago, he has during his long military career in the Austrian army been repeatedly wounded on many battlefields. Unlike most of the other officers of Royal and Imperial rank, who almost invariably escape without injury in the various battles in which they participate, Duke William has found himself in the surgeon's hands at the end of almost every action in which he has been engaged.

He was wounded in the war of 1848; again in the war of 1859, against France and Italy; in the war of 1864, with Denmark, and in the war of 1866 with Prussia; while during the Bosnia-Herzegovina campaign he received also a slight injury. Not content with this, he has broken almost every bone in his body, from collar-bone to ankle, by accidents in either riding or driving.

He is extremely popular among both the officers and the rank and file of the Austrian army, which he left in order to assume his duties as Crown Prince on the death of the late King. His old comrades recognized in him a true soldier, and recalled with satisfaction his great gallantry at the battle of Magenta, where, seizing the flag of the infantry regiment which he commanded, he galloped in front of his men right into the thick of the fray, a piece of bravery for which he was accorded the extremely rare distinction of the Maria Theresian Order.

The Crown Prince of Wurtemberg is well acquainted with the United States, having spent a considerable time in this country for the purpose of visiting and inspecting the battle-fields of the Civil War. The only other royal personage

now living who has been wounded on the battlefield is King Humbert of Italy, who narrowly escaped death during one of the engagements of the war of 1859.

A cousin of the present Czar was killed during the last war between Russia and Turkey. With these three exceptions there is no record of any royal or imperial personage having been either killed or wounded in battle since the beginning of the present century.

I must not omit to say that King William of Wurtemberg has made himself very popular among his subjects by announcing that he had finally decided not to demand an increase of his predecessor's Civil List, which amounts to $450,000 a year. The late King possessed a large private fortune, and Queen Olga is immensely rich in her own right, so they could get on very well; but King William was quite in moderate circumstances before he came to the throne. The Prussian Civil List amounts to nearly $4,000,000 a year, that of Bavaria to $1,400,000, Saxony to $600,000, Hesse and Baden $250,000 each, and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to $180-000. The heir presumptive of Wurtemberg, Duke Albert, will be one of the richest royal personages in Europe, as he will inherit the enormous estates of his maternal grandfather, the Archduke Albrecht of Austria.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

SPAIN.

SPANIARDS relate that when their patron, Saint James of Compostella, died and entered the Kingdom of Heaven, the Almighty, wishing to express His appreciation of the Apostle's righteous conduct on earth, offered to grant any petition he might then make. Being a thorough patriot, St. James began by invoking the Divine blessing on his beloved country, and then entreated that Spain might always be known as possessing the bravest men, the fairest women, the healthiest climate, the most fertile soil, and, lastly, a perfect government. "Stop!" exclaimed the Almighty. "All your wishes shall be granted, with the exception of the last; for, were I to accord you that one also, all my angels would leave Heaven and take up their abode in Spain." Has Providence at length determined to turn a favorable ear to St. James's final prayer, and is Spain at last, after all these centuries of misrule, to be blessed with a good, respected and stable government? That is a question gravely preoccupying all those who take any interest in this nation.

Don Alfonso XII.'s reign, successful notwithstanding the many difficulties with which he had to contend, appeared to open up a new and happier era in Spain. His premature death, in 1885, gave rise to doubts as to whether the Queen Regent would be able to hold the throne for her infant children. She has, however, up till now, succeeded beyond

all expectations, and, by her remarkable tact and judgment, as well as by her blameless private life and devotion to her children, has won a large share of the hearts of the most chivalrous people of Europe.

Unlike most of the people of her adopted country, she rises early, and is generally dressed and drinking her morning chocolate by seven o'clock. From that hour until ten she is devoted exclusively to her three children, the eleven and nine-year-old Princesses and the six-year-old King, being present during their bath and toilet, at their breakfast, their morning devotions, and arranging with their English, Spanish and Austrian governesses for the programme of the day. Sharp at ten o'clock she returns to her morning-room, a handsome apartment, the windows of which open out upon the precipitous declivity overhanging the River Manzuares by five hundred feet of solid rock, while in the far distance are to be seen the snow-capped peaks of the Guadama Mountains. The first of the great dignitaries to be received is the Grand Master of the Palace, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who takes the Queen's orders for the day. Immediately afterward the Captain-General of Madrid, and the two field-officers for the twenty-four hours, call to make their report that "all is well," and to receive the "*parole du jour*," or the password with which the guard is relieved.

Every day at eleven, excepting on Thursday, when the Queen-Regent presides at the weekly Cabinet Council, Her Majesty gives audience to two members thereof together, for the purpose of affixing her signature to the various decrees, patents and State papers on which it is required. This curious custom, which prevails only in Spain, of always receiving two Ministers together, instead of one alone, or, at any rate, one

at a time, was instituted by the late King, in order that there might be no misunderstanding or misinterpretation possible with regard to any instructions which he might give during these daily interviews, and also with the object of preventing individual members of the Cabinet from taking advantage of the occasion to put forward any personal claims or requests.

At one o'clock luncheon is served, at which only the Queen Regent, her eldest sister-in-law, the Infanta Isabella, who lives in the Palace, the three children and their governesses take part. At two Her Majesty receives her private secretary, Count Morphi, who acted in the same capacity to the late King, and whose brother was for many years Spanish Consul at Philadelphia. Count Morphi, which is evidently a Spanish corruption of the familiar Hibernian patronymic of Murphy, is married to an Austrian lady, and is one of the most talented and enthusiastic amateur musicians of the present day. He is an elderly man, and so thoroughly devoted to the wife and children of his former master, that his loyalty, his fidelity and, above all, his disinterestedness, have never been questioned. The ladies-in-waiting are received shortly afterward, and regularly at three the Queen goes out for a drive in the environs of the city, accompanied by the three children, the little King sitting beside her, and his two sisters opposite with their backs to the horses. The carriage is an ordinary open barouche, rather high on the wheels, and drawn by a pair of tall and handsome English horses. There is no military escort, not even the couple of equerries prancing at each of the two doors, whom Queen Victoria seems to consider as being indispensable to a sovereign's carriage exercise; only a piqueur, riding about ten yards in advance of the carriage to give notice of the approach of their Most

Catholic Majesties. In other carriages follow the lady and the grandee-in-waiting and the children's governesses. On arrival at the park the entire party frequently alight, and while the grown-up people walk, the children romp and play.

On one occasion while the little King was unwell, the Queen was driving alone with her brother, the Austrian Archduke Eugene, in the park. They had no gentlemen or ladies-in-waiting with them. As the carriage reached a somewhat secluded portion of the park, the Queen caught sight of one of the park-keepers or guards falling to the ground in a fit of epilepsy. At once she caused the carriage to be stopped, hurried with the Archduke to the prostrate man's side, and bending down, took on her knee the poor fellow's head, for the purpose of preventing him from continuing to beat it against the ground. Acting in accordance with her instructions, her brother devoted himself to straightening out the man's thumbs, which, as in all cases of epilepsy, were bent in toward the palm of the hand, and clasped convulsively by the other fingers. The footman hurriedly procured some water in his hat from a neighboring stream, and when the violence of the fit had at length passed away the Queen, after wiping the poor man's face with her own pocket handkerchief, caused her brother and the footman to lift him into the victoria. The footman entered the victoria beside him, to keep him from falling, and the man was thus driven to his house, where a sum of 500 francs ($100) was received the same evening from the palace. Only on the following day did the good people of Madrid discover the true reason why the Queen should have been seen walking home from the park with the Archduke, while the royal carriage had passed on before, containing instead of its ordinary occupants two

men in livery, one wearing that of the royal stables, the other that of the parkkeepers. Those who have seen a strange man of the lower classes fall to the ground in a fit of epilepsy and dash his head to the ground, while foaming at the mouth, can appreciate Queen Christina's conduct on this occasion. But it is such acts as these, together with the fame of her immaculate purity, her honesty, her superiority to all intrigue, her common-sense and broad mind, and last, but not least, her devotion to her children, which have contributed to convert Christina from an unsympathetic foreigner into the most popular woman in Spain. All the women of the Peninsula experience a fellow-feeling that makes them wondrous kindly disposed toward her. Even the Republicans are compelled to respect and admire this excellent woman.

After returning from her drive, Her Majesty devotes the time till half-past seven to giving audiences to the various persons who may desire an interview with her. She receives alone, seated in a kind of small salon, the visitor being conducted to the entrance of the room by the grandee or the lady-in-waiting, who sit together in the ante-chamber. As soon as the audiences are over the Queen hurries upstairs to the nursery to hear the children say their prayers and to bid them good-night before dressing for dinner at half-past eight. Generally there are about sixteen persons around the royal table at this meal, although when jolly, fat Queen Isabella is staying with her daughter-in-law the number of guests often reaches as high as fifty. The Queen walks into dinner in advance of the remainder of the company, to whom she merely courtesies low when passing through the room in which they have assembled to await her arrival. After dinner the Duke of Medina Sidonia takes the gentlemen off

in the smoking-room, while the Queen, after chatting with the ladies present, sits down to bezique, or plays duets with her sister-in-law Princess Isabella. Often, too, Count Morpurgo, the private secretary, gets up impromptu concerts, or improvises himself the most brilliant *morceaux*.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT TEA.

At half-past eleven the Queen, after kissing the Princess and courtesying to the remainder of the company, retires for the night. But before proceeding to rest she visits once more the nursery where the children lie asleep, in order to

kiss them a last good-night. Their room is immediately above that of Her Majesty, and access to the former can be reached only through the latter. Devoted and watchful mother that she is, she is determined to bar the way with her person to any danger or harm that might befall her little ones.

By midnight the whole palace is wrapped in slumber, and the only persons still about are the "Monteros de Espinosa," a body of men who since four hundred years ago have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of watching over the slumbers of the Kings and Queens of Spain. They are bound by tradition to be natives of the town of Espinosa, and to have served with honor in the army. One of them is on guard at the door of the sleeping apartment of each of the royal personages in the palace, and the remainder, armed with great halberds, promenade during the entire night, without muttering a single word, in the long corridors. Their service begins at midnight, the hour at which the gates of the palace are solemnly closed, and ceases at seven o'clock in the morning. Their fidelity to the person of the Sovereign is as traditional as their curious and ancient privileges.

Queen Christina has succeeded in carrying out, to the intense disgust of her household, the reforms introduced by the late Duke d'Aosta, by which the viands coming from the royal table are retained instead of becoming the perquisites of servants, as was formerly the case. Wine, fruit, bonbons, pastry and any dishes left, as well as flowers and wax candles used for the Sovereign's table, were never allowed to appear again, and the result was an appalling amount of waste. Some of the servants were entitled to claim all the bottles of wine which had been uncorked but not emptied; others,

those which had been brought up from the cellar but left untouched, whilst the wine that remained in the glasses, after the guests had risen from dinner, was bottled up carefully and sold by the footmen. The Court servants made open traffic of the imperial leavings, and the keepers of small hotels and restaurants bought from them fowl, fish and flesh, not to mention pastry, bonbons, fruit, etc.

An incident which marvelously increased the Queen Regent's popularity was her sympathetic attitude toward the "cigarreras," when the great Government tobacco factory at Madrid, which employed 12,000 girls, was destroyed by fire two years ago. The extent of this calamity will be understood, when it is stated that the families of the "cigarreras" depend almost entirely for support on the salary of sixty cents a day paid to the girls for making cigarettes, and that the utter destruction of the factory left them absolutely without means of existence.

The conflagration was the most terrible that had ever occurred in Madrid, both in its magnitude and its appalling consequences. It was impossible to discover how the fire began, and when the fire department reached the place it was already too late to stay the progress of the raging flames, which had taken full possession of the entire building. Twenty-four hours elapsed from the discovery of the fire by the police, at three o'clock in the morning, before it was really got under control, and every vestige of the flourishing factory was leveled to the ground by that time. The "cigarrera" is one of the most picturesque features of the Madrilene life. She is proverbially good-looking, good-humored, and just as slangy and merrily impudent as the Parisian grisette, whom she resembles very much. Her attire, although coarse in texture, is well put on, and always

includes a smart red, blue or yellow silk handkerchief, tied with exquisite art on her dark and silky tresses. Her step is quick and sprightly, and she is full of what the Spaniards call "gracia." Yet the pretty "cigarrera" is the most conscientious little person in the world, working from early morning till late at night to maintain her parents so long as she is single; and when she marries, which she generally does at an early age, toiling away with redoubled energy to support her handsome, lazy husband, and subsequently her babies.

Thousands of these interesting creatures were left entirely unprovided for by the fearful catastrophe, and all those who depended on them for their daily bread were threatened with absolute starvation. The authorities displayed a great deal of energy and also much sympathy with the sufferers, the Lieutenant-General of Madrid being on the ground even before the firemen. The Prime Minister and the Home Minister were not long in following, and all the high officials appeared, one after the other, on the scene of the conflagration. More than 10,000 people were crowded there watching the alarming progress of the flames, but all eyes and hearts turned in another direction when the cry was raised in the Calle-de-Meson-de-Paredes, "The Queen is coming."

The poor little "cigarreras," who had been wringing their hands in despair, surrounded the royal carriage, weeping, cheering and blessing their "Mother and the Mother of their children," as they call the tender-hearted Regent. The young Queen was very pale, and her delicate face was glowing with pity, as she stepped from her carriage and spoke words of comfort and hope to the sobbing girls. The scene was an indescribable one: the girls pressed forward, knelt before Her Majesty, kissing her hands and the hem of her black dress,

crying out that they knew she would save them and theirs, some of them holding up their children to her.

The Queen herself was crying bitterly, and, when she was at last allowed to depart, she was followed by such blessings as it is seldom the good fortune of Sovereigns to hear.

On the morrow a deputation, composed of fifty cigarreras, presented itself at the gates of the Royal Palace, for, as they said, they must thank the Queen for her kindness and implore her to help them out of their misery. The sentry on guard refused to allow the fair delegates to pass into the courtyard, and a violent discussion ensued, which was, however, cut short by the appearance on the scene of Senor Villalba, secretary of the Civil Governor.

He sent word to the Queen that a deputation of the poor cigarette-girls was craving an audience from her. An order came almost immediately from Her Majesty that a representative committee should be admitted to her presence without delay, and ten girls having been chosen, were conducted to the Queen's audience-room. They took with them a lovely little boy of six years old with great black eyes and curly hair, as a representative of the eighty-five orphans of dead cigarreras, who are cared for so tenderly by the Queen Christina in the Casa-de-Cidad (House of Charity) close by and which had narrowly escaped being also burned down on the night of the conflagration.

Her Majesty took the little boy in her own motherly arms and kissed him several times, saying to his enraptured aunt, who was standing close to her, shedding tears of delight, "What a dear little fellow; why, he is just the size of the King!" She had kind words for them all, and told them that she would do all in her power to relieve their dire distress. They

then proceeded to explain that what they wanted was a place where they might start their trade afresh, and Senor Villalba, speaking in the Queen's name, promised to have this request taken into immediate consideration. He added that the Regent had opened a subscription list for the relief of their present numerous needs, and that she had headed it with a gift of 10,000 pesetas, which were to be forthwith distributed. At this announcement the girls, forgetting all questions of etiquette and social distances, overwhelmed Her Majesty with such passionate demonstrations of enthusiastic gratitude that she was almost overpowered.

They showered kisses on her hands and dress, pressing around her with muttered blessings and thanks, and repeated the expressions of love and loyalty which had been poured upon her the day before. They then turned to Senor Villalba, and, as the Spanish newspapers had it at the time, this fortunate functionary received "grandes abrazos de las cigarreras," that is "great embraces from the cigarreras." This, of course, is only a form of speech, and the worthy secretary was simply cheered and thanked by the overjoyed girls, who at last left the Royal presence in a state of proud delight charming to witness. "You don't know how good our Queen is!" they said to their companions waiting outside the Palace. "She is so simple and kind, just like one of ourselves; it was all we could do not to take her in our arms and kiss her sweet face!"

One of the prettiest features of the interview was the speech delivered by little Felix Salazar to the Regent. The child, evidently not troubled by shyness, spoke calmly and collectedly, lisping out the words that had been taught him as unconcernedly as if he were talking to his own mother. He

said: "Senora, I ask your Majesty for work for the cigarreras, because to-day there are over 2,000 little children like me who have nothing to eat."

The Sovereign replied to this by saying that she had already induced the Government to continue to pay the cigarreras their wages until some final steps had been taken to provide work anew for them.

In the meanwhile the authorities had committed unknown to the Queen a slight blunder, which both the Sovereign and the cigarreras resented very much. Hearing that a body of over 2,000 cigarreras had surrounded the Royal Palace, they had sent a detachment of cavalry to keep order while the touching interview between the Queen and the deputation of girls was taking place. The offended cigarreras turned upon the soldiers and gave them "a piece of their minds," crying that they needed no keeping in order—which was true—and so much to the point were their arguments and vituperations that the cabalieros withdrew without a murmur, looking very sheepish and ashamed of themselves, and heartily glad to escape the sharp-tongued maidens, who regularly hooted them. Personally, Dona Christina has always had the affection of her subjects, but the manner in which she behaved in this instance changed these feelings into positive adoration, and the effect throughout the country was beyond anything that can be said or written.

I relate this here simply in order to give one more additional proof of the electric current which exists between the young widowed Queen and the Spanish populace. In this respect Christina shows herself to be still a Hapsburg at heart, for no royal or imperial family in Europe is more beloved by the lower classes than that of Austro-Hungary.

In all the years during which Queen Christina has now lived in Spain she has been unable to accustom herself to be present at a bull-fight, and to this distaste must be attributed the unpopularity of which she suffered at the beginning of her reign.

It is impossible to realize the popularity of bull-fighters in Spain. Notwithstanding their low birth and utter absence of education they are on terms of the utmost intimacy with the greatest nobles of the kingdom. Whenever one meets them in the streets or in the cafés, they are always surrounded by a little court of admirers, often composed of the principal members of the most exclusive society of Madrid. One of them, Manzantina, who began life as a minor railroad employé, has made $40,000 during the past two years alone, and may frequently be seen at the opera, irreproachably dressed, in the box of one of the Cabinet Ministers.

Most people have read descriptions of the bull-fight itself, but few are acquainted with all the thousand and one details which precede and follow this traditional amusement of the Spaniards.

The bulls, which cost $400 apiece delivered at Madrid, are most carefully bred on the immense stock farms or ganaderia of the Duke of Veragua, Count Patilla, and other great landed proprietors, who make a large amount of money thereby.

Under the sole charge of the "pastor," a kind of superior cowboy, the bulls are allowed to run almost wild on the vast and torrid plains, where they constitute a source of great danger to everybody. When the time comes for sending them up to the capital, the selection is left entirely in the hands of the pastor. He begins by placing a series of

wooden stalls, joined one to another, so as to form a long corridor. One of the gentle and patient oxen which have been raised with the bulls is driven through, whereupon the latter follow of their own accord, and as soon as they are inside the sliding doors are closed. In this manner eight or ten bulls are easily caged in the afternoon, and are placed on an express train, so timed as to reach Madrid during the night.

Both the pastor and several of the oxen accompany them to the city. The disembarkation on arrival at the railway terminus is always attended with much danger and difficulty. The stalls are opened on the square in front of the depot, and the bulls, exasperated by the railway journey, dash about the place in the wildest manner. Finally the pastor, assisted by his well-trained oxen, gets his cavalcade into something like order, and the whole troop dashes off at a gallop, headed by the oxen, the rear brought up by the mounted pastor armed with a lance. Nothing can be more picturesque than these cavalcades by torchlight. On reaching the circus, the animals dash into the arena, whereupon the doors are closed, and the bulls secured in the great iron cages until the morrow.

Of course, sometimes a bull manages to escape on his way from the depot, and careering through the streets produces a regular panic among all those who should have been at home and in bed earlier. One of them managed to get away a short time ago, about one o'clock in the morning, tossed an old lady into the air, disemboweled a lamplighter, and finally seeing lights in a café, thrust his head through the windows and glared at the terror-stricken people who were playing at cards and dominos.

On the following morning the apartadoor selection takes place. The various espadas assemble, and then, according to seniority, each selects the particular bull which he is to fight in the afternoon. The choice is made with much care, for as the espada risks his life, he wishes to know as much as possible about the animal he is to encounter, which is thereupon decorated with cockades of his colors. By midday the apartadoor is finished, and the espadas return to the city to dine and dress for the ceremony, which invariably takes place at four o'clock.

About an hour before that time, they reappear at the circus, accompanied by their attendants and by two priests, carrying with them, hidden away in a bag, the viaticum and extreme unction. Making their way to the little underground chapel adjoining the cages and stables, they all kneel in prayer, addressing a kind of *morituri te salutant* to the Almighty, while overhead the vast building is being quickly filled by a joyous, noisy crowd, numbering over 10,000 persons.

Sharp at four o'clock, a bugle call announces that the performance is about to commence, and the first espada, accompanied by his banderillos, his picadores and his puntillero, all devoted to him, enters the arena, while the bull is let loose at the same moment. It is difficult to give an exact description of the actual combat, and, besides, so much has already been written on the subject. Before attacking the bull, the espada always makes a short speech to the principal personage present, who is bound to listen to it, standing, with uncovered head.

Twenty minutes are allowed for each fight. If the espada does not succeed in killing the bull within the stated time, the life of the latter is spared, and the unfortunate man is hooted

out of the arena. Between each fight there is a kind of interact, during which the band plays, and the carcasses of the bulls and of the dead horses are removed.

By six o'clock all is over, and half an hour later the bull-fight gazette, with a most amusing and caustic account of the performance, is being sold to the extent of 30,000 to 40,000 copies in the Madrid streets. During the remainder of the evening the cafés and restaurants are full of holiday crowds excitedly discussing the events of the day, and overwhelming with all kinds of attentions the heroes of the performance.

DON CARLOS.

Although so courted, so flattered, these espadas are, as a rule, good fellows, generous to the last degree, and, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, rather moral than otherwise, as far as their home-life is concerned. Almost all of them are married; as a rule, to very pretty women. Lucky fellows! They have only to pick and to choose, for

the Spanish woman admires nothing more than true courage, and raves about the man who daily carries his life in his hand. As a rule, when once married, the wives do not attend the performance, but remain at home burning wax candles before the image of the Holy Virgin during the whole time the bull-fight lasts.

Little King Alfonso, who has completed his sixth year, is an affectionate but mischievous boy. He is officially reported to take very kindly to his lessons, as, of course, all good boys should do. He already speaks Spanish, French and German fluently, and is beginning to learn English. He also shows a strong inclination for "manly" exercises suited to his age, and is busy acquiring skill in the use of a tricycle, the gift of his grandmother. He resembles his father very closely in personal appearance, and also bears a strong likeness to the Bourbon Kings, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. His devotion to his mother is described as remarkable for his years, and he is kind to his sisters, even condescending to play with them at times. *El Re Nino* (The Baby King), as he is affectionately styled by his subjects, is a jolly, if somewhat delicate little fellow, fair and pale; but he is occasionally more thoughtful for his age than other children are wont to be. His nurse, to whom he was passionately attached—Massimina Pedraja by name—returned to her home in the Asturian Mountains over a year ago, and lately wrote to her illustrious foster-child, begging him to be godfather to her newly-born son. The Queen Regent consented to this, much to the delight of her son, who immediately sent the most magnificent presents to his new godchild.

Alfonso XIII. can when he pleases assume a dignified and serious bearing very amusing to witness in so small a

child. During his daily drives, he returns the enthusiastic salutations of his subjects with much ease and grace, and takes especial delight when allowed to walk in the Park, in talking to the numerous children who swarm from all sides to gaze at their boy-king. Some time ago a curly-headed girl planting herself in front of the little King asked boldly, "Is it true that you are the King?" "Yes," replied Alfonso solemnly, "I am your King and the ruler of all Spain." On another occasion he became very much incensed at noticing a man who apparently stared fixedly at him without, however, removing his hat in low obeisance. His escort hastened to pacify him by explaining to the irate young sovereign that the poor fellow being blind was not aware of the Royal Presence. "Oh!" exclaimed Alfonso, "then I must give him at once a great deal of money so that he may buy himself a pair of new eyes."

Next to his nurse, the greatest favorite of the little King was General Don Juan Cordova, Chief of the Royal Body Guard and Commandant of the Palace, who died a few months ago. He had always been held in special affection by the tiny monarch, who was wont to apostrophize the old soldier by the name of "Juanito" (my little John), on all kinds of occasions, sometimes causing considerable embarrassment thereby.

Probably the most amusing instance of this kind took place in the grand old Church of the Attocha at Madrid, at a time when a solemn mass was being celebrated in honor of the Royal Child's birthday. Everybody of course was in full uniform, a circumstance which gave intense satisfaction to the little King, who boy-like delights in everything pertaining to military pomp.

Just at the most impressive moment—namely the elevation of the host by the Cardinal Patriarch of the Indies, who was acting as celebrant—young Alfonso spied out his friend General Cordova down in the nave of the Church, and unhesitatingly proceeded to hail him from the Royal Gallery in a loud and shrill tone of voice with the words: "Juanito! Oh, Juanito! What are you doing there? Come up here to me, I want you at once."

LITTLE KING ALFONSO XIII.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that the Queen was able to silence the child by telling him that it was wrong for anybody to speak aloud in Church. He evidently, however, took the lesson

to heart, for two weeks later he suddenly called out to a bishop who was preaching grandiloquently from the pulpit, to hold his tongue and be quiet, seeing that it was wrong to make so much noise in Church!

Nothing is more curious at the Royal Palace at Madrid than the extraordinary and almost paradoxical mixture of a stringency of court etiquette dating back to the days of Emperor Charles V. on one hand, and on the other a leaven of democracy which would not even be tolerated at the White House in Washington. The gates and doors of the Palace are open to everybody during the daytime, and with the solitary exception of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, there is not a sovereign so easy of access even to the humblest of her subjects as the Queen Regent of Spain.

Nowhere, nevertheless, have the old formalities and ceremonies of the Middle Ages been more completely retained and maintained than at the Madilene Court, where the utmost gravity and solemnity of demeanor even in the most trivial functions and ceremonies are regarded as indispensable. It is therefore very amusing to imagine a little six-year-old boy, full of mischief and merry deviltry, with no respect whatsoever for anything or anybody, brought in among all the grandees and super-dignified hidalgos at one of the great Court functions, at which he appears in an ordinary Fauntleroy costume of black velvet, without any emblem of his rank. His mother, the Queen Regent, is kept on pins and needles the whole time, and whenever there is a diplomatic reception or a function at which the foreign envoys are present she invariably entreats the Grand Master of Ceremonies to keep both the Chinese Ambassadors and the Negro Minister from the San Domingo Republic as much in the background as

possible, and out of sight of the little King. The latter on these occasions is in the habit of devoting his august and royal attention not to the diplomatic representatives of the most important and powerful foreign governments, but to those who have the most striking and gayly embroidered uniforms, and who present the most picturesque and out-of-the-ordinary appearance.

The young monarch has lately been intrusted to the care of a very charming and cheery young prelate, Monsignor Merry del Val, who is a brother of the Spanish Ambassador at Vienna. The right reverend gentleman very prudently makes no attempt to check the wonderful flow of animal spirits of the King, but merely directs them as much as possible into a channel befitting a monarch who is addressed on state occasions as "Your Most Catholic Majesty."

The early portion of the summer is always spent by the Queen Regent and her children at Aranjuez. The palace, though standing high and surrounded by verdure and running streams, is rather a poor residence, built by Charles IV., in the French style. The grounds, however, remain much as they were when Philip II. laid them out and Velasquez put them on canvas. Owing to the presence of water and trees the Spaniards look on Aranjuez as a terrestrial Paradise, and the boy King rejoices in the place because he has his garden all to himself with a tiny brook, miniature walks, and beds of all sorts of flowers. For the Queen Regent the chateau possesses a melancholy interest. In 1884 her husband, Alfonso XII., ran down there surreptitiously to visit the cholera patients during a terrible outbreak of the epidemic. He lunched in the palace, and noticing in the middle of the repast that there were thirteen at table remarked, half in

jest, "Gentlemen, a year hence one of us will be missing." Ten months later the King had passed away, and his successor was not born until the following spring.

The little fellow's life at San Sebastien, the seaside resort in the north of Spain, where the Court invariably spends the latter portion of the summer, is a singularly happy one, and he enjoys far more freedom and liberty of action there than at Madrid. Every morning, punctually at eight o'clock, when the guard is relieved, he steps out on the low and spacious balcony of the Duchess of Bailen's chateau, where the royal family resides, in order to listen to the music of the regimental band. There is always a crowd of children assembled to see him appear, and, as he knows many of them personally by name, he leans over the balcony to talk to them, and the quaintest kind of conversations ensue. They are generally interrupted by a tap on the window, on hearing which the little King cries: "Adios, au revoir; I must go in; mamma is waiting for me." Shortly after nine he appears on the sands escorted by his governesses and a couple of footmen, and plays around in the most thoroughly democratic manner with his sisters and other children of his acquaintance. At twelve o'clock, after having dug, and romped and paddled about barefooted in the water to his heart's content, he returns to the chateau for luncheon, and on his arrival the palace guard turns out and the bugle sounds, a noise which His Most Catholic Majesty often attempts to imitate. At five o'clock he goes out for a drive, and as he comes down the steps to the carriage the royal halberdiers range themselves, one on each step, on either side of the stairs. As soon as he is seated in the carriage he turns to Colonel Loigorri, the chief of the halberdiers,

and in obedience to the instructions which he has received, exclaims with the utmost gravity: "Let them retire." At eight o'clock the little fellow is put to bed, his mother being invariably present to say his prayers with him and to kiss her "Bubi," as she calls him, good-night.

He is never so happy as when playing pranks; some of them throw the entire Court into a state of consternation. Thus, a short time ago, the young King was playing in the garden with his two sisters, when suddenly he disappeared. He frequently amuses himself by hiding, and hence the two little Princesses, as usual, searched the neighboring bushes and shrubs for the little Monarch.

'Not finding him, they became frightened, and informed their governesses of their brother's disappearance. The search of the governesses proved just as fruitless as that of the little girls, and at length a general alarm was sent out. The whole palace was in an uproar, and the Queen Regent almost distracted with fear. Rumors that the young King had been kidnapped by either Carlist or Republican conspirators were rife for a time.

Finally, after almost two hours' search, King Alfonso was found on the stage of a kind of garden theatre, where pantomimes are occasionally given during the sojourn of the Court at Aranjuez, for the amusement of the Royal children. His diminutive Majesty had discovered a clown's dress, which he had donned as best he could, and, standing alone on the stage, was rehearsing before the empty benches, usually occupied by the audience, a species of pantomime of his own composition, but based on the lines of those which he had already seen.

This is only one of the many similar pranks by means of

which he keeps both his mother and his attendants in constant anxiety. He may be described, indeed, as the most mischievous of all the monarchs now in possession of European thrones.

Queen Christina has many magnificent jewels. There is one of these, however, which she never wears. It may be seen hanging to the neck of the Statue of the Virgin of Almudena, the patron saint of Madrid, in the church of the Attoccha. The jewel bears a curious connection to the misfortunes which have afflicted the royal house of Spain during the last two decades. It is a magnificent opal surrounded by diamonds and of enormous value. The late King, Alfonso XII., gave it to his cousin Mercedes when he was betrothed to her, and she wore it during the whole of her short married life. On her death the King presented it to his grandmother, the Queen Christina, who died soon after. Then it passed to the King's sister, the Infanta del Pilar. The latter at once began to sicken, and in a few days breathed her last. Alfonso then handed it to his sister-in-law, Christina, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, but in three months she also was dead. His Majesty now resolved to retain the baleful jewel in his own keeping; but he, too, soon fell a victim to its mysterious malignancy. By order of the present Queen it has now been suspended by a chain around the neck of the Virgin of Almudena.

Every Good Friday the Queen while at vespers solemnly pardons a number of criminals lying under sentence of death. This ancient custom, which has been in use in Spain since the fifteenth century, dates back to Mosaical times. The Hebrews were in the habit of releasing a prisoner at Passover in memory of their deliverance from Egypt, the popular

choice at the time of the crucifixion lying between Christ and Barabbas. "Their Most Catholic Majesties"—for that is the correct title of the rulers of Spain—adopted a similar custom for the celebration of Good Friday. Until the reign of Queen Isabella II. only one sentence was remitted. Several papers were, however, prepared and folded, each one containing a name. These were placed promiscuously on a large silver plate and that criminal was reprieved on whose paper the royal hand rested, the others obtaining no benefit. The anxiety of all those whose names were given in for this purpose and the bitter disappointment of the unsuccessful may better be imagined than described. Soon after Queen Isabella II. came to the throne a royal assembly was gathered in the Court chapel on Good Friday. The time of the adoration of the cross had come. The young Queen knelt before the crucifix, the salver with several papers was presented, and all watched for Her Majesty to touch one and repeat the traditional words: "Yo te perdono, yasi Dios me perdone." (May God pardon me, as I pardon thee.) But with tears in her eyes and a heart full of pity, regardless of tradition, she stretched forth both her hands, brought all the papers together, and in a broken voice exclaimed: "Yo os perdono a todos, a todos, yasi Dios me perdone!" (May God pardon me, as I pardon you all, all.)

A very curious ceremony in Spain, the origin of which dates back to the reign of Charles V., is the "Almohada." It consists in conferring the highly-prized rank of grandee upon prominent members of the Spanish nobility.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the mere fact of possessing a title in Spain carries with it, *ipso-facto*, the grandezza, for, whereas the nobility of the kingdom includes no less than

ninety-six Dukes, nine hundred Marquises, seven hundred and fifty Counts, one hundred and thirty Viscounts and seventy six Barons, the number of grandees does not exceed two hundred and forty-three.

The ceremony of the "Almohada," which, literally translated, means "the taking possession of the cushion," is as follows: On the appointed day, the grandees who happen to be residing at the time in the city assemble in the small Throne-room of the palace and take their seats on carved stools, upholstered with crimson velvet cushions, which are ranged on either side of the room at right angles with the Throne, the gentlemen being on the right and the ladies on the left thereof. Punctually at three o'clock the Queen Regent makes her entry in state, accompanied by her sisters-in-law, and attended by her Camarera-Mayor, or Grand Mistress of the Robes, by her Majordomo-Mayor, or Grand Marshal of the Court, and by other great officers of her household. As soon as she has taken her seat on the Throne, she turns to the right and left with a slight inclination of her head, and, addressing the grandees present, exclaims: "Be seated."

A moment afterward, the folding doors at the further end of the room are thrown open, and, preceded by a Chamberlain and conducted by two grandees appointed to act as sponsors, the postulant for admission to the grandezza makes his appearance, and, after bowing profoundly three times—once on entering the Royal presence, once on reaching the centre of the room, and once on approaching the Throne—stands still and awaits her Majesty's orders.

A stool and velvet cushion having been brought and placed on the lowest step of the Royal dais, the Queen commands

that the candidate shall be seated, which he does with another low obeisance. Christina then addresses a few complimentary words to him, recalling the services rendered by his family to the dynasty in times gone by, and, after extending her hand to be kissed, signifies her desire that he should assume his place among his Peers.

Retiring backward from the Royal presence, he is in the first place conducted by his sponsors to the side of the hall occupied by the ladies of the grandee rank, to whom he makes a low bow, and then to that of the men, whom he salutes in a similar manner. He thereupon puts his hat on his head, his example being instantaneously followed by every grandee present, and all remain covered until his stool and cushion, having been removed from the steps of the Throne and placed beside those of his Peers, the newly-created grandee has seated himself thereon.

The object which the grandees have in view in putting on their hats during this portion of the ceremony is to perpetuate and assert their ancient and traditional privilege of remaining covered in the presence of Royalty. It is they alone who represent the old blue blood of Spain, and from whose number the great officers of the Royal household are almost exclusively selected. A grandee and a grandesse are daily in attendance on the Monarch as chamberlain and as lady-in-waiting, and almost as many nobiliary quarterings are required for admission to the grandezza as to the Sovereign Order of Knighthood of Malta.

Another quaint Court ceremony which takes place on Good Friday at noon, in the Throne-room of the royal palace at Madrid, is that of the washing of the feet. This is observed in commemoration of Christ's washing the feet of

the Apostles. Twelve old people are brought before the Queen, who, assisted by the Grand Mistress of the Robes, kneels before them in turn, and, dipping a richly embroidered silk towel in a gold basin, washes their feet. They are presented with suits of clothes, purses of money and huge baskets of provisions at the conclusion of the ceremony, which all the members of the Court are invited to attend.

PRINCESS ISABELLA.
The Queen Regent's Constant Companion.

The Princess Isabella, sister-in-law of the Queen Regent, and her most constant companion and associate, living with her all the year round at Madrid, Aranjuez and San Sebastien, is without any exception the most brilliant and clever member of the Spanish royal family. She is the eldest daughter of Queen Isabella II., and was born in 1851. Until the birth of her brother, the late King Alfonso, six years later, she held the title and rank of Princess of the Asturias, which, like that of Wales in Great Britain, is always borne by the heir-presumptive to the throne. In 1868, a few months before her mother's forced abdication, she was married to Prince Gaetan, of Bourbon, younger brother of the ex-King of

Naples, and who was known by the title of Count Girgenti. The marriage was an unsuitable one in every way, for the Prince was sickly, stupid, morose and disagreeable; in fact, in every way the exact opposite of his wife. Moreover, he was afflicted with epilepsy in its most horrible form, being seized with a frightful attack within twenty-four hours of the wedding ceremony. In 1871, after three years of a miserable married existence, he put an end to his life by blowing out his brains in his young wife's bedroom and in her presence.

From that time forward she devoted herself entirely to her brother, the late Alfonso XII., to whom she was united by bonds of the very deepest affection. When he became King in 1874 she accompanied him to Madrid, and resuming her rank of Princess of the Asturias until the birth of his little girl in 1880, acted as his most trusted counsellor and most devoted friend. When he married in 1878 the lovely Mercedes, she effaced herself and cheerfully surrendered to the young Queen the chief position which she had until then occupied at her brother's court. It was not, in fact, until the King's death, that she came prominently again before the public as the friend and supporter of her brother's widow, the Queen Regent (who at that time was disliked by the people on account of her Austrian origin), and as the guardian of the little fatherless children. Spaniards of every degree say of her that she is the cleverest "statesman" and most broad-minded "politician" in the country, and although displaying all the tenderness of a woman to her sister-in-law and little nephew and nieces, yet her intelligence and conversation partake more of a masculine than a feminine nature. The first time that her brother confided the Premiership to the

Liberal statesman, Sagasta, she remarked: "Oh, that is quite in the ordinary state of things; every healthy person is bound to go through the scarlatina." Should anything happen to Queen Christina, whose health is exceedingly delicate, the regency and the guardianship of the infant King would devolve upon her.

Spaniards appreciate the blameless private life of the Queen Regent all the more highly by reason of the contrast which her behavior presents to that of the family into which she married. There is probably no reigning house in the world has such a seamy, and at the same time romantic, side to its history as that of Spain.

It is the branch to which King Francis of Assisi, husband of Queen Isabella II., belongs which has given most cause for scandalous stories. The eldest sister of King Francis, Princess Isabella, eloped with a Polish nobleman, Count Gurowski, who, although poor, was extremely popular at Paris. Their marriage, to which the subsequent consent of the Crown was obtained, did not turn out to be a happy one. Her extravagances, both as regards money and morals, were beyond all description, and after the birth of a daughter a separation was arranged. The Princess is a kind of mad woman, whom I have frequently met on foot in the streets of Madrid, disgracefully dressed, looking for all the world like a disreputable old-clothes merchant. All doors are closed to her. Her daughter, who was a charming and lovely girl, died a short time ago in the utmost poverty at a little farm not far from the capital. Thanks to her mother's insane extravagance, notwithstanding the liberality of the late King, the bed on which she expired constituted the sole furniture of the place.

Another of the sisters is Princess Josefa, who contracted a most romantic marriage with the Cuban poet and statesman, Guell y Rente. The latter, who died about three years ago, was favorably known in the United States as having been a great partisan in favor of the Cortes abolishing all duties on American corn; in fact, he was a kind of Spanish Cobden. When quite a young man he became attached to a young lady belonging to one of the principal families of Cuba. His love was returned, but the father refused to encourage the suit, and contemptuously told him that he was of far too low origin ever to dream of marrying his daughter. Enraged, Guell y Rente exclaimed that he would show people who he was by marrying a princess. Crossing the ocean, he arrived at Madrid, and soon made a name for himself there as poet and author. Several poems which he dedicated to Princess Josefa sufficed to turn her head completely. They became enamoured of one another and fled together. The royal family were thunderstruck. The scandal was rendered doubly great by the fact of Guell y Rente being a most pronounced Radical. The Government tried unsuccessfully to get the marriage invalidated by the Pope, but the people were delighted therewith. Sentences of exile were pronounced against them, but after awhile the good-nature for which Queen Isabella is notorious prevailed, and the couple returned to Spain with honor, the Queen receiving the popular poet as her brother-in-law. He was a most charming man and a distinguished author, while his speeches in the Senate and the Cortes are of historical interest. The royal family at no time had reason to regret the marriage, and his three sons are perhaps the most popular and certainly the most accomplished young men in Madrid.

King Francis of Assisi, husband of Queen Isabella, is a little bit of a man, almost a dwarf, with a squeaky voice and a spiteful character. It is needless for me to refer to the shameful history of his marriage, which was arranged by King Louis Philippe, of France, on account of the little man being physically unfit for matrimony. Despised by every one, he lives in a miserly kind of way at Epinay, near Paris. His wife's extravagance and its disastrous effects perpetually before his eyes, he has rushed to the other extreme, and his avarice is proverbial. On the occasion of the wedding of his daughter, in 1887, husband and wife met for the first time in many years.

Don Enrique, his second brother, who was killed in a duel, in 1870, by the Duke of Montpensier, was formerly engaged to be married to Queen Isabella. As, however, there was every prospect of his having issue, Louis Philippe successfully intrigued to get Don Francis preferred instead, so that by default of Isabella's having any children, the crown might descend to her sister, and his daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Montpensier. Don Enrique, deeply offended by the rejection of his suit, threw himself into the arms of the Republican party, and became the head of a conspiracy to upset the Government. At the last hour, however, his courage failed him, and he was only able to obtain his pardon by dishonorably revealing the names of all his accomplices, who were severely punished.

Prince Fernando, the third brother, who died some years ago, disgraced his family by marrying an improper character, who successfully fathered on him a child of hers which owed its paternity elsewhere.

Another sister, Princess Christina, almost an idiot, is now

the widow of the intensely ugly and one-eyed Prince Sebastien of Braganza. Her two sons, who resemble their mother as far as intellect is concerned, distinguished themselves by marrying the daughters of some rather disreputable tradespeople of Madrid. One of them, I may add, was the late Duke of Durcal, who a few years ago endeavored to sell in New York a collection of exceedingly modern and questionable old masters.

PRINCESS EULALIE,
Sister of the Late King.

Poor little Princess Eulalie, sister of the late King, and who was married four years ago to Prince Antoine of Montpensier, is hardly to be congratulated on her husband, who resembles his father-in-law, the ex-King Consort, both physically and morally. The Princess's life is not a happy one, and it is no secret that she was forced by political considerations to consent to this most distasteful alliance. She is exceedingly clever, lively and very popular with the people of Madrid, who do not love her the less because of the stories about a certain young foreign diplomat of my acquaintance, who on her account was recalled at the personal request of the late King Alfonso.

Alfonso XII. is deeply and sincerely mourned by his young widow. The marriage, however, can scarcely have been a happy one. The King's first wife, Dona Mercedes, was very lovely, and he was almost heart-broken when she died. Reasons of State alone induced Alfonso to contract a second marriage with Queen Christina, who comes from the very plainest branch of the Hapsburgs, a family by no means remarkable for its comeliness. Although treated with the greatest courtesy by her husband, she was frequently made to feel this, and at one time his behavior was such that she withdrew with her two little daughters to Austria, whence she could only with difficulty be persuaded to return. The person most to blame for the King's unfortunate legéreté was the Duke de Sesto, step-father of the present Duke of Morny. Handsome Pepe Sesto, who, in 1850, was one of the most favored suitors for the hand of Eugenie of Teba (subsequently Empress of the French), occupied the post of Lord High Chamberlain, and became the King's inseparable companion. Although close upon sixty years of age, he did not deem it beneath his dignity to act the part of Cupid in the King's love affairs, and if the current gossip at Madrid is to be believed, he, on one memorable occasion, felt all the weight of Queen Christina's hand on his cheek whilst attempting to prevent her entering a certain little pavilion, not a hundred miles from Madrid, at the door of which he was on guard, and where his royal master was spending the afternoon with a beautiful Castilian lady of the court.

Few people are aware of the very strange fact that the late King, who died over six years ago, is still unburied, and awaiting his final interment in the tomb which has been prepared for his corpse. The dead monarch lies, at present,

clothed only in a thin linen garment, on a broad slab of rock near a running spring of water, in a cavern on the mountain whereupon the grand old Palace of the Escurial is built. There he will remain until his body has attained all the peculiar properties of a mummy, and then only will the ghastly object be placed in its niche in that marvelous jasper vault under the great dome of the Escurial Church, where only the remains of Spanish Kings and the mothers of Kings are allowed to lie. Some bodies, notably that of Queen Isabella's profligate father, have remained on the rock table for twenty or twenty-five years before they were in a fit condition to be transferred to the vault. The name of this weird and ghostly cavern—the particularly dry and pungent atmosphere of which has the remarkable property of mummifying corpses—is the "Pudrido," a name which is also sometimes misapplied to the vaults containing the bodies of the Infants and Infantas.

No greater contrast can possibly be imagined than that which exists between the widowed Queen Regent of Spain and her mother-in-law, Queen Isabella, who divides her time between Madrid and Paris. When in the latter city, she resides in a superb mansion near the Arc de Triomphe, and which is known by the name of the Palace of Castille. No Queen in modern times has given more cause for scandal, and were it not for her kindly nature and her charity, which have done much towards atoning for her intrigues, she would remain on record in history as the Messalina of the nineteenth century. Of course, much of the shady side of her character is attributable to the evil surroundings, amidst which she was brought up. Her mother's immoralities were the talk of the civilized world, and of the most flagrant kind. When barely fifteen years of age, Isabella was married against her will to

her dwarf-like cousin, Don Francis of Bourbon, who, it was known, could never become a father.

Isabella almost immediately proceeded to compensate herself for this *marriage de convenance*, and the Marshal Serrano was the most conspicuous, if not the earliest of her favorites. While yet a bride, she used to address him publicly as her "Bonito Francisco," and it was no secret, either at Court or among the public, that he stood in the place of her husband. Indeed, he is openly asserted, and to all intents and purposes acknowledged, to be the father of her son, the late King, and of at least two of her daughters. She was even accustomed to accompany him to various places of public resort in Madrid, arrayed in masculine garments, which scarcely served to conceal her identity. In fact, at the time she seemed to have lost all sense of shame. Subsequently, Serrano was replaced in her affections by a tall, beetle-browed and sinister-looking man, of the name of Marfori, who was raised from the humblest ranks to the highest offices and dignities of the realm. Indeed, the Queen was on the eve of making him a Cabinet Minister, when the Revolution occurred, in 1889, which resulted in her abdication and temporary exile from the kingdom. So great was the scandal which her relations with Marfori created, that when she took up her residence in Paris, Napoleon III., who can scarcely be regarded as having been a stern moralist, was forced to demand that Isabella should dismiss the man and sever his connection with her household.

No one hated Marfori more than Isabella's son, the late King Alfonso, and on the latter's ascending the throne of Spain, after the restoration of the monarchy, one of his very first acts was to cause the arrest of his mother's ex-lover, and to ship him off to the Convict Colony of Manilla. King Alfonso

did this with the object of putting out of public sight and, as far as possible, out of public mind the cause that had contributed more than anything else to bring the fame of his mother into disrepute. I may add that Marfori died a few months ago, greatly to the relief of the Spanish Royal families.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

With all her faults Queen Isabella is both very queenly, very witty and extremely good-natured. Of the latter quality the following little incident will serve as an illustration. One day, about two years ago, a poor woman who makes a living at Paris by mending rare laces, and who included among her customers many of the greatest ladies in Paris, presented herself at the gate of the Palace d'Castille, and having succeeded in obtaining access to the Queen, told her with many tears that an illegitimate child of the late King Alfonso XII., a little boy of nine years, was dying of diphtheria at her own humble dwelling.

Don Alfonso had inherited his mother's ardent passions, and was by no means a faithful husband. Every time he

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

could steal away from the heavy Spanish etiquette of his Court at Madrid he would fly to Paris, the capital of the

pleasures, and become an ordinary viveur. Queen Mercedes knew of these escapades, and so, too, did her successor, Queen Christina. But both were too dignified to take any notice of them, and seemingly ignored the fact that the King had an unofficial home and family in Paris, where a pretty, fair-haired woman always greeted his arrival with joy.

Four children were born from this illegal union, but shortly after the King's demise in 1885, their mother died, and was soon followed into the grave by her eldest three boys. The little survivor was taken charge of by the kind-hearted lace-mender, who for over five years had been a mother to him. Like many others, however, she had been suffering from bad times, and when the child became dangerously sick with diphtheria she found herself unable to bear the cost of the doctors' bills and medicine.

The moment Queen Isabella heard of all this she unhesitatingly took charge of the little patient, and, much to the horror and indignation of her attendants and household, she herself nursed the little fellow with unparalleled devotion until his death.

There is something very touching in the goodness of this dethroned and much-maligned old Queen cherishing and nursing through a dangerous and contagious illness the abandoned and illegitimate child of her dead boy, and assuredly such an action as this goes far toward atoning for the many indiscretions which, rightly and wrongly, have been placed to her credit.

Although Queen Isabella receives an allowance of $150,000 per annum from the Spanish Government, yet that amount is far from adequately providing for her expenses, and she is invariably head over ears in debt, so much so that she has fre-

quently been placed in the most embarrassing situations. Her husband, on the other hand, Don Francis, who lives apart from her, and has a separate household of his own, is noted for his sordid avarice, and does not spend more than $20,000 out of the $600,000 which he receives from the Spanish treasury every year.

PRINCESS MERCEDES,
Who was Queen for Six Months.

The little six-year-old King of Spain has a Civil List of $1,500,000 a year, which is administered with the greatest care and economy by his mother, the Queen Regent, who although entitled to a separate allowance of $100,000 a year, as widow of the late King, has refused to draw a single cent thereof since his death The King's little sister, Princess Mercedes, who is now about eleven years of age, has a fixed income from the State of $100,000 a year. The young lady bears the title of the Princess of the Asturias, and should her brother, little King Alfonso, die unmarried, she would become once more the Queen of Spain.

It seems to be forgotten that this little girl, who has now to remain content with the title of Princess, bore that of Queen for full six months after the death of her father. The demise of the latter occurred in November, 1885, and it was not until half a year later that Queen Christina gave

birth to the posthumous child who now figures as King Alfonso XIII.

It was during that interval that numerous projects were made for an eventual marriage of little Queen Mercedes

LA GRANGE.

with Don Jaime, the eldest son and heir of Don Carlos. Such a match as this would have settled once and forever the everlasting Carlist question in Spain, which is one of the sources of weakness of the present dynasty.

Referring again to the grandees, the order was first instituted by Charles V, in the year 1820, on his return from Germany, after being crowned Emperor. Wishing to initiate Charlemagne, he created twelve grandees or peers. The following were thus elected: The Dukes of Medina-Sidonia, of Medina-Celi, of Medina-Rioseco, of Alba, of Frias, of Infantado, of Arcos, of Escalona, of Najera, of Benvente, of Alberquerque, and the Marquis of Astorga.

Of all these, two alone—namely, the Duchy of Frias and the Marquisate of Astorga—have maintained the direct affiliation and are still borne by the families on whom they were originally conferred. The title of Arcos has become extinct, and the remaining nine dukedoms are in the possession of noblemen with entirely different patronymics to those of the original holders of the title. This confusion arises from the fact that, in Spain, titles not only descend in the female line, but that, on marriage, a lady's title becomes transferred to her husband, who, however, still retains his old family-name. Hence it happens that, whereas the title of Medina-Sidonia was conferred on the Guzman family, it is now borne by the house of Toledo; while the dukedom of Alba, which formerly belonged to the Toledo family, is now in the possession of the Stuarts.

It will, therefore, be readily understood that, while the rank of grandee is still highly prized in Spain, mere titles of nobility are quite at a discount. There are dukes who have been hatters, and marquises whose fathers have kept small dry goods stores; while quite a number of counts were formerly slave-traders in Havana or small wine-merchants in Madrid.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY
OF
AUSTRIA.

I.

THERE is something both majestic and imposing about Francis Joseph, the Emperor-King of Austro-Hungary, but there is especially something that is wonderfully attractive and sympathetic in his kind but unutterably sad eyes, in his gentle and courtly address, and in his entire absence of all affectation. Although his hair has turned snowy-white and his interesting face has become furrowed with many wrinkles, yet his figure retains all the matchless elegance for which it was distinguished in the days of yore, and he still remains, both outwardly and inwardly, the impersonification of everything that is knightly and chivalrous. He attracts rather than imposes, and the feelings both of his household, of his familiars, and of his people at large, are those of love and deep attachment, rather than of veneration and awe. He is so entirely unaffected, so simple, so considerate and so anxious to say and do kind things, that to every one with whom he comes into contact he displays the most kindly and courteous consideration and the most winning graciousness.

Under the circumstances, it is only natural that he should be the most popular and sincerely beloved monarch in Christendom. This, too, by both rich and poor, by the high-born and by the humbler classes. To the latter, in particular, he is accessible, ever ready to lend an ear to their personal troubles and grievances, and eager to redress them. Nothing is more characteristic of this than the scenes which take place in his ante-chamber on Monday and Thursday

mornings when he is at Vienna. The great room is thronged with cardinals and prelates, with generals, and statesmen, with great nobles, and magnates; and mingling with all these high and mighty personages, are Bohemian bricklayers, Styrian farmers, peasants from Upper-Austria, humble shopkeepers from the poorer quarters of Vienna, and village priests, all waiting to submit their troubles, their sorrows, their wrongs, and their grievances to "unsern guten Kaiser" (to our good Emperor). I need scarcely add that in accordance with the teachings of the New Testament, it is the village priest who is generally received before the scarlet-robed cardinal, the poorly clad peasant before the cabinet minister in his gold embroidered uniform, and the farmer before the great territorial magnate.

Only once in many years, have I seen Francis Joseph disconcerted and displaying loss of composure. It was on the occasion of a banquet at the Palace of Schoenbrunn in honor of the Shah of Persia. The champagne at dinner had been too strong in quality and copious in quantity, for the "King of Kings," who became disgracefully drunk. A number of presentations had to be made to Nasr-el-Deen, once dinner over, and the Emperor looked utterly horrified when he witnessed the manner in which his Oriental guest greeted the great dignitaries of the empire as they approached to make their obeisance. Instead of acknowledging their low bows, he merely leered at them through his spectacles, sniffed contemptuously at some, hiccoughed and laughed offensively at others, and after indulging in some particularly insulting and audible remarks in French concerning the appearance of one of the principal dignitaries of the Church, who was being introduced to him, he suddenly turned on his heel and stalked

FRANCIS JOSEPH.
Emperor of Austro-Hungary.

or rather, reeled off to a mirror in another part of the room, where he stood for nearly ten minutes grinning and muttering at his reflection in the glass and twirling his long mustache. During that time the Emperor was engaged in attempting to excuse and atone for the rudeness of his royal visitor, to propitiate those who had been offended thereby, and to check the almost irrepressible merriment of those who had been merely spectators to this most extraordinary and ludicrous scene. After this I need scarcely add that the Persian monarch did not impress those present with the feeling that there was any superior kind of clay in his composition or that he had any just claim to consideration as one of the anointed of the Lord. Indeed, judging by the horrible little man's appearance and character, Allah, it should be imagined used more mud than clay, in manufacturing this uninteresting specimen of an Oriental monarch.

"Quick of apprehension, he has a safe, circumspect manner of judging, with simplicity and openness of demeanor that beget confidence." Such was the pronouncement of Bismarck on the Emperor of Austria after his first interview with him some nine and thirty years ago. There is little to add to it and still less to take from it to-day. What Francis Joseph was then he is now. The only change in his character wrought by the fleeting years has, perhaps, been a deepening of its shadows. He himself, we believe, has said that he will probably be known in history as "Francis Joseph the Unlucky," and alike in his public and private life, misfortune, sorrow, blighted ambitions and deferred hopes have intensified the tinge of pensive melancholy which has shadowed his life, and which is so apparent in the expression of his noble countenance. He is beloved, nay almost worshipped by his

subjects who never lose an occasion of demonstrating to him their loyalty and their enthusiastic affection.

It has been said that Austria means the Hapsburgs, and it may with equal truth be averred that just now the Hapsburgs mean the Emperor Francis Joseph. He is one of those sovereigns who both reign and rule. He is the keystone and the corner-stone of his empire, and his personal influence, watchfulness, caution, probably I might even say his craft, alone secure to the races under his government, scope for the development of their instincts, ambitions and institutions. The Emperor is for Austria, "l'homme necessaire." His death might not involve its destruction; but it would produce incalculable disturbance and disastrous unrest among the incompatible racial elements now held in solution by the dual monarchy.

The authority which the Emperor wields owing to his personal qualities is enormous. His way of speaking with those who seek an audience from him, his apparent interest in the most trivial details concerning those who are favored by an interview from the monarch are very characteristic. At the reception of delegates, His Majesty makes a point of wearing a Hungarian uniform to receive the Magyar delegation; that of an Austrian officer when receiving his Cis-Leithan subjects, and the uniform of a Polish regiment, when greeting his Polish subjects. On these occasions he speaks to eighty, sometimes one hundred persons in rapid succession, and every one of his remarks shows a thorough acquaintance with all the affairs great and small of the monarchy. Foreign affairs and railway tariffs, commercial treaties and parliamentary procedure, the army, the navy, agriculture, the budget, the troublesome young Szechs and the poor Jew-

ish population in Galicia, all make the subjects of His Majesty's kindly and paternal remarks. Nor is the comic element sometimes wanting in these conversations. Some time ago when addressing a Polish delegate, His Majesty asked how things were going on in Galicia. "Oh Sir, we are suffering from a dreadful plague of field mice," answered the delegate ruefully. "Ah, das ist recht fatal," answered the Emperor with a smile.

All these things are trifles and yet they mean a great deal. Every delegate comes away happy at having spoken with the Emperor, and feeling that His Majesty is quite as much interested in his particular business, whatever that may be, as he himself. If he had a grievance he has had an opportunity of making it known. If he had a favor to ask, the chance of so doing has been given him. Now multiply the impression produced upon 120 delegates a thousand or a hundred thousandfold by remembering that twice a week the Emperor is accessible to all classes of his subjects! Anybody who has serious business with him may see him and speak with him quite alone, without even a secretary being present. The applicant, whatever may be his station, is ushered into a study and finds the Emperor in a plain uniform without a single decoration. He may say what he likes, sure of being hearkened to with patient attention. The scenes that have been enacted in the Emperor's private chamber no chronicler will ever tell. Of the acts of kindness, mercy, and charity shown, of the swift redress of wrongs, of the shrewd soldierly advice given, and of the Imperial magnanimity at all times, no record can have been kept except in the Emperor's own memory, if even there.

But if the Emperor of Austria's personal contact with the

lowest as well as with the highest of his subjects, explains how constitutionalism is worked in this country,—it is a thing *sui generis*, different from anything that exists elsewhere, and not to be copied—it cannot be said of the Emperor "*qu'il regne et ne gouverne pas*," he both reigns and governs, though always within the limits of the Constitution granted to his people. His speeches to Parliaments and delegations may not be drawn up by himself but they are not mere words put into his mouth by Ministers arrogating Imperial authority to themselves on the strength of party majorities. The Emperor's personal impact is impressed deep upon every great act performed in the name of the Crown, just as his individual influence may be traced in all negotiations which tend to allay party strife, or to arrest conflicts between races.

Born in 1830, Francis Joseph at the age of eighteen succeeded to the throne his uncle abdicated, after the revolt of the Magyars had shaken the House of Hapsburg to its centre. Nothing but the genius of Radetsky and the loyalty of her Slavs saved Austria from ruin in those days, and the savage cruelty with which Hungarian nationality was suppressed roused the wrath of the world. Austria was then to all European Liberals the symbol of reactionary despotism and military brutality. His Majesty was very young in statecraft in those days, and yet his extreme energy, his remarkable good sense and supreme coolness worked marvels. The part played by Francis Joseph in regenerated Austria will never be fully appreciated till the history of our time is written. But it must be distinctly understood by those who approach the study of Austrian affairs that in all questions of military or foreign policy, the Emperor is the Government. It must also be understood that the sole aim of his life is to

avoid going down to history as the "Prince under whose rule the dominions of the Hapsburgs diminished." The Imperial crown has been of a truth an iron one, and has weighed heavily on him ever since the day when it was placed on his blonde head when he was yet almost too young to bear its burden. He was barely grown up then and yet was already possessed of all the qualities and courage which make great generals. During the siege of Comorn, Czar Nicholas pinned on his breast the Cross of St. George, which is only given for great deeds of valor. This seems to have brought him luck, for shortly afterwards he triumphed over Hungary, and he crushed Italy at Novarra. When Field-marshal Radetski brought him on the battlefield, the sword of Charles Albert, he threw himself on the old soldier's breast and wept for joy like a child. A black cloud was, however, gathering over the young sovereign's head, but when it burst Francis Joseph could hardly be induced to believe that his luck was over. After the battle of Solferino, as he was leaving the battlefield with his escort a French battery opened fire on the Imperial party. The Emperor immediately stopped his horse and stood motionless under the shower of iron which fell around him. He evidently wished to die then, but death, like a coquette, evades those who seek her, and the young monarch was destined to be spared, in order that he might drain to the very dregs the cup of disappointment and sorrow. His defeat by the Prussian army at Sadowa, in 1866, was the bitterest blow of all to him, one from which he has not recovered to this day.

Francis Joseph's punctilious courtesy is proverbial, and a young diplomat talking about him, declared once, that he was the Sovereign of Europe, who understood best the diffi-

cult art of setting his interlocutors thoroughly at ease. These are the words in which the attache in question expressed himself: "I always remember my first presentation to the Emperor at a ball, given by Countess Andrassy at Vienna. I was scarcely eighteen years of age, but little more than a mere boy, and had only recently bid adieu to school and birchings. On being presented, His Majesty shook hands most kindly, spoke to me about the great public school at which I had been educated, and which he mentioned by name, and after five minutes of kindly chaff and banter, laid his hand on my shoulder and expressed a wish that I should enjoy myself to my heart's content at Vienna. Of course, the knowledge which he displayed of my previous life, of my school-days, and of my successes in college-sports, was derived from inquiries, which he had probably made a few moments before to the great personage who had obtained his permission to present me. However, I did not think of that at the time, but felt astonished and flattered by his extraordinary acquaintance with my past life, and future prospects, and even now, when I look back to the incident in a more calm and dispassionate frame of mind, I must confess to a strong sympathy for the great monarch who, in the midst of a magnificent entertainment and at a moment when he was surrounded by Archdukes and Princes, by celebrated statesmen and famous generals, and by the most beautiful and high-born women in in the land, could find time not only to devote five minutes to a mere callow youth of eighteen, but also to take the trouble to acquaint himself beforehand with the lad's past life, with the object of giving the youngster pleasure and of putting him at his ease. Of course, what he did for me on that occasion, he has done for thousands of others. To every

one with whom he comes into contact, he displays the same kindly and courteous consideration and the same winning graciousness."

A mighty Nimrod is the chivalrous Emperor, and he is famed as being the most successful and fearless hunter of chamois on record. No man living possesses a larger collection of gemsboc beards, which constitute the hunter's trophy of this most perilous and arduous of all chases. The only person whose score comes any where near to his own is his intimate friend and "chum," King Albert of Saxony. Both of the monarchs are now old men, with hair, whiskers and mustache of a snowy-white, but neither their years, nor yet their sorrows, which have contributed so much towards aging them prematurely, have been permitted until now to interfere with their annual chamois hunting expedition in the Styrian Alps. This invariably takes place in the latter part of autumn, and the two monarchs make their headquarters at Francis Joseph's picturesque shooting lodge, or rather chateau, at Muerzsteg. They are usually accompanied by the Emperor's son-in-law, Prince Leopold, of Bavaria; by the young Archduke Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne; by Prince Phillippe, of Saxe-Coburg; and by the most important of all dignitaries of the Austrian Court, Count Henry von Abensperg-Traun, the Grand Huntsman of the Empire. The last named, who by virtue of his office holds a seat in the Privy Council, and ranks higher than the cabinet ministers, has under his control all the game preserves, the hunting equipages, and the shooting lodges of the Crown in various parts of the Empire, and is the generalissimo of the army of gamekeepers and jaegers many thousand in number, who wear the livery of the house of Hapsburg.

The first three or four days of the stay at Muerzsteg are devoted to stalking the chamois, the two sovereigns generally remaining together, attended only by the Grand Huntsman and by a few jaegers and guides, while the other members of the shooting-party follow each his own devices. The start is made every morning about an hour before dawn, so as to enable the sportsmen to be well up on the mountain side by daybreak, that being the time when the gemsboc is heard at his best. All day long the two old sovereigns, alpenstock in hand and short, stocky rifle slung over the shoulder, go toiling up and down the mountains, along the edges of great precipices, tracing their steps along paths that to the uninitiated would seem to afford no footpath to any living thing save the chamois. Sometimes they are overtaken by snow-storms, while up in the mountains, and are unable to see their way or to move either backwards or forwards for whole hours together, while at other times they are forced to lie down flat on their stomachs and to cling with hand and foot to any friendly bit of projecting rock in order to avoid being blown down the precipices or into the deep crevasses by the terrible winds which without warning suddenly sweep through the Alpine gorges and valleys with a force that can only be described as cyclonic. Everybody, Emperor, King, Princes, and attendants, down to the humblest jaeger, wears the same kind of Styrian dress, consisting of a sort of "yoppe" or Austrian jacket of gray homespun with green collar and facings, and buttons of undressed stag horn; homespun breeches, buttoned above the knee, which is left entirely bare; thick woolen stockings rolled below the knee; and heavy hobnailed laced boots. The head-gear is that known in this country as the Tyrolese hat, adorned by a chamois beard fastened to the ribbon.

By dusk, which comes early in the mountains, everybody is back at the Jagdschloss, and dinner is served at five, in a room panelled with wood and decorated with sporting trophies. The costume worn is the same as that worn during the day. The Emperor and the King sit next to one another, while the Grand Huntsman faces them on the opposite side of the table. The dinner is served not by liveried footmen, but by jaegers and game-keepers. On rising from the table, the party, as a rule, descend into the court-yard, where, on a layer of pine branches all the game killed during the day is laid out, the jaegers forming three sides of a square, lighting up the scene with great pine torches, while the huntsmen sound the "curee chaude." By eight or nine o'clock everybody is in bed, the whole of the chateau wrapped in slumber.

During the last three or four days of the stay the so-called "treibjagds" take the place of stalking. They are far more ceremonious but infinitely less fatiguing affairs, and as they begin between eight and nine and last till four, they do not involve getting out of bed at the unearthly hour of three or four o'clock in the morning. They necessitate, however, an enormous amount of preparation and organization on the part of the Grand Huntsman. During at least forty-eight hours beforehand, a vast corps of "treibers" or Styrian mountaineers engaged for the purpose, have been employed, in surrounding a district of mountain and valley many miles in area. The circle is gradually narrowed down until the whole of the game is driven from the heights into the valley, where the Emperor and his guests have taken up their position. The arrangement of the latter is regarded as a matter of the utmost importance, and on the evening before, the

THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

Grand Huntsman submits to the Emperor a carefully drawn-up ground-plan of the locality. His Majesty thereupon designates with his own hands the spot where each of his guests is to take up his position on the following morning. He himself and the King of Saxony generally await the game in the lowest part of the valley, the remaining guests and officials being spread up the mountain-side on either hand, according to their degree of rank and Imperial favor, those who enjoy the greatest share thereof being the nearest to the Sovereigns down in the valley, while those of less importance are posted higher up on the mountain sides. By nine o'clock every member of the party must be in the place assigned to him on the plan, and the "treibers" who have kept the game carefully within the circle of their lines, now proceed to drive it down towards the shooting party.

Until the death of Crown Prince Rudolph, Empress Elizabeth, although she had passed her fiftieth year when this tragical event took place, had remained one of the most beautiful women in her dominions and looked barely thirty. Since the loss of her beloved son she has, however, lost to a certain degree this appearance of extreme and remarkable youthfulness. Streaks of silver have crept into the silky masses of her magnificent chestnut hair which reaches far below her knees, and there is a weariness and languor in her glorious dark blue eyes, which although it in no way mars their loveliness, yet impresses those who love and revere her with a deep sense of regret and pain.

Strangely enough Her Majesty has never been popular in Austria, for the invariable reluctance to appear in public at any of the state functions wounded the Viennese to the quick. Seldom indeed do her subjects get a chance of gazing on

their Sovereign and when this favor is granted to them, opera glasses, nay, even telescopes and field-glasses are used by the crowd in staring at her exquisite face and truly Imperial figure, a fact which of course does not tend to encourage her to diminish her distaste for publicity or her love of seclusion.

When in Hungary, the Empress, it is true, acts quite differently to what she does at Vienna. For she has a particular predilection for the Hungarians and has absolutely and completely won the hearts of this impressionable people by her unaffected graciousness and openly avowed sympathy. She alway spends several months of the year at the Royal Castle of Godollo in Hungary, and is never so well and so free from the disposition to melancholy natural to her, as when staying at this, her favorite residence. Up soon after 5 o'clock in the morning, the Empress-Queen attends mass in the private chapel of the "Schloss," and then accompanied only by one lady-in-waiting, she mounts her horse and gallops off through the magnificent woods traversed in every direction by sandy avenues which surround Godollo on all sides.

Some time after the Crown Prince's death Elizabeth's health became a subject of so much anxiety that she was entreated by her physicians to discontinue riding. This was a tremendous sacrifice to her; for horsemanship is part of her very existence. She therefore left Austria for a long series of wanderings through the East, and also directed her energies and attention to the building and decorating of her villa "Achilleion" at Corfu, which became the chief subject of her thoughts.

The attention of the Empress had been directed to the classical spot where the villa now stands by the recently de-

ceased Freiherr von Warsberg, the great authority on the landscape scenery of the "Odyssey." The modest Villa Braila on the Gasturi Hill, in the island of Corfu, had been long known for its enchanting position, and within the incredibly short time of little more than one and a half years was replaced, under the direction of the Italian architect Rafæl Carito, by a palace conceived and carried out in the spirit of ancient Greece. The eastern slope of the hill facing towards the sea is covered with olive plantations, while the opposite incline has been laid out as a beautiful park on terraces. The west front of the villa rises in two stories, but is leaning towards the hill, so that the upper story at the opposite side is level with the first terrace.

The principal entrance is on the south front, which, with its projecting porch, its loggias, and balconies, presents an exceedingly picturesque aspect. The vestibule is connected with a large, sumptuously decorated saloon, the ceiling being painted by Paliotti with the Four Seasons. To the right is the house chapel, in Byzantine style; to the left, the dining-room, in the character of the Italian Renaissance; adjoining, the smoking-room, in Pompeian style. A marble stair-case, with bronze balustrade, leads to the second story, where the apartments of the Empress are situated. The central saloon opens on the Centaur terrace, and is decorated in the Empire style with frescoes of Aurora on the ceiling, painted by Paliotti. The apartments are filled with art treasures of Pompeian and ancient Greek origin, which the Empress collected herself. The decoration and arrangement of this suite reflect the individual taste of the august chatelaine in its well-known refinement. One of the most magnificent features of the building is the peristyle into which the Em-

ARCHDUKE ALBRECHT, MARIA JOSEPHINE AND CHARLES FRANCIS JOSEPH.

press's rooms open. It is supported by twelve marble columns, in front of which are placed marble statues brought from Rome, while the walls are painted by Paliotti and Pastiglione with scenes from ancient Greek mythology and romance as described by Homer, Æsop and others. The magnificent terrace, with its marble balustrade, commands a

PERISTYLE OF THE VILLA OF THE EMPRESS AT CORFU.

beautiful view of the sea, the town of Corfu, the Albanian coast opposite, the Pindus chain, and Cape Parga. Her Majesty's boudoir is in white and silver, with doors of white lacquered wood painted with groups of lilies of the valley, violets and white heather. The furniture is of white velvet and the carpet is also pure white and covered almost entirely

with snowy bearskins. The stables, saddle- and harness-rooms, are, one might almost say, the greatest marvel of this superb residence. The Empress ordered everything in this portion of the establishment to be brought from England down to the wainscoting in light oak which lines the coach-houses and saddle-rooms. The stables are at some distance from the house, and constitute a very picturesque feature in the landscape with their many gables, their latticed windows and their pointed roofs overrun with creepers and climbing roses. The broad, sanded alley leading to them gently ascends through the Park and is bordered on both sides with pink and white beds of geraniums and groves of blossoming camellias, azaleas and monster ferns. The grounds are like some dream of fairyland with their ever blooming thickets of tropical plants and trees, their groves of palms and blue-gum trees and their sparkling fountains. Behind the villa is a huge field of roses comprising twenty-five thousand bushes of all kinds and colors. A trellised walk covered with climbing noisette, and nyphetos roses, encloses this unique collection, the flower-laden branches meeting and interlacing overhead and then dropping in perfumed showers almost to the ground.

Another of the Empress's favorite palaces is Schloss Miramar, near Trieste. Miramar is the most beautiful and fairy-like spot which the wildest dreams of an Oriental imagination could realize. Perched on the extreme edge of a rocky promontory and built entirely of the purest white marble, the castle, with its glorious foreground of sapphire-blue sea and its background of emerald-green hills, is beyond description either by pen or brush. From the main terrace, on to which open the windows of the state apartments, one looks straight down upon the sea sixty feet below, and so pure and limpid is

the water of the Bay that the eye is able to penetrate its full depth of twenty fathoms at that spot.

It is almost impossible to describe the architecture of the palace—for minarets, turrets, terraced roofs, mediæval battlements and draw-bridges are mingled together in a picturesque and harmonious confusion. The gardens covering the lower part of the lofty green hills, which rise at the back of the palace, are equally picturesque in their mixture of European and tropical vegetation. Fir trees are to be seen growing by the side of date palms, and Italian poplars and silvery olive trees throw out their branches next to slender bamboo and banana plants. Fountains almost as magnificent as those of Versailles refresh, with their spray, the atmosphere in every direction, while even on the hottest days a cool promenade is to be found under the superb avenue of sycamores, which entirely shut out every ray of sunlight.

Miramar, as is well known, was the creation and pride of Emperor Maximilian, who lost his life in Mexico, and the study is an exact reproduction of the cabin on board the yacht owned by that unfortunate Prince, and on which he undertook his ill-fated voyage to his future empire.

Of late Her Majesty has almost completely recovered her strength and can therefore once more enjoy the keen pleasure of the hunting field. There has always been in the great Lady's heart an impulse towards that forest-freedom which at times altogether masters her, and makes the routine of worldy dissipation and diversion wholly intolerable to her. She loves then, nothing better than to wander under the odorant pine trees of the Hungarian or Bohemian forests, leading her horse through the tall grass where countless wild flowers are hidden, occasionally jumping over a swollen

brook all blue with mouse-ear and irises, or clearing a broad blackthorn hedge under which daffodils are growing. Her love of nature, of out-of-door movement, and of healthful exercise and sport certainly have much to do with her abnormal and so long prolonged youthfulness of appearance.

Besides being the most perfect horsewoman in Europe, Her Majesty is also an intrepid mountaineer and a first rate shot, and many a day has she spent in stalking the chamois up the most inaccessible heights of the Upper Austria and Tyrolian mountains. Often she would stay over night in a chaplet high perched on a ledge of rock at a great altitude of these wild regions. Her slender, fair limbs, were as strong as steel in a velvet scabbard and her health at that time perfect. She would climb the grassy slopes, the steep stone ways, like an antelope, enchanted by the solitude, the sense of utter silence around her in which no sound was heard except that of rippling water, of broken boughs or perchance the joyful song of a herd tending his flocks on the green slopes far below.

Elizabeth of Austria is a noble woman in the full sense of the word. She is very proud, silent, brave and resolute. She has a generous and perfectly truthful nature. Many have said that she has not always been amiable, that she is too far removed from human emotions and human needs, too cold, too distant; that is in a measure true, but this is just what has made her the most poetical, romantic and admirable figure among the royalty of Europe. No one who has not lived with her in close intimacy can realize her infinite grace, and the peculiar mixture of vivacity and languor which is so irresistible. Her heart is only too soft and loving for those who know how to reach it through the envelope of coldness

which is one of her most striking characteristics. Men have been madly in love with her, but she has always been as pure and as unattainable as the unsullied snow of her beloved mountains. Often has she been compared to the Alpine edelweiss, this ice-blossom for which many risk their life and which alone can thrive in an untainted atmosphere. Many years ago a young and handsome Hungarian nobleman, Count H——, lost his heart so completely to his lovely Sovereign that one night during a state ball at the castle of Shoenbrunn, while wandering by her side on the moonlit terrace he forgot all else save his uncontrollable passion and casting himself at her feet confessed his love to her in broken accents. Two days later Count H—— was exiled to his vast possessions in the far South of Hungary and during long years he was kept there by the orders of the Kaiser to whom Empress Elizabeth had at once confided the insult to which she had been subjected.

The Emperor, in spite of all that may have been said to the contrary, and although a man of many intrigues, has really loved but one woman in the true sense of the word, and that woman is his wife. The story of his betrothal to her is one of the prettiest and most poetical pages of modern history. A marriage had been negotiated for him with the eldest daughter of Duke Maximillian in Bavaria, but when Francis Joseph arrived at his future father-in-law's castle to be officially betrothed, he happened to meet in the Park the younger sister, Princess Elizabeth, as yet a girl in short dresses and who had not made her debut. To see her was to love her madly, for at fifteen the little Princess was the very embodiment of a poet's dream. She possessed that exquisite delicacy as of something too fair for man's rude touch; her

transparent, colorless skin, her immense, dreamy, dark-blue eyes, her wealth of rippling golden-chestnut hair, and especially her beaming, innocent smile proved too much for Francis Joseph's susceptible heart, and, breaking off his engagement to Princess Helen, he married Princess Elizabeth.

The union found no favor in the eyes of the haughty, exclusive aristocracy of Austria, who had cherished the idea of a grander alliance for their young Emperor than a marriage with the younger daughter of the impoverished Duke Maximillian in Bavaria. During the first years of her reign Empress Elizabeth was treated at Vienna with coldness and almost injurious reserve by her proud entourage. She has never forgotten nor forgiven this. Even her husband's family kept aloof from the beautiful girl brought amongst them by the ruler of Austro-Hungary, her greatest sin in their eyes being that she was not even a "Royal Highness" by birth. Moreover, her mother-in-law, Empress Sophia, who, although one of the most remarkable women of the present century, was likewise one of the most despotic and overbearing, resented her influence on the Emperor and became jealous of the affection between the handsome young couple. Indeed, she actually became the leader of the cabal against Elizabeth, whom she treated as a personal enemy.

It is, therefore, not surprising that finding no sympathy around her the sorely-tried girl should have turned some years after her marriage to those out-door sports and violent bodily exercises with which she has so frequently been taunted. She doubtlessly adopted them as the surest means to drive off by physical exhaustion the pain and disappointment that were gnawing at her heart, and often has she said that the best and

most trustworthy friends that she ever had were her horses and dogs.

The Empress is clever, by nature and culture, by intellect and insight, really delicately clever, with both aptitude and an unsatiable appetite for learning and scholarship, without, however, a vestige of the blue-stocking about her. Immediately after the honey-moon was over she devoted several hours a day to the careful study of the frightfully difficult Hungarian language, selecting as her teacher, after a while, the learned editor of the "Pesther Lloyd." Her choice was bitterly criticised, for not only in his paper, but also by his speeches in the Hungarian Lower House of Parliament, did the editor-in-chief of the great Hungarian organ lead a strong opposition against the Government. Taking no heed of all the gossip aroused by her doings, the Empress persevered in her lessons and soon became an excellent Hungarian scholar, besides making a firm and staunch friend of Deputy Falk. So interested did she become in her studies that when tired out by some irksome Court function she would always prepare her lesson before retiring to bed and on several occasions even translated some Hungarian exercises on the fly-leaf of a book after lying down, "in order to show her good will and her anxiety for rapid progress" as she laughingly remarked to her delighted teacher when he appeared before her on the following day.

Never has Elizabeth failed to find solace and consolation in study and she acquired a great deal of sound knowledge on all arts and sciences, with a true taste that never led her wrong. When interested in her subject she talks well in graceful and well chosen language of which she speaks seven fluently. Her conversation always discloses without effort,

the resources of a cultured and learned mind, and though understood by few she is, notwithstanding, as near perfect as it is possible for human nature to be. A habit which may possibly be considered as incompatible with her delicate nature is, that she smokes from thirty to forty Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day and for many years it has been her inveterate custom to puff away after dinner at a strong Italian cigar, one of those with a straw running through it, and which is brought to her with a cup of Turkish coffee every evening on a gold salver. She says herself that smoking soothes her nerves and that whenever she feels "blue" a cigar or a cigarette will do more than anything else to cause her to see things in a happier light. She is a perfect Greek and Latin scholar, and when writing she smokes almost continually. On her writing table are always a large silver box of repousse work, filled with cigarettes, a match-box of carved Chinese jade, and a capacious ash receiver, made of the hoof of a favorite hunter, which broke its spine over a blackthorn hedge several years ago during one of the Autumn meets at Schloss Godollo in Hungary. The Empress caused the handsome mare's front hoofs to be mounted in silver in the form of ash receivers, and gave one to the Emperor, the other constituting always part and parcel of her dressing-case wherever she goes. Almost mechanically Her Majesty lights cigarette after cigarette, as she sits in her great writing-room at Godollo, which is fitted up with carved-oak panels and Gobelin tapestries, the sombre hue of the walls being relieved here and there by trophies of the chase. Any one who has the opportunity of examining closely the slender, white hand of the Imperial lady will certainly have noticed a faint yellow stain on the first and second fingers of the left hand caused by the

cigarette But Elizabeth's brain has not been dulled, nor has her marvelous beauty been impaired by nicotine. For she still remains not only one of the loveliest, but also one of the most quick witted, spirituelle and intellectual women of the age.

She plays superbly on the zither, one of the most difficult of intruments. It is her constant companion and a never failing solace in those moments of despondency which have of late become so frequent. Its beautiful and at the same time mournful tones, when wailing forth one of those plaintive "Lieders" of the Kearnthner Mountains seem to be thoroughly in accord with the heart and mind of the sorely tried Imperial lady. She takes a special pleasure on clear summer nights in sitting in a boat drifting aimlessly on the moonlit waters of the Gmunder or Kaernthner sea, with her instrument on her lap awakening the magical echoes of the mountains by the stirring melodies which her supple fingers bring forth.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Empress Elizabeth should so much prefer Hungary to Austria, for the Hungarians have ever shown her a loyalty and affection which may have well touched her heart. The ceremonies which took place on her first visit to Buda-Pesth are still present to the memory of all those who witnessed them and aroused the genuine enthusiasm of the young Sovereign, so vividly that even now she cannot speak of them without emotion. The town was crowded with Magyars from the Bakos Plain, Suabians from the mountains west of the town, Slovkos from North Hungary, Servians and Croatians from the southern districts, and even long-haired Saxons from Transylvania, with different Corporations, Unions and Guilds, carrying banners,

the honored veterans of the war of 1848–49 in their old uniforms, and the school-boys, numbering in all forty thousand persons, lined the streets from the Western Railway Station to the Royal Castle, a distance of six kilometres. Those invited by the Government or the Municipal authorities occupied seats on the official tribunes. When their Majesties issued from the station deafening cries of "Eljen!" were raised and were kept up throughout the route uninterruptedly. The Emperor and Empress rode in a State-carriage drawn by four white horses. Directly the procession began to move, a salute of one hundred and one minute guns was fired from the citadel on the Gellert. The procession was headed by mounted police, followed by the carriage of the Governor of the city and Chief of Police.

The escort of one hundred and eighty-two aristocrats was a magnificent sight. Six pairs of cavaliers, whose horses were led by armour bearers in handsome dresses, were followed by four mounted Magnates, each of whom carried a banner. The others came in pairs, each horse being led by one or two armour bearers. All the nobles wore the splended dress of the Magnates adorned from the kalpak, or head covering—which is surmounted by heron's feathers—down to the high boots with gold embroidery and precious stones. The reins, gilt stirrups, and the shabracks and golden scabbards of the scimitars were covered with diamonds and jewelry, some of them being worth a fortune. The carriage was accompanied by the Adjutant General and by the Hungarian Minister. The procession was followed by three carriages, containing Court officials, and several hundreds of the carriages of the members of the Episcopacy and the House of Magnates. Most of the coaches and harness were

covered with gold and silver. The pageant went at a foot pace through the decorated streets, amid the cheers of several hundred thousand spectators. The English know how to cheer, but their "hurrahs" are not to be compared for volume of sound with the thundering "Eljens" of the Magyars. Maidens dressed in white showered flowers on the road followed by the procession, invoking blessings on the head of their handsome young Sovereign and his lovely consort.

Whenever Elizabeth has come to Hungary she has always since been received with the same loud "Eljen" and the same exuberant joy, a fact that has strongly contributed to make her love the Magyar race.

The most notable feature of the coronation of Emperor Francis Joseph and Empress Elizabeth as King and Queen of Hungary a quarter of a century ago, was the reconciliation of the Emperor Monarch to his consort. It is needless to refer here to the circumstances which led to the Empress's momentarily bitter sentiments against her husband, feelings which years and grief have now long since conquered, but which, nevertheless, have had a permanently saddening influence upon the noble woman's life.

The circumstances, such as they were resulted in an almost complete separation of the Imperial couple in the year 1859, a separation which of course soon became the talk of all Europe. The Kaiserium left Vienna at the time and absosutely refused under any consideration whatsoever to grant the Emperor even ever so short an interview. She at first took up her abode at Corfu, where she remained up to the hour when hearing that her husband was about to leave Trieste in order to join her, she immediately boarded her yacht and set sail for the Island of Minorca. Thither the Emperor followed

her but did not succeed in meeting her, for barely eight hours before the Emperor's yacht reached Minorca the Empress had fled to Madeira, from whence she proceeded to the north cruising in the British Channel, with a view of finally eluding her husband.

ARCHDUCHESS MARIA THERESA.

Francis Joseph much disturbed by his wife's persistence in avoiding him gave up the attempt of seeing her and returned to Vienna in a most unenviable frame of mind.

Until the year 1867, did this estrangement last, the august couple only meeting on very few State occasions and in the most formal and distant manner. It was then that the Emperor's relatives and principal advisers alarmed by the delicate health and frail constitution of Crown Prince Rudolph who was the only son, and heir to the throne, determined to bring about a reconciliation between Francis Joseph and Elizabeth. The complications which threatened to ensue in connection with the succession to the throne of Hungary were the Crown Prince to die in his childhood alarmed

everybody, for at the time the relations between the Magyar Kingdom and the Austrian Empire were of far less friendly nature than they have since become, and difficulties in the management of the dual empire were greatly to be feared. Accordingly, the Empress was approached in the matter both by her husband's relatives and by the leading statesmen, who appealed to her not on personal but on patriotic grounds, and entreated her to resume once more her position as the Emperor's wife.

Her Majesty for many a day declined to listen to these overtures, but finally wearied by the downright persecution to which she was being subjected at the hands of her husband's and her own family she consented to take part in the Coronation ceremonies at Buda-Pesth on the 8th of June, 1867, and on the evening of that day the citizens of the ancient Maygar capital were drinking toasts not alone in honor of their newly crowned King and Queen but also in honor of the reco iliation between Francis Joseph and his beautiful wife.

In the following spring Her Majesty gave birth to her third and favorite child, Archduchess Marie-Valerie. Since that time a perfect understanding has existed between husband and wife, and if no longer lovers they are at any rate firm friends, who have been drawn more closely together by the grief consequent upon the tragical death of their only son, than they have been since the year 1859.

Empress Elizabeth's favorite child has always been Archduchess Marie-Valerie, as I remarked above. The Archduchess is not a pretty woman, her features being too decidedly Hapsburg for that, but she possesses a great charm of manner, and has her mother's willowy figure, slender feet,

perfect hands and exquisite look of refinement and unequalled distinction. The young Archduchess has been her mother's almost constant companion, and was educated by the highly gifted and talented Bishop Ronay, who had previously been the tutor of the ill-fated Archduke Rudolph.

From her tenderest childhood the very atmosphere in which Valerie moved has been redolent of fidelity, of courage, and of dignity. She is extremely fascinating and has not a grain of self-consciousness or self-assertion. Her appearance is very ethereal and delicate, but that delicacy of mould sheathes nerves of steel, and her slender, supple frame can stand more fatigue than that of many a stronger looking woman. She swims like an otter, rides almost as well as her mother, fences and shoots with great skill, and is a sure-footed mountaineer. Her education has been pushed further than is generally the case with young girls of her position. She knows Latin and Greek, speaks seven or eight languages, draws and paints with great talent, and sings with a singular richness and power, her voice being pure and strong with a tone in it of unconscious emotion.

Marie-Valerie has inherited all her mother's love for sport and out-door life. She delights in taking long and tiring walks, and is never so happy as when among her dear Oberostereich mountains. Late in the autumn she has often donned a fur-lined riding habit and mounting a pony well used to the hills she has wandered on the frozen paths of the Glockner range. She knows every step of the way up to the spurs of the great mountains and would ride till the ascent grew too steep for her horse, then leaving the latter with her attendant jæger she would seize her alpenstock and go on

her way over the gigantic boulders, breathing with delight the icy blast from the snow covered summits of the Adler-Spitz. Of course there is danger in such expeditions but the young Archduchess is used to the mountains, and keeps to the right path regardless of the fierce winds tearing at her clothes and of the proximity of the yawning abysses beneath her.

ARCHDUCHESS VALERIE.

An incident which gives a clue to the decision and energy of her character is the complete cessation of intercourse between herself and her foster, or adopted sister Princess Aglae Auersperg, who losing her mother when she was yet a tiny baby was adopted by Empress Elizabeth and brought up entirely with Archduchess Valerie. They were literally like twin sisters until some time before the death of Archduke Rudolph.

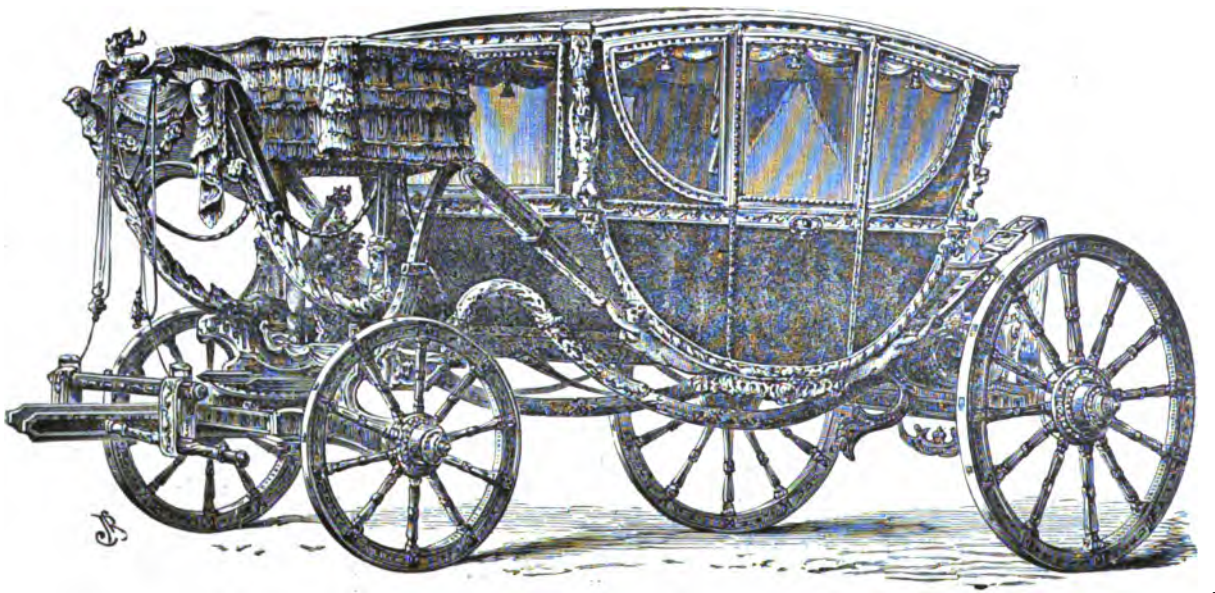
About that time a rumor became current in Court circles

that Crown Prince Rudolph was paying a good deal of attention to pretty Aglae, who shortly after started on a voyage to the East under the escort of an old governess. It was only a few months later that the tragedy of Meyerling brought sorrow and consternation all over the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and many people connected the apparent disgrace of beautiful Aglae with Rudolph's violent death, notwithstanding the fact of his apparently passionate and openly avowed love for Baroness Marie-Vetesra. When Princess Aglae returned to Vienna some months ago it became almost a certainty in every body's mind that something was radically wrong. For not only did the Empress refuse to receive her, but Archduchess Valerie meeting her former beloved friend accidently in public looked her straight in the face without a gleam of recognition in her large blue eyes, and passed on her way, drawing herself up to her full height and leaving the Princess's low curtsey unreturned.

It was also noticed that as the Archduchess moved off a terrible anger suddenly seemed to sweep over her delicate, proud face; her lips were pale with the force of the restraint she visibly put upon herself, and her slender, white hands were clinched on the handle of her fan with a vice-like grip. Yet a tenderer love never united two girls than that which Valerie and Aglae felt for one another. They were inseparable and it is difficult to understand how so deep a feeling can have died out so completely in the heart of Archduke Franz Salvator's fair wife. Had she no thought of the merry days when in the little Tyroler house which was built for the particular amusement of the Imperial children in the Park of Schoenbrunn, she used to play so happily with her little friend, cooking doll's dinners in the miniature kitchen and sharing every toil and

pleasure with her; on the long summer afternoons when they ran hither and thither in a very ecstacy of delight at the beauty of the daisies and golden king cups, which they gathered amid the long grass? The question is impossible to answer, for like all questions connected with the dead Crown Prince it is wrapped in the deepest and most profound mystery.

The marriage of the young Archduchess Valerie to her cousin, the Archduke Francis Salvator, was of unusual interest not only in her father's dominions, but also abroad, by reason of the fact that her Imperial Highness had, since her birth, been the favorite child of her parents, the living token of the reconciliation which was brought about between them by the statesmen of the dual empire on the eve of their coronation as King and Queen of Hungary in 1867. Moreover, the young Archduchess, concerning whose unaffected ways and kindly heart innumerable anecdotes are current among the people, has always been the constant companion of her mother and her loving comforter and consoler at the time of the terrible tragedy at Meyerling. Never parted even for a day from her daughter, some anxiety prevailed among Her Majesty's entourage respecting the manner in which she would bear the separation when the Archduchess entered upon her married life at Castle Lichtenegg near Wels, a garrison town three hours from Vienna, where the regiment to which the Archduke belongs is stationed. The Empress, however, as she always does in the important moments of her life showed her sense and judgment in conquering the distress caused by this separation, and looks to the frequent visits exchanged between mother and daughter to make up for the dreariness caused by the absence of her beloved girl.



IMPERIAL STATE CARRIAGE OF AUSTRIA.

The marriage turned out excellently, the young couple being admirably suited to one another. The Archduchess Valerie has a graceful figure, a face full of intelligence, although one that is not beautiful, her eyes are dark blue, and her nose delicately modelled. Her former teachers all speak in the warmest praise of her goodness, her amiability and her literary abilities. Of the last quality she has given evidence by the production of several charming poems and admirable essays, which found a publisher and enjoyed a wide-spread sale.

Wheresoever she goes she plays the part of a fairy godmother to the poor children, strewing gifts and bestowing bounty where she feels they will give the most enjoyment and be the most welcome.

Archduke Francis Salvator is a son of the Archduke Carl Salvator and the Archduchess Maria-Immaculata, the daughter of King Ferdinand II of Naples. He is therefore a descendant of the Tuscan branch of the Hapsburgs.

He is tall, well built, has a dark complexion, is a bold rider, a good soldier, and enjoys a large share of popularity.

Their little daughter, Archduchess Elizabeth, Maria, Francisca, Carolina, Ignatia, the youngest member of the Austrian Imperial family, made her appearance in this world under somewhat sombre circumstances, for her birth took place almost simultaneously with the death of her great grandmother, the Duchess Ludovica in Bavaria; that of her grandfather, Archduke Carl Salvator, and that of her great aunt, the Duchess Maximilian, in Bavaria. But the advent of the tiny princess brightened like a welcome sun-ray the gloom pervading the Imperial palace.

The christening of the little Archduchess, in spite of the

sadness which all these succeeding deaths had cast over the Imperial family was a very pretty and brilliant affair.

Every appearance of mourning had vanished from the Imperial palace on Tuesday, February 2, 1892, in honor of the wee Archduchess, who was christened in the largest drawing room of the so-called "Franz Carl Apartments."

The great salon had been arranged like a chapel, the walls being covered with purple velvet draperies and lined with blossoming plants. An altar had been erected at the upper end, to the right and left were rows of purple velvet arm-chairs for the guests. Two tables were placed on either side of the altar. On one of them were the huge golden ewer and golden christening font. The other which was upholstered in white velvet, was prepared for the undressing of the babe. Before the altar the Imperial and Royal Chaplain, Monsignor Laurenz Meyer, in white surplice and stole, and the two court chaplains, awaited the entrance of the infant.

The Empress looked handsomer than ever. She wore a dove-gray satin gown with long square train entirely covered by superb "point d' Alencon" lace. Over the corsage which was made high to the throat, was a "zouave" of the same costly fabric. Her Majesty's wonderful hair was braided and coiled around her head in the ordinary fashion, and a diadem of gigantic diamonds sparkled above her brow. The Emperor was in the uniform of Field Marshal with the Grand Cross of St. Stephen and the Order of the Golden-Fleece. Crown Princess Stephanie looked unusually well in a dress of pinkish heliotrope, brocaded with white primroses. Ropes of pearls were wound in her fair hair. Beautiful Archduchess Maria Theresa wore a mauve velvet train and bodice over a

petticoat of white satin, veiled by mauve silk crepe. The train was edged with a thick "cordon" of Neapolitan and Russian violets, sprinkled with diamond dew-drops, and about her throat was a boa of the same fragrant blossoms, which reached down to the hem of her skirts. All the ladies were in high-necked dresses and wore white, pale gray or soft shades of lavender, mauve and heliotrope.

The aspect of the improvised chapel was lovely, filled as it was with exquisite flowers, perfectly dressed women and men arrayed in glittering uniforms. Between the windows were consols decorated with groups of feathery palms, white azaleas and tea roses. On the altar stood tall gold vases filled with snowy lilies, and gold chandeliers where pink consecrated candles gleamed softly.

The baby was brought in at ten minutes past twelve o'clock on a white satin and lace cushion, by Archduchess Marie Valerie's lady-in-waiting, Baroness Veczey, accompanied by Chamberlain Baron Lederer. The young father, Archduke Franz Salvator, walked behind his new-born child, and when she was carried to the altar he took his place beside the godmother, Empress Elizabeth, who stood with the Emperor to the left of the altar. Baron Nopesa, Grand-Master of the Empress's Household, remained behind Her Majesty, holding a christening candle which he afterward handed to the fair Sovereign.

The officiating priest, having put the ordinary questions to the Imperial godmother, the infant was completely undressed and brought once more to the altar. Empress Elizabeth, with the fingers of her right hand under the little one's shoulders, made the vows, whereupon the exorcism began. The chaplain, breathing three times on the infant to drive away

the devil which is supposed to inhabit the soul of the unchristened, then, in a loud tone of voice commanded the wicked spirit to depart, using the solemn words of the ancient rite. Having thus driven forth the unclean breath of evil, he touched the infant's ears and nostrils with his moistened finger, pronouncing the Scriptural word "Epheta" (Be opened) — man in his natural state being, spiritually speaking, both deaf and dumb. He then put salt on the tongue and anointed the breast, the shoulders and the forehead of the infant. The holy chrism was applied, and lastly the holy water from the River Jordan was poured three times in the form of a cross over the child's head and shoulders. When the baby was dressed again, the priest blessed it anew with the words "Vade in pace et Dominus tecum," the Empress answering, "Amen," and kissing her little goddaughter very tenderly.

These christenings at Court are a very interesting ceremony to witness, but are in truth attended by few, for they are naturally considered as an occasion when none but the members of the family and the members of the household are allowed to be present, especially when the reigning family is in mourning, as was the case in that instance, the strictest privacy is observed.

Three days before the christening was the anniversary of Crown Prince Rudolph's tragical death, and the Emperor and Empress visited the Capuchin Church were the body of their beloved son lies buried. Numerous beautiful wreaths were deposited on the sarcophagus, including a large crown of palms, laurels, yellow roses and lilies of the valley, laid there in the name of the German Emperor. The widowed Crown Princess Stephanie also visited the vault later in the evening

to pray beside her husband's remains. A requiem mass was said in the Josef's Kappelle.

The Capuchin Church, which is attached to the Capuchin Monastery on the Mehlmarkt, is one of the finest and most ancient places of worship in Vienna. Since the year 1633, the members of the House of Austria have been placed there after death, and the vaults now contain 114 Imperial coffins. It is said that the Empress Maria Theresa one night when she was praying there beside her husband, Franz von Lothringen's tomb, had a vision announcing to her that her days were numbered. This took place on November 2, 1780, and she died on the 29th of the same month. During the reign of her son, the great Emperor Joseph, it was discovered that under the church were dark and fearful stone cells where criminals were detained unknown to the authorities. The Emperor caused the monastery to be searched and a large number of wretched human beings were found there entombed alive. Several of them had gone insane from sheer despair during the awful years of their incarceration. The Father Superior was severely punished by the Emperor, removed from his office, and then handed over to the Pope who dealt most unmercifully with him.

Empress Elisabeth has never cared for her daughter-in-law, Crown Princess Stephanie. Even at the time when the marriage took place she displayed a very marked coolness toward her son's Belgian bride. In this instance as in many others, Her Majesty gave proof of her great knowledge of human nature for the unhappiness of the Crown Prince's marriage and the disastrous termination thereof were mainly due to the sulky, disagreeable and jealous character of Archduchess Stephanie. The relations between the widowed Princess

and her parents-in-law are therefore exceedingly strained, The Empress, whose mind has never entirely recovered from the shock caused by the tragical death of her son, holds Stephanie directly responsible for the circumstances which led thereto. In a lesser degree, the sentiments of the Empress are shared by most of the members of the Imperial Family. For they are all of the opinion that if Stephanie had shown more good-temper, patience and affection toward her husband, the latter would be still in the land of the living. The only person who championed her cause until recently, and to whom she could look for kindness and for friendship, in the species of ostracism to which she is condemned by her husband's relatives, was the Emperor. Unfortunately, however, she has now quarreled with him on the subject of her little daughter, Elizabeth. The child was consigned by Rudolph to the guardianship of the Emperor, as chief of the family. His Majesty was content to leave his granddaughter to the care of Stephanie as long as the latter remained in Vienna or in the neighborhood thereof. But when the Crown Princess who is unpopular there, and who in consequence dislikes the Austrian capital very much, expressed a wish to take the child wherever her own inclination led her, the Emperor refused to consent thereto. Of course Stephanie bitterly resents this, all the more as it has given rise to all kinds of rumors as to the reasons which have led the kindly and courteous Francis Joseph to adopt so uncompromising an attitude toward his daughter-in-law. It is openly stated in official circles that her behavior during the years of her widowhood has been marked by indiscretions which have been a source of great distress to the Emperor. Not only has she neglected her child in the most pointed manner,

by leaving her alone at Laxenburg, and entirely without any near relative upon whom to lavish her love, for weeks, and sometimes whole months together, while she herself was traveling about in France and Austria, but moreover, her name became connected first with an Austrian nobleman, and subsequently with that of a Hungarian magnate, in such a manner that it was even publicly alleged that she was morganatically married to one or the other of them.

CROWN PRINCESS STEPHANIE AND DAUGHTER.

The Empress like almost every other Austrian has been deeply shocked by the flightv and altogether inappropriate

behavior of Princess Stephanie. Not only has the Crown Princess been tactless enough to forget to make any manifestation of sympathy or reget when the chapel at Meyerling was consecrated and at the services held in memory of her dead husband, but she has long since cast mourning garments to the winds, decked herself in the gayest attire and taken her seat every day for three weeks among the worthless women who spend their days at the gambling tables of Monte Carlo, during her travels to the south of France.

There can be no doubt that the Crown Princess was the cause of all her husband's sorrows, and that he was driven by the miserable life he led with his wife to seek consolation elsewhere.

It is well known at Vienna that on the day before the tragedy the Prince had a long and stormy interview with his father, from whom he parted with blanched cheeks and every appearance of great mental distress. It was no secret that the subject of the interview was an attempt by the Emperor to bring about a reconciliation, or at any rate a "modus vivendi" between the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. The latter had publicly announced her determination of declining to submit any longer to what she termed her husband's neglect, and was making preparation to return to her home in Belgium, a project for the execution of which she had secured the approval of her parents, King Leopold and Queen Henriette. It was with a view of averting this scandal that the monarch expostulated with his son.

Exactly what passed between father and son is impossible to say, for no one else was present. But it is probable that the Archduke repeated his assertions that nothing could ever induce him to live again with his wife and that he was

perfectly willing that she should leave Austria forever.

The role played by the Crown Princess has been from beginning to end an unfortunate and a heartless one. Rudolph would have been a different man had it not been for the baneful influence his wife exercised over him. I knew him for many years and may say in all truth that he was one of the most chivalrous, kind-hearted and religious young men I have ever met, and that I for one, know pertinently that the change in his whole being which led to the tragedy of Meyerling can be laid justly at the door of the sour-tempered, overbearing, narrow-minded woman whom he was so unfortunate as to marry.

Rudolph showed in many ways the lasting effects of the influence exercised upon his character by his teachers. The pronounced tastes for natural studies which won for the ill-fated Archduke the reputation of being one of the foremost zoologists and ornithologists of Europe were due to the teachings of his tutor, Professor Brehm. The many noble and lovable phases of his nature were attributable to the fostering care and guidance of that most charming and simple minded of prelates, Monsignor Ronay; while the particular defects of the Prince's character which constituted the shadow of his life may be traced to Admiral Count Bombelles. The selection of the latter as mentor of the Archduke was about the very worst choice that could have been made and, was due to favor and court intrigue rather than to any merit on the part of the Admiral. He was the son of Count Henri Bombelles, who was the tutor of the present Emperor of Austria, and was the nephew of Count Paul Bombelles, who was the third husband of the widow of Napoleon I, the Empress Marie Louise, of France. Exceedingly talented

and accomplished in every possible way, his notions of morality were loose in the extreme ; and as such he was the last person who should have been chosen to fill the post of governor and tutor to a Prince who had inherited all the traditional failing of the Hapsburg race with regard to the fair sex. His death took place a few months after the affair of Meyerling—a tragedy for which the Emperor held him in a great measure accountable, and to which he owed his disgrace and exile from Court.

Count Bombelles it may be stated was in attendance on Empress Charlotte of Mexico in 1866, and 1867, when she visited Napoleon III and Pius IX for the purpose of invoking the assistance of the one and the influence of the other in behalf of her husband Maximilian. And it was the Count who first became aware of her insanity, and who was intrusted with all the arrangements for placing her under restraint.

The first anniversary of the Crown Prince's death was celebrated with much solemnity throughout Austria and Hungary by the people. But the clergy in quite a number of places created a painful sensation by refusing to perform the "Seelen Messe," or "Bout de l'an" mass in consequence of the circumstances connected with the Prince's death. The most glaring instance of this utter absence of charity was at Botzen, in the Tyrol, where the widowed Crown Princess was staying. Having sent to request the dean of the cathedral to celebrate the customary mass for the repose of her husband's soul, he curtly declined either to perform it himself, or permit it to take place in the cathedral. The ceremony therefore took place in the parish church of Gries, a little village in the neighborhood of Botzen. Much disagreeable comment was caused by the failure of Stephanie to return to

Vienna for the sad anniversary, in order to accompany the Emperor, the Empress and Archduchess Valerie to Meyerling for the purpose of being present with them at the ceremony of the consecration of the chapel erected on the spot where her husband met his death. It was positively expected that she would have made a point of spending the day with her little daughter, and that she would have followed their Majesties' example in passing a few moments in prayer at the ill-fated Archduke's tomb in the vaults of the Capuchin Church in Vienna. But she unwisely absented herself, a fact which painfully impressed all those who so dearly loved the dead Prince. The visit of the Emperor and Empress with Archduchess Valerie to Meyerling on the 30th of January, just a year after the frightful death of "Rudi" as the Crown Prince was called by his parents, was marked by several exceedingly pathetic incidents. The scene at the railway terminus, when starting on their pilgrimage to the fatal spot, was pitiful in the extreme. The Emperor had offered his right arm to his Consort, and with his left hand he was gently stroking the small, black-gloved hand that rested upon his sleeve, as he slightly bent toward her, murmuring words of consolation. Archduchess Valerie followed closely behind; the two ladies were attired in the deepest mourning, and were weeping bitterly. On reaching the chapel which has been erected on the scene of the tragedy at Meyerling, a mass was performed by the Abbot Baron von Grimmenstein, assisted by Count Chaplain Monsignor Meyer; the priests kneeling at an altar of exquisitely carved Istrian marble, placed on the very spot where the bed had stood on which the Archduke had shot himself.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY
OF
AUSTRIA.
II.

THE Court Drawing-rooms when held by the Empress are very grand functions indeed, but Her Majesty has always shown much reluctance to fulfill her duties in connection with the matter, and for many years abstained from being present at any of these ceremonies. On January 21, 1891, she however consented in deference to the Emperor's positive wish to receive the debutantes of the year at the Vienna Hofburg. This reception being the first given at Court since the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph, prepations of a very elaborate nature were made by the ladies who had received invitations thereto, and the scene was consequently a very gorgeous one.

There were no less than fifty-six young debuantes anxiously awaiting their presentation to their sovereign.

The aspect of the Hall of Ceremonies when the Imperial cortege made its entrance was absolutely fairy-like. Arrayed in superb uniforms and exquisite dresses were the very pink —the fine fleur—of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracies, only those who could show the proper number of nobiliary quarterings, untarnished by any bourgeois or plebian stain. Any mésalliance on the part of an ancestor, even a couple of centuries back, is considered as sufficient there to render a woman, no matter how high her rank and her title, unworthy of being received at the etiquette-bound Court of Vienna. The

existence of this strict rule with regard to ancestry leads the great Houses of the Austro-Hungarian aristocracy to observe great care in their matrimonial alliances and to restrict their choice of partners for life to the members of their set. The consequence is that almost all those present on that day at the Hofburg were related to one another, calling each other by their Christian names. The diplomatic corps had not been invited, and consequently the company was limited to the Imperial family and to the great Houses of ancient nobility. The magnificent hall was brilliantly lighted, and the walls and consols were decorated with groups of feathery palms, white camellias and banks of violets. The long mirrors between the windows were surrounded with thick wreaths of violets, heliotropes and pale yellow mimosa blossoms, with here and there a fragrant bunch of tea roses. Posted in the adjoining hall and salons were the Hungarian Body Guards, wearing the crimson silver-embroidered uniforms, high yellow boots and scarlet kalpaks, with a snowy heron's plume; the Reiter Garde Escadron in dark green coats, gold epaulettes, white leather breeches and long patent leather boots, with silver helmets on their heads; and the Body Guard of Archers.

Four hundred invitations had been sent by Prince Hohenlohl the Grand Master of the Court. Count Tassilo-Festetics, who achieved notoriety some time previously by refusing to receive at his Castle of Keszthely, the Prince of Wales, because he was accompanied by Baron Hirsch, wore the splendid violet velvet dress of a Hungarian Magnate. It was trimmed with priceless sable and literally covered with jewels. The aigrette on his kalpak, the hilt of his sword and the broad golden belt around his waist were all sparkling with

huge diamonds, sapphires and rubies. Count Ralffy was resplendent in the purple velvet costume of a Polish noble; he also wore jewels of great value, and the front of his gold-laced coat was encrusted with pearls and emeralds. Many of the men wore the black velvet and white satin uniform of the Teutonic Order as also did Archduke Wilhelm, who is the Grand Master thereof.

The orchestra was conducted as usual by "Eddy" Strauss. The "maestro," wearing his red Court-uniform, with sword and decorations, looked jubilant at exercising his functions of "Hofkapelmeister." At eight o'clock the doors at the upper end of the Throne-room were thrown open by two grooms of the Privy-Chamber, the band struck up the National hymn, and the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, Count Koloman Hunyadi, wearing the crimson and gold uniform of a general of calvary, with the Hungarian "Atilla" of white cloth, bordered with Russian sable, hanging by gold cords from the left shoulder, walked in backward, preceding the Imperial procession. With his ivory wand, the Grand Master struck the floor repeatedly to announce the Sovereign's approach. The procession came in the following order; First, Empress Elizabeth, with the Duke of Cumberland; then the Duchess of Cumberland, with the Emperor; the widowed Crown-Princess Stephanie, with Archduke Karl-Ludwig, and the Archduchess Marie-Theresa, with Archduke Ferdinand d'Este. Then came all the other Archdukes, Archduchesses, Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family, followed by the Ladies and Gentlemen in waiting. Every eye in the room was turned toward Empress Elizabeth, who looked exceedingly beautiful; nobody could have believed her to be over thirty-five. She wore a very plain black crepe dress slightly embroidered

with jet and bordered with black marabout feathers. The corsage was almost high to the throat, and around the neck was a boa of black marabout. The beautiful white arms were bare from the shoulder, where gauze draperies were fastened by jet epaulettes. A long Court mantle of black crepe, embroidered with jet and lined throughout with black marabout trailed gracefully on the ground; and a diadem of jet, from which a long black gauze veil fell down to the edge of the train glittered in her hair. She wore no jewels and the sombre hue of her garments was relieved only by the diamond decoration of the Sternkreuz attached to her left shoulder, and by the mysterious gleam of an enormous black diamond—unique in the world—which sparkled at her throat. In her gloved hands the Empress carried a cluster of Russian violets tied with black velvet ribbons. Crown-Princess Stephanie was also in black. Her velvet dress, cut very low, had a stomacher of diamonds, and in her blonde curls were three flat bands of diamonds. The black velvet Court-mantle was embroidered with seed pearls and silver; and here and there it was looped up with bunches of diamond thistles. The Duchess of Cumberland looked well in a dress of cloth-of-silver, with violet velvet train, silver lace half covering it. Ropes of pearls were braided in her hair, and she wore her famous collar, which is composed of twelve rows of pearls as large almost as robin's eggs, and which falls down to her waist. Lovely Archduchess Maria-Theresa wore a petticoat and train of white velvet, smothered in old venetian point. A garland of real tea roses began at the left shoulder, was caught a little below the slender waist by a great diamond fleur-de-lys, fell gracefully down to the edge of the skirt, and then becoming gradually wider, surrounded the train with a broad band of

THE WIDOWED PRINCESS STEPHANIE.

fragrant buds and blossoms. A tiara of large diamond fleur-de-lys completed this beautiful toilette. Among the guests some of the prettiest and richest dresses were worn by Princess Valerie Windishgraetz, whose peach colored damask, brocaded with pansies in their natural colors, was greatly admired; Countess Rosenberg, who was in pale yellow silk cloth, embroidered with wreaths of buttercups and shaded poppies; Markgrafin Pallavicini in pearl-gray satin heavily wrought with gold and silver threads, the Court-mantle edged with Russian sable and powdered with diamond and ruby dragonflies, and Countess Larisch in sea-green velvet, wearing the historical Larisch family jewels. The hereditary Princess Schwarzenberg carried the palm that night with her exquitely pretty and girlish dress, which was like to the realization of a poet's dream. The petticoat was composed of crumpled rose petals, of a very delicate shade of pink. The corsage of valencinnes lace was draped a la Greque and fastened on the shoulders by a cluster of Bengal roses; and the train was formed by soft masses of pale pink crepe edged with rose petals and pink swansdown.

The Empress as soon as she entered the room, advanced to where all the ladies present were standing and began to talk graciously to them in turns, and the Emperor walked up to the rows of bowing gentlemen ranged on the other side of the hall and conversed with them. He then joined the Empress and spoke quite long with Princess Hohenlohe, Countess Schonborn and many others. At nine o'clock the Empress, followed by Countess Goess, her Grand Mistress of the Robes, and Count by Nopcsa, her Master of Ceremonies, proceeded to the Rittersaal, where the debutantes were presented to her. The ceremony over, the Court,

headed by the Emperor and Empress, repaired to the Hall of Mirrors, where tea was served. A superb buffet for the guests was prepared in the Pietradura-room. The Imperial tea-table was glittering with gold plate and Venetian glass, and was covered with Jacqueminot and Noisette roses, trails of which fell over the pale-blue silk and lace tablecloth down to the floor. At eleven o'clock their Majesties retired and half an hour later all the guests had left the Hofburg.

This is of course only a sample of what a Court Reception is at Vienna, and that, not one of the grandest, for when there are foreign Royalties present the ceremony is all the more complicated and dazzling. One room is always set apart for the Diplomatic Corps, ladies of the Embassies and their visiting countrywomen standing to the rear of their respective Ambassadresses, while on the other side of the room the secretaries and attaches of the Embassies, with their visiting countrymen, stand behind their respective Ambassadors.

The following ceremony remains, however, the same at every Court Ball or Reception:

The Emperor and Empress, as soon as they enter each succeeding room, part, the former striding up to where the men are ranged, the Empress advancing to where the ladies have taken up their position. To almost each of the men the Emperor addresses a friendly remark, some he honors with a grasp of the hand, while others unknown to him are presented. The Empress, or, in her absence, the Archduchess, representing her, proceeds in similar fashion with the ladies. By the time they have reached the last room their Majesties change sides, the Empress passing up along the rows of men while the Emperor strolls up the opposite side graced by the fair sex. When they once more reach the Throne-room,

the Empress generally takes her place either on the dais or on a sofa, and sends her Master of Ceremonies to summon to her side the various Ambassadresses, with each of whom she converses in turn, and who are permitted to present once more to her notice those of their countrywomen who are making their debut at the Austrian Court.

One of the State occasions on which the Empress seldom fails to put in an appearance is that of the "washing of the feet," on Thursday of Holy Week in the great Hall of Ceremonies of the "Hofburg," or Imperial Palace.

Nowhere in the world have the Court functions and ceremonies of olden times retained so much of their picturesque splendor as at the Imperial Court of Austria. Probably the grandest and most interesting of all these is that of the washing of the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women by the Emperor and Empress which takes place every year. Only at two other courts, namely, that of the Vatican and of Madrid, is this ancient ceremony observed, by the Pope and the Queen Regent respectively, though with far less magnificence than here. This scene is impressive in the extreme.

The Hall of Ceremonies, originally built as a bold projection from the Burg for the festivities held on the occasion of the Emperor Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise is very beautiful. The light streaming in through the row of tall windows, causes the marble walls and columns to shine, and the red silk brocade to throw up a pink reflection that can be seen in the crystals of fifty lustres, and on the pure white walls and casements. The floor is waxed to perfection and reflects the rows of columns and the table spread for the twelve old men, raised upon a carpeted estrade. The table is gaily decked. On the white tablecloth stand twenty-four

quaint old painted wine jugs, twenty-four silver goblets, and twenty-four nosegays in slender vases; and between these a wreath of pinks is strewn on the tablecloth, varying in shade from the palest pink to the darkest red, and sending up a delicious perfume. When generals, officers, and high functionaries have half filled the room the old men are led in, each accompanied by two relatives, and all dressed in old German fashion—knickerbockers, hose and buckle shoes, a braided coat with a broad muslin collar, and a three-cornered hat, and are followed by the twelve old women equally well got up. The gigantic Guards in scarlet, with white horsetails on their helmets, escort the two oldest male and female to the place of honor which are especially coveted because the Emperor and Empress takes their place beside them.

The Court clergy who officiate in the chapel enter at half past ten and take their places at the top of the room, where a reading desk stands ready with two tall wax candles at either side. The higher Court officials and the Ministers now make their appearance and take their places in front of the crowd of generals, officers and chamberlains already assembled. Then the Archdukes walk in and stand in a row facing the platform and the table at which it should be noted the old people sit only on one side. The Emperor and Empress come last, and mounting the platform place themselves at the end of the table, not in the position of the hosts but in that of servants. They immeditely speak to the oldest man and woman. The Archdukes bow low to the old men and women and then the Master of the Kitchen Count Von Wolkenstein marches in, heading the officials and pages who bring in the viands. Each of the twelve bearers stop at the entrance, with a page behind him, and the Emperor, followed by the

Court Marshal advances slowly, takes the dishes two at a time, and carefully places them on the table. The officers then march away, and the Archdukes advance and walk up the stairs to the table. A row of scarlet body guards march up with wooden trays, which they rest on the right knee, having each placed a foot on the lower step of the platform. The Archdukes then clear the table. This scene is repeated five times, the only noise being the stalwart steps of the guards as they advance and withdraw. The old men eagerly watch what is going on, for of course they do not touch the viands, this being but a symbolical meal to be followed by a substantial one at home.

After the dinner is over the tables are taken away, the old men and old women's shoes and stockings are removed, their knees covered with white clothes, and then the important part of the ceremony begins. The priest at the reading desk reads from the testament that portion of the gospel devoted to the description of Christ washing the feet of the apostles, and two Court priests advance with a basin and ewer each. The Emperor takes a towel and kneels down to dry the feet of each old man after the priest has poured water over them, the Empress meanwhile going through a similar performance with the women. Neither of the sovereigns arise from their knees until the last man or women's feet are washed, gliding from one to the other in a kneeling position. They then wash their august hands in another golden basin and dry them on a diaphanous lace-hemmed towel. Thereupon taking twenty-four purses one at a time from the Court Marshal, and Grand-Mistress of the Robes respectively the Emperor and Empress hang them by a silken cord attached to each round the old pauper's necks, Each purse contains thirty

pieces of gold, in memory of the price paid for Christ's delivery by Judas Iscariot. The ceremony being then over the old men and women are escorted to the carriages awaiting them and in which they are conveyed to their humble homes, with huge baskets containing an elaborate meal apiece—which would easily do for the whole twenty-four of them—together with bottles of fine old wines from the Imperial cellars.

Nowhere is Christmas celebrated with so much fervor as at the Austrian Court. A few years ago when Archduchess Marie-Valerie was still a child, and when Crown-Prince Rudolph was alive, it used to be the most joyful day of the year for the Emperor and Empress. The "vie de famille' is to be found wherever the Hapsburgs are, for nobody is more what the Germans call "gemuhtlich" than the members of this Family. When surrounded only by those she loves Empress Elizabeth's coldness and indifference vanish, her reserve breaks up, and she is transformed by what touches her sympathies and affections. The Emperor himself is never happier than when giving pleasure to others, and Christmas eve has ever been his favorite fete day. Now since the Crown Prince's death, although the Court still mourns for its lost Prince, there are as usual two Christmas trees on the 24th of December—one for the family, and one which Archduchess Valerie still decorated with her own hands for a hundred poor children selected from families under her especial protection. The great fir tree, glittering with gold and silver nuts, rosy cheeked apples and hundreds of gaily painted toys, is lighted at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in the Rittersaal, a splendid old room with painted casements, where Flemish tapestries, draperies of gold-colored velvet, and many escutcheons in enamelled metal half cover the wainscoated and finely

carved walls. Every frame and mirror is garlanded with thick wreaths of mistletoe, and trails of variegated ivy and Christmas roses twine around the grim damascened armors which stand in a double row on both sides of the "saal". On the porphyry hearth a fire of aromatic logs burn, and adds its rosy glow to the radiance coming from the countless candles of the Christmas tree. Servants in State liveries throw open the heavy inlaid doors and admit the troops of enraptured children, who enter, making their bow of courtesy reverently, but without shyness, and range themselves in two lines, the boys on the right and the girls on the left of the Christmas tree. Archduchess Valerie, in a dress of plain white advances toward them, a happy, kindly smile on her young lips, her small hands filled with parcels, like a good fairy about to dis-distribute her gifts. Each child first receives warm clothes, boots, caps, handkerchiefs, and fur-lined gloves; then the toys are given to them, and with cries of delight they jump and laugh as freely and merrilly as if they were in their own homes. When the noise has somewhat subsided the Archduchess bids them sing "Kaiser's Hymn". For a minute all is still; then the grand melody rolls out under the high emblazoned ceilings, the fresh, clear voices going upward like the carol of the lark. As the glad young voices drop into silence the doors at the lower end of the Rittersaal open, revealing a large hall, where a substantial feast is prepared. How wide all the youthful eyes open at the sight of the long table loaded with huge pieces of cold beef, haunches of venison, great plump turkeys and piles of daintily cut sandwiches. Wonderful cakes, studded with candied fruit, and showers of bon-bons, in capacious silver shells complete the feast, while the perfume of coffee and chocolate floats about.

After dinner the family Christmas tree is lighted, the party around it consisting only of the Emperor and Empress, Archduchess Gisela and her four children; her husband, Prince Leopold, of Bavaria; Archduchess Valerie, her husband and baby and the orphaned child of Crown Prince Rudolph.

No table in the whole world is served so daintily or artistically as that of the Austrian Court. Empress Elizabeth, who is a very small eater, often says that elegant surroundings, perfect ease, vast space and soft, shadowy distances are absolutely necessary to preserve some illusions when we dine. Her exquisitely refined taste would prevent her from appreciating even the most delicate of meals were they not served in the most recherche manner, and all that priceless porcelain, unique crystal and glass, and antique gold and silver plate can do to etherealize a meal is done at Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Godollo, or Ishl, whenever the fair Sovereign of Austro-Hungary consents to grace the one or the other of these Imperial palaces with her presence. The damask is so fine that it looks like satin, and for lunch or afternoon tea is replaced by heavy white silk cloths and napkins, edged with Point-de-Venise and adorned with the Imperial crest in raised gold embroidery. The viands are prepared so prettily that it seems almost a pity to break up and eat them, and the fairies themselves might feast on the tempting "pieces-montees" prepared by the artist who presides over the Imperial kitchens. Particularly, I remember a dinner given in honor of the King and Queen of Italy, at the Hofburg, in Vienna, some years ago, as the culminating point of luxury combined with the most refined and exquisite taste. The table cloth was strewn with forced violets, nestling so close to one another that they formed a perfect bank of fragrant

blossoms, leaving only room for the plates of semi-transparent Sevres of the "Famille-Rose," each of which was surmounted with a thick garland of marguerites. Marguerite being the Christian name of the Queen of Italy, her little namesakes had been used with great profusion in the decoration of the festive board. Before the plate of each lady, a slender tulip-shaped vase of Venetian glass, mounted in finely wrought gold, contained a bouquet of marguerites and violets, powdered with diamond dust. The menus were engraved on thin sheets of hammered gold, with the Austrian eagle embossed on the corner. Everything was served on gold dishes, and the dessert plates were a marvel of beauty worthy of Benvenuto-Cellini. When the sorbets were placed before the distinguished guests a faint murmur of admiration was audible. For even the blase eyes of people satiated with every form of luxury were charmed with the little double-headed eagles made of delicately spun sugar, perched on a pale pink glass ball containing a tiny electric light. On the back of each diminutive bird was a large daisy, also made of spun sugar, wherein the sorbets were served, and the gold plates on which the whole rested were garlanded with Parma violets The dinner was really what one may describe without exaggeration as being the apotheosis of gastronomy. The dining hall, scented as with dreamy incenses, and lighted with mellow wax candles, the soft brilliancy of which would have entranced even Lucullus, had he been throned there on his ivory chair, was a sight to be remembered.

The inspector of the Viennese Imperial kitchens, Mr. Kienberger, has held his office for over forty years, and is quite an artist in his way. His ambition consists in making each of the dinner parties at the Hofburg the most successful thing

of the kind in the world, and, like a general on the eve of battle, he never leaves the kitchens and still-rooms of the Palace during the last twenty-four hours before any great entertainment takes place. He personally superintends every detail, and, as he is a culinary genius himself, often concocts some particularly dainty delicacy which he alone can make. He is a great advocate of serving things artistically, and he told me one day, very gravely, that he thought a pigeon served on a gold dish was a more appetizing and pleasing viand than an ortolan sent in on a common china plate. The Imperial kitchens are kept with almost military precision and regularity, by the twenty-four chefs and assistant chefs. Each man has his distinct and well defined task. There is a chef for the entrees, one for the roasts, another one is the pastry cook, while the bakers, confiseurs, glaciers and dishercup have all separate departments where they each reign supreme. Every imaginable dainty is produced at the Palace and the Empress herself comes down every Monday morning, when in Vienna, to stroll through the kitchen and to see that everything is going on as it should.

The duties of a Lady-in-waiting to the Empress are somewhat fatiguing, especially when the Court is en villegiatura at Godollo, in Hungary, for, as stated previously, Her Majesty is a very early riser. Every morning she attends mass in the private Chapel of the Castle at six o'clock, which, of course, entails getting up soon after five. After Chapel, she takes a cup of strong black coffee, without sugar, milk or anything to eat, and then attended by her lady mounts her horse and gallops off through the magnificent park, especially adapted for riding. If the weather is bad the morning is divided between the immense riding school adjoining the Castle and the fencing

hall. A few years ago in the riding school the Empress amused herself by performing in the most skillful manner possible all the equestrian feats, such as bareback riding, jumping through hoops, etc., usually seen at the circus. No one besides the Lady-in-waiting and the grooms are admitted to the riding school when she is there. She is a first-rate fencer, and never allowed a day to pass without at least half an hour with the foils. At eleven o'clock she returns to the Castle for a bath and breakfast. The latter is of the simplest kind, consisting of a minute morsel of very rare steak, dry toast, a cup of tea, without sugar or milk, and a glass of Montrose claret, the only person at table with her being the Lady-in-waiting. After lighting her cigarettes, she retires to her own apartments, where she remains until three o'clock, sometimes dozing, and at other times chatting with her Lady. At three, attended by her Lady, she again goes out riding, and only returns in time to dress for dinner at eight o'clock, at which the Emperor, the members of the Imperial family, together with the personages of the Court are present. The Lady-in-waiting, to whom are entrusted her Majesty's gloves, fan and bouquet, is invariable seated at the table in the immediate vicinity of the Empress, who after dinner lights her eternal cigarette and smokes until ten o'clock, when she retires to rest. The Lady-in-waiting then proceeds to the apartment of the Grand Mistress of the Robes to spend the remainder of the evening there in company with the chamberlains and aides-de-camp. It is hardly necessary to add that eight or ten weeks of such a life are sufficient to exhaust the forces of even the strongest Lady-in-waiting. For apart from the necessity of being perpetually on the qui vive and always in good humor, it requires an exceptional constitution such as was that of the Empress herself to be able to spend every day seven or eight hours in the saddle.

The loss of Duchess Ludovica in Bavaria, Empress Elizabeth's mother, was universally mourned, for she was one of the most sympathetic Princesses in Europe. Remarkably well preserved for her eighty-four years, she was the sister of the Emperor of Austria's mother, Archduchess Sophia, and her talents were celebrated. She played the piano, the harmonium and the zither wonderfully, spoke Greek and Latin with amazing fluency, and was unusually clever. Possessing like her daughter, an insatiate appetite for learning and scholarship, she spent many hours daily in study, and the surprising manner in which her beauty even at her time of life, was preserved, may be accounted for by her invariable habit of riding and driving in all kinds of weather, and by the cold baths in which she indulged up to the time when she was taken sick. She was renowned as one of the most enlightened women of her day. The Emperor of Austria, who is no mean judge of character, had the highest opinion of his mother-in-law's acumen, and used constantly to consult her about affairs of importance. It was she who was the first to point out to him the folly of attempting to conceal the fact that Crown-Prince Rudolph had committed suicide. Her husband who died a few years ago, shortly after the celebration of his golden wedding was somewhat excentric. He used to insist on his dogs being treated as if they were children. He had dinner served to them on plates, they sitting at the table on chairs with dinner napkins around their necks and drinking out of glasses. In her youth the Duchess was renowned for her loveliness, and one of the most interesting pictures at the Palace of Laxemburg represents her in the prime of her charms, surrounded by her five beautiful daughters. The Duchess was so proud of them in those days that when she used to walk out with all five she

exclaimed "Voila mon attelage de poste"! (Look at my team). At the age of eighty-three she was still an active woman in full possession of her mental faculties, though somewhat frail in body. American tourists on the Starenberg Lake in the Bavarian Tyrol will remember the brief stoppage of the steamer at Possenhofen Pier and the gray-haired old lady who was generally standing on the slope of the chateau grounds acknowledging with stately courtesy the respectful salute of the captain and the passengers.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY
OF
AUSTRIA.
III.

AS long as the Crown-Prince Rudolph was alive, the Archduke Charles Louis was a personage of very little importance, even in his own country. His immense wealth gave him a certain social prestage, his refined taste and general culture tendered him an authority upon literature and art, but, so far as the world of statecraft was concerned, he had no influence whatever. He was popularly supposed to have a profound distaste for public life, and to be strongly antagonistic to the Imperial Ministers; but no shred of evidence was ever advanced in support of this view of his character, excepting the fact of his persistantly tabooing the mere mention of politics in his presence.

Although he is now the second personage in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, yet he still persists in keeping entirely outside of any public or political questions. So much so indeed, that a rumor got abroad in Austria to the effect that he wished to renounce his right to the succession. The first time, however, that anyone ventured to hint to the Archduke that he would do well formally to resign his position in favor of his son, he allowed it to be seen plainly enough that nothing was farther from his thoughts, for he has too much exalted a conception of what a Prince owes to his country to be willing to yield to another, duties given him to perform.

Archduke Charles Louis is not a handsome man, but he has the upright bearing and soldierly carriage that distinguished his

race. Owing to the expression of intense sadness which rarely leaveshis face, he looks much older than his years. His manners are singularly attractive; they seem to combine in some subtle fashion the stately courtesy of a grand-seigneur with the simple kindliness of a friend. His life has not been happy, as his face shows clearly enough; men with whom all things have gone well have not such eyes as his. He was only fifteen at the revolution of '48, when his elder brother, the present Emperor, was called to the throne. Somewhat narrow-minded and absolutely antagonistic to any idea of progress, he was and still is the absolute antithesis of his brother, the Emperor, excepting as far as kindness and exquisite courtesy are concerned. He manages always to keep his personal opinions and views entirely to himself and is so uncommunitative that he might pass for sullen were it not for

ARCHDUKE CHARLES LOUIS.

the mobile and constantly changing expression of his face which in itself is a study.

In 1883 the Archduke was appointed Governor of Galicia, and two years later, he was promoted to the more important office of Viceroy of Tyrol. The Tyrolese soon became enthusiastically devoted to their handsome young ruler, who treated them with such punctilious courtesy; and when he brought among them his bride, a Saxon Princess, the whole population united in giving her a welcome such as no Sovereign had received there for centuries. Within a year, however, the young Archduchess--she was only seventeen—died with terrible suddenness. One morning she was seemingly in perfect health, and before nightfall she was dead. Charles Louis was passionately attached to his wife, and when she died, his grief was so intense that his friends feared lest it should affect his reason. It was not until the outbreak of the war of 1859 that he made any effort to shake off the depression that seemed to paralyze him mentally as well as physically. When once he realized, however, that his country was in danger, he put aside entirely his private grief, and took an active part in the Italian campaign. But all his efforts failed to avert defeat. He was in favor of continuing the war at any cost, and took no pains to conceal his disapproval when the Emperor yielding to the advice of his Ministers, signed the peace of Villafranca. As soon as this was done, the Archduke insisted upon resigning all his offices and retiring to private life at Gratz.

Very fond of art he devoted much time and pains as well as money during this period of his life to collecting pictures, statues, enamels and potteries of great value.

In 1862, at the urgent entreaty of the Emperor, Charles Louis married for the second time. His bride was the Prin-

cess Annunciata, of Naples, who died in 1871, after bearing him two sons and a daughter.

The murder of his brother Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, was a terrible blow to the Archduke, and served still further to embitter him against Radicals and Radical ways. The two brothers, who had been brought up together, had always been warm friends and allies. Then came the disastrous war of 1866, which seemed to put the last touch to the Archduke's profound discouragement. He is the one member of his family who has always stoutly refused the friendship of the Hohenzollern conqueror. For some years Charles Louis refused to live in Vienna, so strongly did he disapprove of the levelling tendencies indulged in by the authorities there. As time passed, however, he began to realize that the work he had to do in the world could be better organized in the capital than elsewhere. He had inherited a fortune of some millions from his father—the compensation for the loss of the Italian provinces—and, being exceedingly generous and charitable, he wished to discover how he could spend it so as most effectually to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. He therefore established himself in Vienna, where he soon came to be regarded as a general benefactor, for he at once took the lead in every movement for improving the condition of the working classes. He established technical schools and hospitals, and contributed largely to all existing charities. Like all ultra-aristocrats, he is exceedingly good to, nay, almost familiar with those belonging to the lower classes, peasants, working people, etc., arrogant to his equals, and he absolutely abhors the *bourgeoisie*, or middle classes. Nothing is prettier than to witness the manner in which he treats the tenants on his estates. Many a time have I seen him enter a farm-

laborer's tiny cottage, shake hands with the father and mother, lift the brown-cheeked babies on to his knee and discourse in the simplest and most hearty fashion about the state of the crops, or the orchards or any other such trivial subject, as were he an old farmer himself. Let, however, a financier approach him and he will suddenly become as cold, haughty and disagreeable as it is possible for any man to be.

Although firm in his resolution to have nothing to do with public affairs, in 1873, he was persuaded to become President of the International Exhibition held in Vienna that year, a work for which he proved himself admirably fitted. All who visited the Austrian capital at that time must remember the unfailing effort of the Archduke to make things go well. During this year he married the Princess Maria Theresa, the sister of Dom Miguel, who claims the Crown of Portugal. His marriage this time was certainly of inclination, for he is devoted to his brilliant young wife. Since his marriage the Archduke has taken a more prominent position in Vienna society, and has gathered around him the leading scientific, literary and artistic men of the day, to whom he is a warm friend as well as a generous patron. As a man, Charles Louis is undoubtedly popular in Austria to-day; and if it were not for the fear that under his rule the Jesuits might regain their old disastrous influence in the State he would be warmly welcomed as a Sovereign in spite of his being known to be completely out of sympathy with this nineteenth century of ours, the popular movement of which is entirely against every one of his convictions. He has, of course, inherited these traits of character from his father, who waived his claim to the throne because he did not care to become an Emperor who would have to be at the beck and call of a Parliamentary

majority; he also professed an almost adoring veneration for all that has been, and a sneering and scornful mistrust of what exists.

Be all this as it may, the Archduke has in his nature much religious enthusiasm, passionate loyalty, intense patriotism and a winning manner when he chooses to display it, which never fails to win the hearts of his interlocutor. He is enormously wealthy and spends his money as freely and as generously as his uncle, the venerable and philanthropical Archduke Albrecht.

Archduchess Maria Theresa, the third wife of Archduke Charles Louis, and the future Empress of Austria, should her husband survive to Francis Joseph, is an exquisitely beautiful woman, brilliantly clever and who has a fancy for ruling. She is very popular amongst the Viennese, who seem to think that, if there must be a power behind the throne, it is better it should be a beautiful woman than a Jesuit. Maria Theresa was not eighteen at the time of the marriage, and seemed more like her husband's grand-child than his wife. Still the marriage has proved a very happy one; and the Archduchess has had a decidedly humanizing effect on her husband. If any one could have reconciled him to living in the nineteenth century rather than the fifteenth, it would have been she. In this she has failed; but still her influence over him is very great. A superb rider, she is to be seen almost every day in the Prater galloping towards the Frendenau where she takes a particular delight in exercising and breaking in her hunters herself.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing her it was at a fancy ball given by Archduke Rainer. She was dressed to represent the North Pole, in a long fourreau of pearl-hued satin over which were gathered transparent folds of soft silky

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

gauze; diamonds and rock crystals covered almost every part of the skirt and corsage which were edged with swandsdown, powdered with diamond dust. A long square court mantle of cloth of silver hung from her left shoulder where it was fastened by a dazzling diamond Polar star. Scattered all over this mantle were snowballs made of swansdown, icicles of rock crystal and a film of hoarfrost composed of brilliants of the purest water. The Archduchess's magnificent hair was powdered and a scarf of thinnest silver gauze fastened above the forehead by a huge crescent of diamonds and sapphires, drooped around the white neck and lost itself under a long chaplet of icicles which fell from the slender waist to the silver-shod feet of the fair wearer. I purposely describe at length this original and gorgeous costume because it is typical of the taste displayed by Maria Theresa in every detail of her life and which is apparent in all her surroundings from the carpet of her bedroom to the bouquets fastened at her horse's ears. Nothing, however, can give ever so vague an idea of how entrancing she looked that night. Her radiant lovliness which seemed the incarnation of purity, dwarfed into nothingness all the many other beautiful women present. No one thought then that this peerless Queen of the winter stood a chance of becoming Empress of Austro-Hungary. The Crown Prince was alive, strong and healthy, full of spirits and joyful plans for the future, while Archduke Carl-Ludwig, who wore on that occasion the sombre, if rich costume of a Doge of Venice, gave one the impression as he leaned wearily and gloomily against a marble column in the ball room watching the gay pageant before him, of having almost reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage. And yet to-day the gay young Prince is sleeping his eternal sleep and his place is occupied by the uncle whom

in the ordinary course of things he ought to have survived for many and many a year.

Archduke Franz-Ferdinand, Carl Ludwig's eldest son, and heir, is a very bright and intelligent young man. He published a short time ago a very remarkable monograph on the famous Field-Marshal Radetsky. He is also the author of a

RECEPTION ROOM OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

collection of Upper-Austrian and Styrian poems and ballads which have attracted much notice in literary circles.

Of the Imperial Palaces in Austria, I will say but little, as any ordinary book of history gives descriptions thereof.

The Hofburg at Vienna is a rather jumbled and confused mass of buildings, very old and dark-looking but, of course, very magnificently decorated and furnished. Excepting the

ball room, which is pure white from floor to ceiling, all the apartments are sombre and gorgeous; old tapestries, old oak, old silver and old ivories forming the principal ornaments therein contained. The entire Burg "is like some black letter" record of old German history written in granite, carved wainscoting and wrought iron. Though light is not spared at night in the immense halls and rooms, yet it is only such light as oil and wax candles can give. For the Empress, refined and delicate in all her tastes, abhors the glare of gas light, and in deference to her wishes the Emperor has never permitted these modes of illumination to be introduced in the Palace. This only adds to the poetical effect produced, and no one who visits this superb place can regret the vague perfume of the Middle Ages so inherent to it.

The Empress's private apartments are the most perfect in the Palace and include an oak-paneled library or study, with an embossed and emblazoned ceiling from which depend silver lamps of old trasvorata work. This room contains manuscripts and illumined missals of all dates which are absolutely priceless. There the sovereign, when at Vienna, loves to sit by the wide porphyry hearth where great logs of fragrant pine wood crackle merrily, reading or dreaming, with her favorite dogs lying at her feet.

The Austrian Crown-jewels are more magnificent than any contained in the treasure chambers of any other Court. Among them is a swordhilt incrusted with gigantic sapphires unique in size and beauty which belonged to the first Emperor of Germany. The finest of Empress Elizabeth s jewels are also permanently on exhibition with the treasures of the Crown and are only removed on the occasions when she wishes to wear them. She possesses the most marvellous set

of emeralds in the world, one of them being a perfectly huge stone as large as a tangerine orange which is hollowed in the

LIBRARY OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

shape of a bonbonniere. Her Majesty's partiality for emeralds is so well known that when the Shah of Persia

visited Vienna a few years ago, he presented her with a watch made of a single dark emerald of perfect color and texture, depending from a chatelaine of brilliants and of other large emeralds of fabulous value. Her private toilet set comprising basins, perfume bottles, pitchers, trays, etc., are of rock crystal adorned with monogramme and crown of emeralds and diamonds while the hair brushes and combs are of yellow tortoise shell bearing the same monograms. The "Shatzkammer" or treasure chamber contains also the regalia of Charlemagne taken from his grave at Aix-la-Chapelle, and which was used for many centuries at the coronation of all German Emperors, and a diamond which belonged to Charles the Bold which weighs something over 135 carats I must not forget an uncut emerald which is considered to be the largest in the world and weighs 2981 carats.

THE REIGNING FAMILY

OF

BULGARIA.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," and poor Prince Ferdinand has long since found out that the Bulgarian Crown is by no means the easy head-gear that he fondly imagined. Unfortunately for himself he will not do as the German Emperor suggests, and as his devoted mother, Princess Clementine entreats, viz.: leave Sofia quietly. How much Princess Clementime has spent on the Bulgarians it is impossible to say, but the sum is enormous, and her fortune of $600,000 a year has been heavily mortgaged to keep her son's supporters in good humor. In the first place, his election to the throne was a costly affair. Pots-de-vin were freely distributed, two Ministers getting 40,000 florins each, and others from 30,000 florins to 15,000 florins.

Then the "little bill" of the agent who went to St. Petersburg to endeavor to secure the Czar's approval of the election came to 60,000 florins; the Press Bureau at Sofia cost 40,000 florins; furniture, carriages and horses cost 400,000 florins ($200,000); the purchase money of the estate at Tirnova was 75,000 florins; while among minor items are 300 chargers purchased for the Bulgarian cavalry, 35,000 florins. Then it must be remembered, that although the Prince had a civil list of $120,000, he never touched a penny of it, simply because the Finance Minister has been unable to pay it.

Prince Ferdinand combines in his character a rare modesty of demeanor, with unwavering self-confidence in action. Quietly, unostentatiously, with a firmness and tact that proves

him to be a statesman of no mean order, he has steered the State through a whirlpool of intrigue and conspiracy, leaving to others the credit of all his successes, and contenting himself with a sense of good work done, and a confidence in its eventual reward. His life at Sofia is of funereal tranquility; its liveliest dissipation the entertainment of ill-mannered Bulgar officials, or ill-tempered foreign diplomats who grumble at their exile from civilization, and consider Sofia a merely distasteful stepping-stone to higher posts. His sole distraction is the pursuit of his hobby for natural history, whether shooting bearded vultures on the Macedonian frontier, or laying out exquisite gardens at Sandrovo. But what consolation are these to one whose heart throbs for the Boulevards, and whose every instinct is continually outraged by the semi-barbarians who are almost his only associates?

The most pretentious personage in Bulgaria is Prime Minister Stambuloff, who is admitted by every one who knows nothing about the country to be its creator and saviour. Originally a cobbler's apprentice and then a barkeeper in Tirnovo. It appears that he was extremely lazy, careless and mischievous, and was, therefore, the recipient of numerous "strappings" from his master. Finally, the latter in disgust kicked him out of his shop, declining to have anything further to do with him, and consigning him to the very hottest regions mentioned in the Scripture. Young Stambuloff in the course of time turned his attention to politics, which have brought him to his present high office and dignity.

Some time ago the Prime Minister happened to come across his old master and reminded him of the numerous castigations and kicks which he had inflicted upon him during the days of his apprenticeship. The cobbler's heart jumped almost into

his mouth, and he expected nothing else than to be thrown into jail, for revenge is a prominent feature in everybody's character in the east of Europe. To his astonishment, however, he received, a few days later, the appointment of deputy chief of the police of the capital, the Prime Minister informing him that he made the nomination in consequence of his being personally acquainted with the severity, the strictness and the disposition to swift justice of his old employer.

The appointment proved an excellent one, and the old cobbler has now been promoted to the post of chief and prefect of the Metropolitan Police, one of his principal duties being to preserve his former apprentice from the numerous attempts which are constantly being made upon his life.

Mr. Stambuloff contrived to persuade Russia that he could be useful in conspiring against Turkey; and then Austria that he could be useful in conspiring against Russia. By craft and subtlety of an artistic kind, he then succeeded in establishing a pinchbeck Dictatorship at his own account, and now he has really almost persuaded Europe that he and Bulgaria are synonymous, and that her destinies are linked with his. The real facts are, that he was originally placed and kept in power by his brother-in-law, a colonel who possessed paramount influence in the army, but that since the colonel's death, a year or two ago, the army has been entirely devoted to the Prince. The Prince is therefore now master of the situation, and can dismiss Monsieur Stambuloff almost at easily as he might his valet. Such dismissal may come sooner than anyone anticipates. Stambuloff has gradually become more and more intolerable by his arrogance and domineering manners, displayed even to the Prince himself.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria has the manners of the old school—great affability and great dignity. Indeed, though he is the ruler of a modern State, he belongs entirely to the ancient regime. "I was really born about the year 1730," he says, smiling, "and my sympathies are all with the good old times." His memory is prodigious, and his knowledge of detail unexampled. Talk with him on historical subjects, and there is not a fact, not a date, not a genealogy about which he hesitates for the fraction of an instant. You mention to him the existence of a Jacobite remant in England, and he is able to say straight off exactly how the Stuart heiress traces her descent from Charles I., a feat which few would care to undertake.

In dealing with current events, the Prince shows that he has imbibed a good deal of the Bulgarian partiality for reticence and mystery, though by nature he is frank and communicative as possible. His way of parrying an indiscreet question is perfectly captivating, he screws up his nose, lays his forefinger against it, and breaks into a ripple of merry laughter which is quite infectious.

The constant plots against his life are, he admits, unconcernedly, very annoying. He has a great respect and regard for the Bulgarian people, and it used to be one of his chief pleasures to go about among them and watch their surprising development. The endless precautions, the troops of guards, imposed upon him for the slighest ride or drive, are utterly repugnant to his careless, confidant nature, and as it is, he is constantly alarming his friends by his rashness in exposing himself to danger, without thought of the multitude of assassins who are employed against him.

He makes no secret of his conviction that he is destined one day to fall a victim to the knife of the assassin, and the

quiet unconcern which he constantly shows on the subject, without the least approach to parade or bravado, is assuredly a proof the noblest form of courage.

The most providential of the many narrow escapes of Prince Ferdinand and of M. Stambuloff occurred about two years ago. On the night in question a grand ball was to take place at the Palace, to which all the principal officers of the garrison had been invited. Earlier in the evening the Prince entertained a small party at dinner, including his mother, Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg, her lady in waiting, Countess Anna Grenaud; the Chamberlain, M. de Bourboulon the private secretary M. Starenoff, the Baron and Baroness Doebner, and the three aides-de-camp in waiting. One of the latter, Major Marinoff, after taking his seat at the table, asked M. de Bourboulon, who was sitting beside him, why Captain Markoff was not present. The Chamberlain promptly replied that the captain had not been invited, and that he had not set his foot inside the Palace for over three months.

"You astonish me!" exclaimed the Major, in tones which attracted the attention of Prince Ferdinand; "For I would swear a solemn oath to the effect that I saw him five minutes ago coming out of the private apartments and passing through the ante-chamber."

"That is impossible;" interrupted his Highness, and perceiving that he had failed to carry conviction to the officer's mind, he gave orders that the four Macedonian body guards who were on duty at the two entrances of the private apartments should be relieved and report to him at once in the dining-room. As soon as they had entered, he inquired if they had seen any one within the last two hours except the persons seated at the table. The janissaries having carefully examined

the faces of those present, replied in the negative, and were commanded to return to their post. During the remainder of the dinner Major Marinoff was the object of much chaff and banter on the part of every one there, and was even taxed with Spiritualism.

The ladies had retired with Princess Clementine after rising from the table, and the gentlemen were in the smoking room with the Prince, when suddenly the curtains were pushed aside and the commander of the Palace Guards entered and whispered something into the ear of Major Marinoff, who immediately left the room with him. A few minutes later he returned looking exceedingly disturbed and announced that there was in the orderly room down stairs an officer who demanded to see the Prince on a matter of life and death. His Highness immediately gave orders for the man to be brought into his presence, whereupon all the gentlemen with the exception of Baron Doebner withdrew into the adjoining apartments.

A minute later the young officer appeared accompanied by Major Marinoff and Colonel Petroff, the commander of the Palace Guard. He was as pale as death, and his uniform, which was that of a Lieutenant of the Ferdinand Regiment stationed at Philippopolis, was much disordered. In reply to the questions addressed to him by the Prince, he related that he had come to Sofia that afternoon for the purpose of drawing some money, and that, after having been to the bank, he had gone to the cavalry barracks to see a brother officer before returning to Philippopolis.

His friend happened to be absent, so he established himself in his room to wait for his arrival. While there he happened to fall asleep, but was awakened shortly after darkness had set in by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. Hearing the

words, "Austrian" and "Coburger," repeatedly used he became interested, put his ear to the keyhole of the locked door which separated the two rooms, and was rewarded for his trouble by learning that sharp at midnight, at the same time when the Prince's ball was in full swing, two battallions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry were to surround the Palace, while the third battery of the First Regiment of Artillery was to dispose its six guns in such a way as to command the square in front of the Prince's residence. The troops in question were to be under the command of subalterns, since all the field officers had received commands to attend the ball. The young lieutenant added that the hoofs of the cavalry and artillery horses and the wheels of the cannon were to be wrapped with cloth in order to avoid all unnecessary noise.

Up to this point the Prince and the gentlemen had listened with a considerable amount of skepticism to the lieutenant, and an incredulous smile lurked in the corners of His Highness's mouth. There were grounds for believing that the young subaltern was either the victim of some delusion or under the influence of drink. When he had finished his story the Prince inquired, half indulgently, and apparently with the intention of humoring him, whether he had heard anything else. The lieutenant paused to think for a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, Monseigneur, I heard the following remark made by one of the conspirators present:

"Oh, Markoff is as well known at the Palace as a yellow dog. He is familiar with all the corners and back stairs, and he has given his solemn word of honor that he will cut all the wires without any one becoming aware of the fact. The

Palace will be cut off from all communication with the outside world, and none of the occupants will be able to summon assistance from the city."

At the mention of the name of Markoff the smile vanished from every face and a deep earnestness took its place. Major Marinoff, who had been chaffed at dinner for claiming to have seen Captain Markoff coming out of the private apartments of the Palace just before 7 o'clock, hurriedly left the room. Three minutes afterward he returned with blanched cheeks, and in tones of tremulous excitement exclaimed:

"So I was right, after all, sir, when I observed that I had seen the sneaking scoundrel Markoff before dinner. Go, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the others, and convince yourselves. The electric wires have been cut in His Highness's room, just beneath the bed, and every wire has likewise been severed in the aide-de-camp's room."

Messengers were at once despatched summoning Premier Stambuloff and Minister of War Mutkuroff to the Palace, and on their arrival measures were at once concerted for averting the danger. Half an hour later, Captain Markoff was quietly arrested at his lodgings without any of his confederates becoming aware of the fact. Among his papers were found numerous letters and documents of an exceedingly incrimination nature. While the officers entrusted with his capture were examining his effects, a soldier arrived bearing a sum of 7,600f. and a letter from Major Panitza referring to the attack on the Palace, and written in a strain that left no doubt as to the fact that Panitza was in chief command of the enterprise. At 11 o'clock, at a moment when many of the conspirators had already arrived at the Palace, to attend the ball, steps were taken by the Minister of War to prevent any of the troops

leaving the barracks, and some thirty subaltern officers whose names had been found among Markoff's papers were placed under lock and key. Panitza, the Prefect of Police, and four other officers of high rank were arrested at the Palace as the clock struck 12, the hour at which the princely residence was to have been surrounded.

Throughout the evening the Prince maintained his composure. He chatted with his usual affability with all the gentlemen present and paid his court to the ladies without betraying by a look or a word the imminent danger from which he had so narrowly escaped. His mother, the Princess Clementine, was kept in ignorance thereof until the following day.

Poor Prince Ferdinand! his joys are few and far between and his anxieties great, it is therefore only natural that he should consider his castle of Sandrovo as one of his only glimpses of earthly paradise. It is situated on the shore of the Black Sea, some six miles north of Varna, and is a singularly picturesque and interesting spot.

It was at Varna that Prince Alexander, in all the hope and promise of youth, first set foot upon Bulgarian soil, unconscious of the difficulties and dangers already gathering around him, encouraged by the acclamations of his new subjects, and forgetful, perhaps, for the moment of Prince Bismarck's cynical prediction that after a few years he would look back upon his stay in Bulgaria as no pleasant reminiscence. The Prince, who was much struck by the beauty of the coast-line north of Verna, and who retained pleasant recollections of the town, became shortly after his accession the possessor of the undulating vine-clad slopes surrounding the site of the present chateau of Sandrovo, and took up his residence during the autumn months of successive years in the little monastery of

St. Dimitri, which lies perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of the cliffs, looking out over a vast expanse of sea.

The building of the chateau, a large structure in the French Renaissance style, was taken in hand during the latter years of Prince Alexander's reign, and the edifice was already finished, though not yet habitable, when the sad events of the 21st of August, 1886, all but plunged Bulgaria in anarchy and deprived Prince Alexander of his throne. For a long time the lofty building conspicuous for many miles over land and sea, stood empty and forlorn, a monument to the evanescence of human hopes and the instability of human greatness.

The estate was purchased from Prince Alexander by the Bulgarian Government, but in the unsettled condition of the country it was not thought advisable to spend large sums on the completion of the Palace, and Prince Ferdinand, who like his predecessor comes here every year, at first restricted himself to the improvement of the grounds, which are laid out in the French style, and bid fair in a few years to rival the most beautiful gardens of Cannes of Mentone. In the present year, however, the restoration and completion of the chateau —which may be regarded among the minor signs of increased stability and confidence in Bulgaria—has been actively taken in hand, the internal decorations are all but finished, the furniture was manufactured by London and Paris firms, and last spring Prince Ferdinand took up his residence in the long-deserted structure.

Sandrovo, the Osborne, or rather, perhaps, the Miramar of Bulgaria, forms an almost ideal seaside abode. The high hills and table lands which ward off the northerly blasts are, in fact, the southern boundary of the vast dreary steppe which extends through the Dobrusha to the Danube; but on their

southern declivity the character of the climate, as well as the aspect of the country undergoes a complete transformation, and the wooded valleys and vine-clad slopes descending to the sparkling waters of the sea recall the most charming features of Corfu or the Riviera. The grapes of the district are famous, even in this land of vineyards; the vines grow with amazing luxuriance, and form a kind of underwood to a perfect forest of apple, pear, peach, quince and walnut trees, extending from the sea almost to the summits of the sheltering hills. Picturesque little country houses, with brightly painted verandahs and red-tiled roofs, nestle here and there amid the foliage, and offer an abode during the summer months to many visitors from Varna, Rustchuk, Shumla, and Rasgrad, who are often fain to linger in this modern Eden till far into the autumn, when the time for the gathering of the grapes arrives. The vintage season is one of general mirth and festivity; hundreds of peasants flock to the vineyards from the neighboring villages, and live for the time in rustic sheds constructed on the Robinson Crusoe model, while many of them pass the night beneath the fruit trees.

On the shaded roads and lands the rudely made country carts, drawn by a pair of white oxen, and adorned with vine-tendrils and branches of trees, go creaking along bearing enormous vats—some of them six or eight feet in height—laden with green and yellow and purple clusters, not unworthy of the renown of ancient Canaan. In the evening the youths and maidens join in the "horo" or national dance beneath the harvest moon, and the plaintive notes of the "juzla" and the "gaida" may be heard among the sylvan arcades.

At night, when the weather is calm, the sea is often thickly studded with fishing boats, and the Prince sometimes goes out

in his steam-launch for an excursion in the moonlight. But though placid seas and starry skies are the rule during autumn months, the ill-famed Pontus Euxinus occasionally does something to prove its claim to an evil reputation. Squalls and tempests are wont to arise with little or no warning, and scores of fishing-boats are wrecked every year on the treacherous coast. In stormy weather even the castle becomes an undesirable place of abode, yet it is never without regret that Prince Ferdinand prepares to abandon this picturesque habitation for the winter months.

The chateau of Sandrovo received its final decoration under the direction of M. Pietrowski, a well-known artist, who has also painted a superb full-length portrait of the Prince. Its most imposing feature in the distance is the lofty tower, which commands a magnificient view of the surrounding scenery. A more peculiar characteristic, however, is the trellis-work canopy for vines and other creeping plants which covers part of the roof of the building, and which forms a leafy arbour with a delightful prospect to the south and west.

From the Prince's apartments a private staircase communicates with a charming suite of rooms on the first floor, on the opposite side are the Princess Clementine's apartments; here, too, is an atelier supplied with furniture from England, and decorated in the English style. It is interesting, on this remote and unfrequented coast, to find one-self surrounded with the choicest products of western taste and refinement Numerous staircases ascend to the roof of the tower, from which a marvelous view of the whole coast line of Bulgaria can be enjoyed, ranging from the white chalk cliffs of Kaliakra on the north to the distant Turkish mountains beyond Bourgas on the south, while the eye can follow the long, undulating line

of the Balkans as it descends to Cape Emine, and the vine-clad hills and valleys around us seem spread out beneath our feet. Close below are the red-tiled roofs and shaded gardens of the little monastery, which in successive years has furnished a home to two Bulgarian Princes. This ancient and venerable building has been carefully preserved, and still continues to be occupied by members of the Prince's suite. At Sandrovo, and among the magnificent solitudes which surround the monastery of Rilo, Prince Ferdinand who is a keen lover of nature, finds temporary rest and recreation amid the many cares which beset a position of exceptional difficulty and danger. Indeed, amid the storms of Oriental politics crowned heads enjoy but little respite from anxiety, and least of all the Sovereign of Bulgaria.

PRINCE FERDINAND.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
BELGIUM.

KING Leopold of Belgium, is a much less attractive person than his cousin at Marlborough House. He posesses none of that generosity of character that forms so distinguishing a trait of the Prince of Wales, and gives one thoroughly the impression of a cynical, cool-blooded man of the world, who is endowed with more brain than heart, and in whose smile there always lurks a suspicion of a sneer. Notwithstanding his lofty stature—he stands six foot three—his well-proportioned and elegant figure, his finely chiseled features and long gray beard, he is dignifed rather than majestic, and does not strike one as being a particularly Grand Seigneur. There is too manifest an anxiety for the main chance, and he has always given me the idea that there must be somehow or other a Hebraic strain in his ancestry. No monarch in the present century has dabbled more openly in stock exchange speculations, and if ever the record of the Panama Canal Company is laid bare in a court of law—an eventuality that has recently come within the bounds of possibility—it will be found that the King of the Belgians has followed the example of M. de Lesseps in selling to unsuspecting purchasers his 4,000,000 francs worth of founder's shares in the concern at a moment when he must have known that it was doomed to failure. His Majesty was among the earliest investors in the Panama enterprise. Indeed, at one time he had over $10,000,000 invested in the company. It is lucky that he cleared out before the collapse, and in that particular case he proved more

fortunate than in connection with his Congo investments The latter have swallowed up not only the major part of his own vast fortune, but also that which he holds in trust for his sister, the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

Indeed there are many who do not hesitate to declare that the unfortunate lady is no longer in any way demented, and that the only cause for which she is still kept under restraint and in such strict seclusion is the king's dread of being called to account for her fortune, which has been in his keeping ever since 1867.

Strange it is, at any rate, that the Empress Charlotte's aunt, Queen Victoria, has never been allowed to see or visit her, although she has repeatedly sought to do so. Nor indeed, has any one else been permitted to see the ex-Empress excepting King Leopold and his wife, Queen Henrietta.

Even the moments when he tries to be most agreeable, King Leopold gives one the impression of being insincere, and the conviction that he will regard you as a fool if you believe him. It is a great mistake to give credence to the popular belief that he is a spendthrift; for almost all his disbursements are made in the hope of receiving large returns, and if the latter are not realized, it is merely that his speculation has been unfortunate.

One little trifling incident may suffice to illustrate the mean side of his character. He was receiving a gentleman who had rendered him several services of considerable official and personal importance. Leopold had decided to recognize these by the presentation of a handsome jewel-studded snuff-box. During the course of his conversation with the man I watched the King take the snuff-box from his pocket and hold it in his hand, preparatory to presenting it. The person for whom it was intended, however, seemed so delighted, so gratified and so overwhelmed by the gracious words of recognition and praise which fell from the thin lips of Leopold, that the latter apparently came to the conclusion that the gift of the diamond-studded snuff box would be entirely superfluous. He accordingly did not present it, but actually retained it, inclosed in the third and fourth digits of his right hand, while he extended the first and second of his fingers in farewell. I often wonder to myself if the gentleman in question ever discovered how much he had missed by being too profuse in his expressions of enthusiastic loyalty.

Leopold II. is liked well enough as a King, but greatly disliked as a man. The last fact cannot really be wondered at, for a more cold and repellant manner than his it would be impossible to meet with. His face looks as if it were cut out

of wood while he talks to you, and then there is a low cunning expression always lurking in his eye which is in the highest degree offensive. His Majesty, is indeed, exactly what a man brought up by Leopold I. and that wily German Doctor, Stockmar, would be—cold, calculating, mean and obstinate. He is, however, far from being a fool, for he showed on several occasions the greatest astuteness in checkmating Napoleon III.'s covert attacks on Belgium. The death of his only son, the Duke of Brabant, has soured a nature that was at no time genial.

It was in 1853, before his accession to the throne, that Leopold married the Archduchess Marie Henriette of Austria-Hungary. They have had four children—one son (the lamented Duke of Brabant,) and three daughters, the eldest of whom married Prince Phillip of Coburg, the second, the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and the third, Clementine, is, they say, erelong to be affianced to the Prince of Naples. Nothing could be more simple than the way these girls were brought up. They went to school to the Sacre Coeur of Jetti, not far from Laeken, and joined in all the studies and pastimes of the other girls.

The King's tastes, indeed, are very simple while in Belgium; though His Majesty sometimes knows how to make the money fly, and not always in the most enviable way, when away from his own dominions. He is constantly to be met with striding about the streets of his capital (for he delights in long walks), tiring out his attendant gentleman and being particularly noticeable, owing to the fact of his never wearing gloves, while those in attendance on His Majesty invariably do. The King of the Belgians has, however, like all the members of the Orleans family, beautiful hands and likes to show them,

although some persons say that the absence of gloves is the result of economy.

But while fond of walking, the Belgium Sovereign is also very fond of riding, and it is rare, that a day passes, winter or summer, without his going out to the Bois de la Cambre on horseback, once and sometimes even twice in the course of twelve hours.

To the pleasures of the table he is insensible. He eats but little, and prefers the most frugal fare to anything dainty, never touching wine (though not a teetotaler,) and drinking for the most part water. Leopold II. is greatly opposed to capital punishment, and will not sign a death warrant. "Never," said he, "shall a drop of blood flow during my reign."

All amusements bore the Belgian King. He hates the theatre and dislikes the opera; but he is very fond of reading, especially partial to gossiping and talking scandal. There lives no old woman in Belgium more fond of this pastime than Leopold, and His Majesty has more than once come near getting into serious trouble through thus poking his very elongated Royal nose into the private affairs of his subjects. The frequent visits he pays to London incognito are looked upon with the gravest displeasure by his subjects, who do not like to think that the face of their Leopold is so well known in the extremely disreputable district of St. John's Wood, and who bitterly resent the fact that the name of their King has on more than one occasion publicly figured in the Police Courts of the British metropolis in connection with some of the most shameful cases that have ever furnished themes for the author of the "Maiden Tribute" series.

Marie Henriette, Queen of the Belgians, is not only one of the most famous whips in Europe, and a remarkably success-

ful amateur photographer, but is moreover a wonderful conjuror. When in 1882, the great magician, Prof. Herrmann, who must not be confounded with his namesake here in New York, arrived at Brussels on his way to the sea baths at Ostende, one of the Queen's chamberlains called at his hotel and asked him if he was the same Prof. Herrmann who had performed sleight-of-hand performances at the Palace of the Queen's father, the Archduke Palatine of Austria. On ascertaining this to be the fact, he informed that Her Majesty would be glad to receive him in private audience the next day. The Queen received him most kindly, and after talking of old times, expressed a wish to learn sleight-of-hand. Professor Herrmann gladly consented to teach her his tricks, and during the following four weeks he spent several hours daily in initiating her into the myteries of the black art. Of course, these lessons took place with locked doors, the professor having made a point of insisting that nobody should be present besides his Royal pupil and himself. The Queen displayed a

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

remarkable talent in acquiring the art, and many were the tricks which she subsequently practiced on her family and attendants.

Professor Herrmann, who was very wealthy, absolutely refused to accept any remuneration for his services. The Queen, however, met the difficulty by sending a magnificent bracelet and a superb pair of diamond earrings to the professor's wife. On his seventieth birthday the Professor received an autograph letter from Her Majesty congratulating him in the kindest manner, and in which she wrote, "Do not be afraid, I have not divulged your secrets to any one."

During the winter the Royal family reside at Laeken a beautiful place on the outskirts of Brussels, the Royal palace in the capital itself only being used for audiences and state functions. The summer is divided between the Royal Chalet at Ostende and the Chateau de Ciergnon which may be described as being the favorite residence of the Belgian King. He has been enlarging and improving the place for many years past, in pursuance of the strongly marked taste for building which he shares with Louis Quartorze and the late King of Bavaria. It is perched high upon a rock above the trees, and glistening in the bright autumn sunshine, fully deserving its double designation of castle and palace. There is a boldness in its lofty corner towers which at once commands admiration. They seem to be quite close; but half an hour's walk along a romantic winding road is necessary before one comes to a lodge which was completed from English designs.

The principal entrance is a massive stone portico, with a projecting canopy placed just midway between the square towers of the park front. The ponderous door is opened, and a dozen steps bring one into a spacious entrance-hall, with a

deep conservatory on either side, in which when the King touches a knob, a globe of electric light appears at the root of every fern and plant.

Ten whole years were devoted to making Ciergnon what it is to-day, and, during that time the designer would never allow anybody to have the smallest inkling of his plans or progress. When the work was completed the King quietly requested the Queen to drive over from Spa, and on on her arrival she was greeted with one of these Aladdin-like surprises which one often reads of but rarely experiences.

The inner hall which belonged to the original structure is flanked on either side by stair-cases, and terminates in a corridor adorned with large panel pictures by Madou and Lauters. A glass door at the end opens on a terrace from which one looks right down on the Lesse, rushing rapidly over its rocky bed, and a never-ending prospect of pine-clad hills, deep ravines and rich green meadows. It is a curious admixture of what one sees from Windsor.

Ciergnon, as it is seen to-day, is probably one of the finest examples of what the art of the landscape gardener can accomplish. The river Lesse runs some sixty yards below the foundations of the castle, and so near to the rock from which they spring that one is not aware of its presence till close upon it. From the principal entrance, the ground slopes gently downwards till it suddenly rises into a pine-clad plateau. Five years ago not a drop of water was obtainable in the park; but, undaunted by the porous character of the stony soil, the King caused a reservoir some 120 yards square to be constructed on the summit, the water being supplied from the Lesse.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
GREECE.

KING GEORGE'S position is not a particularly pleasant one, for there hardly exists a more jealous, suspicious and fiercely democratic race than the Greeks, who try by all means in their power to hinder the royal family from enjoying the common privileges of human friendship and social intercourse. As the selection of personal friends from among his subjects arouses the hatred and malice of those who are not chosen, the King, warned by the example of his predecessor, King Otho, whose overthrow was due mainly to the jealousy which his marked preferences for a chosen few of his subjects caused among the remainder, has wisely decided to stand aloof from all. He neither visits nor invites any but distinguished foreigners, who invariably carry away the best impressions of the brilliant hospitality tendered to them.

Years ago the Queen ventured to give a children's ball at the palace and at once a public discussion arose on the question of royal extravagance and the general impropriety of amusing in such a manner the unfortunate infant princes. Children's balls at the palace were discontinued in consequence.

It must, however, be said of the Greeks that they are polite and courteous. A child might find its way through the densest crowd in Athens on festive occasions without being hurt or jostled intentionally, which fact is probably due to the deficiency of high animal spirits among the men as well as to their extreme sobriety. Yells, violent horseplay,

vulgar joking are unknown to them and they are incapable of finding pleasure in aimless personal cruelty. A Greek may take a person's life if the latter's existence is in his way, but he will never pinch or kick or torture women and children simply for the love of so doing.

THE KING OF GREECE

King George has a civil list of $200,000 per annum, one-half of which is provided out of the national revenue of Greece, while the remainder is composed of annual sums of $20,000 voted by each of the following five great powers: Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Russia.

Foreign Monarchs and members of European reigning families delight in visiting the King and Queen of the Hellenes, and the Empress of Austria spent six consecutive seasons in one of the Royal residences, distant some fifteen miles from Athens. The country affording beautiful scenery and being plentifully stocked with game, the Imperial lady could indulge her taste for riding and hunting to her heart's content.

Court life at Athens is very pleasant. During the winter from Christmas to Lent, there are a number of state balls and dinners at regular intervals. Any strangers of distinction temporarily residing in the capital are authorized to send in their names to the master of ceremonies or grand marshal of the court, and generally within forty-eight hours they receive a letter from him appointing an audience, shortly followed by an invitation to a ball or reception.

The King and Queen are both exceedingly fond of skating, but as snow and ice are unknown in Greece the King has caused a large gallery to be constructed in a wing of the palace and has had it fixed up as a skating rink. An excellent orchestra plays waltzes and polkas while the Royal guests wheel round on their roller-skates, and twice a week during the winter invitations are sent out for regular "Fetes de Patinage," as if Athens were suddenly transferred to the shores of the Neva or of Lake Ladoga.

The Greeks are generally enthusiastic about music and love dearly to go and listen to the excellent band of the First Regiment of the Guards, which morning and evening plays for two hours in front of the Royal Palace. Queen Olga often sits on the balcony during the performance and her presence is always saluted by the national hymn, "Ke apta Kokala vgalmeni ton Ellinon ta iexa," which is the "God Save the Queen," "Marseillaise," or "Stars and Stripes," of the descendents of Themistocles!

King George is the ideal of a constitutional monarch, and ever since his advent to the throne in October, 1863, he has acted in all respects entirely in accordance with the decisions of the National Assemblies.

He is a very hard worker, and throughout the winter he is

in his study as early as 7 a. m. reading documents, signing state papers and receiving the reports of his Ministers. In the afternoon, accompanied by his favorite aide-de-camp, Colonel Hadji-Petros, His Majesty visits schools, hospitals, barracks and prisons, and is always eagerly desirous of improving the condition of his subjects, to whatever class they may belong. In Athens the King generally wears the uniform of a general of infantry, but when he travels through his dominions he delights in donning the dress of an admiral, probably in memory of the days when in Denmark he won his steps in the navy.

King George is tall and slight and very bald. His bright blue eyes have a searching, piercing look, which reminds one of those of the Emperor of Austria. He is very active and energetic, and has the gift of drawing his interlocutors into easy conversation. He is never so pleased as when he can elicit candid and original opinions, and his great kindliness and natural affability endear him to all those who come in contact with him. He is far from rich, but notwithstanding his very limited income he holds his rank admirably, and his various establishments are conducted on a most liberal scale. He is passionately fond of sport, keeps a fine lot of hunters and spends his happiest hours in the saddle.

Queen Olga is adored by her husband's subjects. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence and high-minded principles. She is tall and of commanding presence, with splendid hair and most winning smile. She is renowned throughout the kingdom for her unceasing and wide-reaching charity. Wherever there is a call for a good action, Queen Olga is ready to appear. She has founded a model hospital, the "Evangelizon" (Annunciation,) and goes personally twice

a month to inspect the infirmaries so as to be certain that the sick are provided with every comfort. During the Russo-Turkish war she tended the wounded with her own hands, and her untiring care and touching abnegation won for her the gratitude and affection of all sufferers. Besides all this she is a good mother and a devoted wife and she superintends the education of her children, who are passionately attached to her. If there were more Queens like her there certainly would be less revolutionary tendencies in all the monarchies of Europe.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

Hitherto much unpleasantness has existed at the Court of Athens, owing to the absence of all sympathy between the Queen and her daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess. The latter is a sister of the Emperor of Germany, and Queen Olga, who is a Russian Grand Duchess by birth and who has retained all her Muscovite proclivities, strongly opposed the marriage of her son. She was consulted neither by the latter nor by her husband about the proposed alliance, and although the engagement lasted some eighteen months, during which time the Queen resided almost entirely in the north of Europe,

she never once visited Berlin for the purpose of making the acquaintance of her daughter-in-law that was to be. Indeed her neglect to make the slightest effort toward becoming personally acquainted with her son's future wife was of the most marked and pointed nature.

From her youth up Queen Olga has always been taught to regard the Germans as the bitterest enemies of Russia and to look forward to a mortal and sanguinary conflict between the Slavonic and Teutonic races as inevitable. That her eldest son should have allied himself with those whom she regarded as enemies, and that he should have contributed to the transformation of Greece from a Russian into a German outpost was and still remains gall and wormwood to her, and consequently her attitude toward the Crown Princess has never been of a very cordial nature.

As the Crown Princess is exceedingly clever and of a very willful and independent character, she was quick to resent her mother-in-law's conduct, and the Palace of the Heir Apparent at Athens became a rival Court to that of Queen Olga; German influences prevailing at the former and Russian influences at the latter.

It appears, however, as if the sorrow which overtook the Royal Family at the sad death of Queen Olga's favorite daughter, the Grandduchess Paul, of Russia, is destined to go far to repair the breach, not only between the mother-in-law, but also to remove the coldness which for some time past has existed between the courts of Athens and St. Petersburg.

There are many who are superstitious enough to believe that the Crown Princess will never become Queen of Greece. They base their opinion on the peculiar history of the State carriage in which she made her first entrance into Athens.

It was originally built for the late Comte de Chambord, the French Legitimist pretender, and was intended by him to be used on the longed-for day of his triumphal entry into Paris. That day, however, never came, Marshal McMahon after the war declining to play the part of General Monk to the lame pretender, and the carriage remained in the warehouse of its builder, from whom the King of the Hellenes purchased it at a reduced price. Its use by the Crown Princess was regarded with forebodings of evil by the populace who well knew the history of the vehicle.

A description of the Royal Greek wedding at Athens which took place on the 27th of October 1889 between the Crown Prince and Princess Sophie of Prussia may be of interest here as the ceremonies of the kind in Greece are very characteristic. The wedding was celebrated with much ecclesiastical pomp by the Archbishop Germanos, of Athens, assisted by seventeen bishops, wearing jeweled mitres or golden crowns and gorgeous robes of brocaded gold. The Archbishop received the wedding procession at the door of the Cathedral, and preceded the company to the Altar, which was placed on a raised podium for the occasion. The rite of changing the rings was performed by Queen Olga, who acted as "Paranymphios," and then the coronation ceremony commenced. The Archbishop joined the fingers of the bride and bridegroom to form a cross, and then took two crowns of hammered gold, touching three times the heads of the betrothed. The crowns—a gift of the Emperor of Russia—were then handed to the groomsmen, who had to hold them in turn over the bride and bridegroom during a great part of the service. This somewhat fatiguing duty fell, on behalf of the bride, to her brother, Prince Henry, and

her two cousins, the Princes Albert Victor, and George of Wales, and, on behalf of the bridegroom, to the Czarowitz and his own two younger brothers, the Princes George and Nicolaus. After the gospel of the Marriage at Cana had been read by the Archbishop, the newly-married pair, with lighted tapers in their hands, marched thrice around the altar, tasted the sacramental wine, and kissed the Holy Book. Then the strains of the Te Deum announced that the service was over, and, after having received the congratulations of their relations, the Crown Prince and Princess left the Cathedral in the same order as they had arrived, and repaired to the chapel in the Palace, where the wedding according to the Protestant rite took place.

Prince George, the second son of the King of Greece, may be described as the Anak of Royalty and achieved much celebrity about two years ago by felling to the ground and placing hors de combat a Japanese who attempted to assassinate his cousin, the Czarowitz, with whom he was visiting the far east. Like all big creatures, both human and animal, Prince George, who spent a couple of weeks in New York some time ago, is exceedingly cheerful, good-tempered and open-hearted. He is very popular in Greece. He has received his naval training in the Danish navy and is destined to become lord high admiral of the Greek navy, which consists of about a dozen ironclads and gunboats.

The stick with which Prince George felled the assailant of the Czarowitz in Japan, is a familiar object to the members of the Grecian and Russian courts. It is of absolutely gigantic size and weight, was cut especially for the Prince in the woods around Poros, the naval arsenal of Greece, and re-

sembles those monstrous sticks, I would almost say clubs, which walkingstick and umbrella dealers display in front of their stores or in their windows for purposes of advertisement. This stick was the despair both of his family and attendants, who have repeatedly urged him to abandon it for a less conspicuous and Goliath-like cane. This the Prince refused to do, and even when in the act of bidding adieu to his father before his departure for the East with his cousin, the Czarowitz, he laughingly declined to leave it behind him, declaring that it was his mascot. It may be mentioned that this stick is to a certain extent in keeping with his enormous stature for he is six feet six in height and broad in proportion.

PRINCE GEORGE.

Prince George recently placed another act of bravery to his credit. During a terrible hurricane which was raging in the Bay of Piræus, the waves caused a boat to capsize in which one of the men-of-war sailors was attempting to reach his ship. The Crown Prince, who happened to be on board one of the vessels in port anchored in the immediate neighborhood, without a moment's hesitation sprang into the angry sea and after battling with the waves for a considerable time at length succeeded

in bringing the sailor close to one of the ironclads where he was able to grasp hold of the ropes that were thrown to him and to fasten one of them around the body of the exhausted man.

M. Tricoupis, the present Prime Minister, is one of the great personalities of Europe, for practically he is the ruler of Greece. He would have been a great man no matter where he had been born, but the circumstances and surroundings of his youth aided him in attaining his present position. He first saw light in Nauplia in 1832, and is therefore still a man in the very prime of life and strength. M. Tricoupis is a Greek to the backbone and can trace his pedigree far back through many centuries. No statesman has ever so entranced the people of the soil. Possessed of ample fortune, he is above the suspicion of corruption—a taint which is, alas! too prevalent in the Mediterranean zone.

Since Tricoupis has been in power Greece has been prosperous, peaceful and happy. He has poured oil on the troubled waters and has averted war and strife with praiseworthy diplomacy.

Since the accession of M. Tricoupis to office in 1886, two great events have taken place certainly unparalleled in the history of Greece. The revenue of the country has shown a surplus, and an honest Minister has made it his personal business to discover a private fraud on the exchequer, amounting to some 6,000,000 drachmas.

To his energy is also due the canal now being rapidly cut through the Isthmus of Corinth, which will render the journey by water to Constantinople and the ports of the Black Sea some two-hundred miles nearer, to say nothing of the great decrease in the danger of navigation.

THE ROYAL FAMILY
OF
TURKEY.

WHILE the present Sultan of Turkey is portrayed by his biographers as being a debauched and semi-civilized monarch, he is far from it. In the first place, he has always been passionately addicted to athletic sports, and he has attained a high standard of muscular development. Indeed, one of his favorite amusements is to pick up a heavy arm-chair by one leg and hold it out at arm's length for several minutes.

Abdul Hamid was born on the 22nd of September, 1842, and is the second son and fourth child of Abdul Medjid Khalif. His mother died while he was still a baby, and he was adopted by his father's second wife, a very wealthy woman, who, being childless, made him her heir.

As long as Abdul Medjid Khalif lived, the existence of Hamid and his brother Murad, the ex-Sultan, who is now under restraint as a mad-man, was a happy and a merry one. Both boys were indulged to the utmost of all their fancies, and had every wish fulfilled nearly before they were expressed. They had a whole retinue of small slaves of their own age, whose only task was to devise tricks and amusements for their entertainment.

When Hamid reached his fourteenth year his father and adopted mother presented him with a score of playmates of the other sex, and he was initiated at an unusually early age into all the depravities of harem life. However, his remarkably vigorous constitution withstood the effects and he was,

when he married a strong, hardy lad, capable of enduring a great amount of physical fatigue and enjoying excellent health. His brother Murad presented a striking contrast to him, his whole system having been undermined and his constitution being utterly ruined.

It is not generally known that the present Sultan visited London and Paris in 1867. He was immensely interested in everything he saw, in the French capital especially, where he picked up a few sentences in French, with which he has ever since adorned his conversation. During his journey through Christendom he contracted a great fondness for everything European, which is clearly indicated by his habits and all the interior arrangements of his household.

He orders all his clothes from Paris, and is never so well pleased as when the members of his immediate entourage assume, in their costumes, manners or ways, any French customs. The only point in which he surrenders himself to Oriental fashions is in wearing a fez. He heartily dislikes doing so, but cannot avoid it for obvious reasons.

Abdul Hamid is by no means an immoral man, and is phenomenally free from the vices to which Turkish Princes are almost always addicted. He does not drink, and if anything, is just a little "near," about money matters. He is married to one, single, legitimate wife, and lives a quiet, affectionate, peaceful life, with his Cadine. Of course he keeps a harem containing a good many female slaves or odalisques, but he does it more in compliance with the institutions and religion of his country than from any personal taste of his own.

He is extremely fond of animals, and has a quantity of tame birds, among which is a very clever cockatoo, with which he

amuses himself for hours together. Ten years ago he began to collect butterflies and beetles, and gives much of his time to this innocent recreation.

He inherited from his father a lovely palace at Kiahat-Hane on the Sweet Waters, and there he lived in 1877 with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl of six and three years old, in a happy, contented way, completely "*a la Francaise.*" He even went so far as to eat with them at the same table, and played with his little ones like any model European *paterfamilias.*

He is, however, an orthodox Turk, and a very severe opponent of the "Young Turkish," party. He practices his religion in a punctilious and ostentatious way, and when he happens to be out of doors at prayer-time he has a prayer-rug brought to him on the grass and goes through all the rites of his creed *coram publico.*

It is, however, rumored at his Court that he is not quite so pious as he seems to appear. It has been noticed often when he is going through his lengthy religious performances that his eyes rove in various directions, and he even sometimes actually far enough forgets himself to give an order to some one or to speak to an attendant. This is the subject of much comment, for a true believer never allows anything whatever to interfere with, or take his attention from, his prayers when he is going through his ritual.

Moreover there was a "Holy Man" at "Kiahat-Hane," the Sultan's former residence, with whom he used to associate a great deal. It is now remembered that Abdul Hamid never used to treat him with the least reverence; he looked upon him as an old buffoon, played all sorts of tricks upon him, and even forced him to dress in various absurd and ridiculous costumes.

When the old Sheik-ul-Islam, Hassan, was overthrown, Prince Hamid expressed his delight thereat in the most indecorous and joyous manner, and many a time, in speaking to his friends of the most high and mighty ecclesiastics of the Turkish Church, he used the most vigorous and graphic term of abuse in Turkish, namely, the word "pig."

Abdul Hamid is exceedingly well disposed toward the "Giaours" and he professes to have the highest opinion of their moral and intellectual capacities. He, however, hates all Greeks, and has often been heard to declare that there is not one single honest person of that race in all Constantinople.

In one word His Majesty, Abdul Hamid, is "an old Turk," but not a fanatical old Turk!

Within a few weeks of his accession to the throne Abdul Hamid began to introduce some very serious economical reforms into every department of his household. During Abdul Aziz's reign the Court kitchens alone cost a round sum of $2,500,000 yearly, which is considerably more than the appanage of the whole House of Hohenzollern.

The Padishah promulgated a decree in September, 1876, reducing this abnormal culinary budget to less than half its former amount. He also abolished the post of Palace Grand Marshal, a highly remunerative sinecure, and resolutely set his face against several items of the old-fashioned court etiquette, as in his own opinion quite out of keeping with modern notions.

Until he came into power the Grand Vizier and the Ministers had to stand while in audience of the Sultan. At the first interview granted by Abdul Hamid to these personages he asked them to sit down and offered them cigarettes.

At first they declined to disport themselves in such a way before their Sovereign, but the Padishah insisting on their complying with his request, they obeyed and a tiresome formality of the past thus evaporated in smoke.

The great favorite of the Sultan is a German, Carl Terssen, who was a common artisan employed before Abdul Hamid's accession to the throne in the workshops ef the palace. By mere chance the Prince's attention was attracted by something the man did, he got into the habit of talking to him and soon took so much pleasure in these conversations that he made him director of the workshops.

Since then Carl Terssen, who gradually developed a variety of talents, has become quite indispensable to the Sultan who has such trust in him that he even departed so far from Oriental customs, in his instance, as to allow him to enter the apartments of Her Highness, a most unprecedented fact in Constantinople. Carl is now the Sultan's factotum. He is intrusted by His Majesty with all sorts of commissions and he justifies the confidence placed in him in the most brilliant manner.

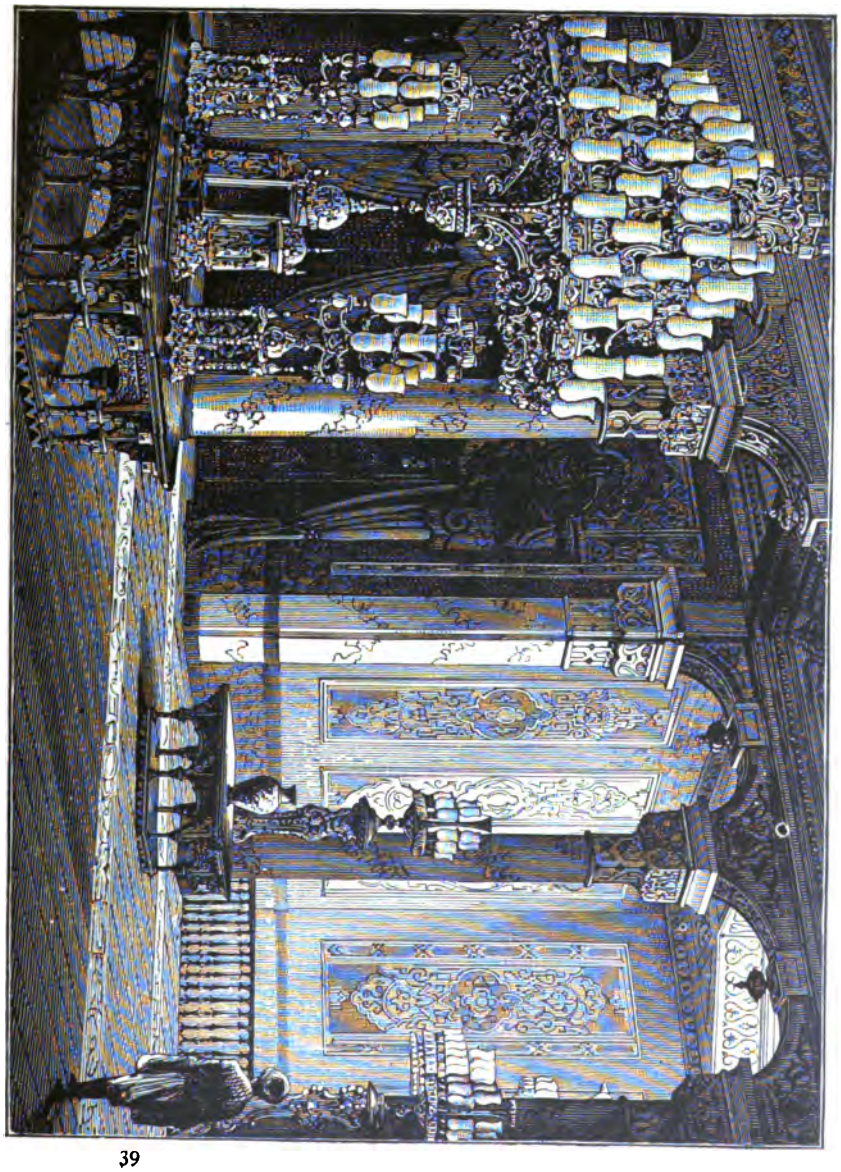
The Sultan is extremely fond of private theatricals and aspires to renown as a remarkable dramatist. It must not, however, be gathered from this that His Ottoman Majesty condescends to put pen to paper or even to dictate the dialogue of the piece. He merely contents himself with outlining the groundwork of the plot, the drudgery of composing the phraseology being regarded as a matter of minor importance, and as such intrusted to the secretaries. In this he resembles the King of Wurtemberg, whose reputation as a great musical composer is solely due to his whistling to the *chef d'orchestre* the melodies which he desires to be set to music.

Abdul Hamid for his exclusive amusement and for that of his household has an excellent French theatrical company, which never perform except at the palace. His Majesty will not make any demand for their services for months together, and then during several weeks he will insist on their playing every night. Occasionally he summons the principal actors

DINING ROOM IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

within half an hour of the beginning of the performance and furnishes them with a verbal sketch of a comedy which he desires them to improvise the same evening. Thus, for instance, some time ago he assembled the leading actors and spoke as follows:

"I want you to represent the steward of a princely house-



THE SULTAN'S AUDIENCE ROOM.

hold, who is exceedingly excitable and entirely lacking in presence of mind. His master must give him a sudden order to prepare a banquet for a hundred guests. The poor man loses his head and issues the most confused and contradictory instructions. The result is that the servants all stumble over one another, spilling the dishes, smashing the china, and creating a general pandemonium. At this moment the Prince appears upon the scene with his guests, whereupon the steward casts himself at his master's feet and implores pardon."

The Sultan's directions were carried out to his entire satisfaction, and the piece, although improvised, was a wonderful success.

The incident which appeared to cause the most enjoyment to His Majesty, was when one of the servants in his confusion fired off a siphon of seltzer water in the steward's face. This had been specially ordered by Abdul Hamid. It should be added, that almost every one of these improvised farces is destined by the Commander of the Faithful to convey some moral to one or the other of the principal members of his household. During the first quarter of an hour after the curtain has risen, universal uneasiness prevails, as nobody is sure that he is not going to be made the butt of the evening's entertainment. As soon, however, as the aim of the play has become apparent, a broad grin appears on every face except the one at whose expense the fun has been devised. All rejoice at his discomfiture and their own escape and he himself, with a sickly smile, strives with all his might and main to appear as if he thoroughly enjoyed his Imperial master's little joke.

Constantinople is the place par excellence for mysterious

tragedies, and incredible as it may appear at the close of this matter of fact nineteenth century, great men of European reputation are put out of the world almost every day there without attracting any unusual attention. The latest victim has been Ali Said Pasha, Minister of War, who the day before his death had a long interview with the Sultan, partaking of several cups of coffee at the palace. A few hours later he was found a corpse at his own house. Some say that it was a case of suicide, but the latter is a crime which is absolutely repulsive to every true believer in the prophet. Others again say that he was a victim of heart disease, while the majority allege that his death was due either to a cup of coffee or a bowstring. He is but one of a number of prominent statesmen who have thus come to an untimely end.

To this day no one knows what has become of Midhat Pasha, at one time Prime Minister, and famed throughout Europe as the most enlightened of Oriental statesmen. The last heard of him was that he had died in exile at Mecca. An equal mystery surrounds the present condition both of the ex-Khedive Ismail of Egypt and the ex-Sultan Murad, the elder brother of the present Sultan. The death of both has frequently been rumored throughout the city, while if they are alive their fate is but little better for they are close prisoners in the palaces which have been allotted to them. Grave doubt exists as to whether Murad has ever been seriously insane and it is popularly believed that he was merely declared demented and incapable of governing because the Sheik Ul Islam, together with the Softas, were convinced that he was about to inaugurate all kinds of Western reforms. The present Sultan's tenure of the throne depends entirely on the mental condition of his predecessor. For if the Sheik

Ul Islam were to declare to-morrow that Murad had recovered his senses, Abdul Hamid's prestige and authority both spiritual and temporal, would be at an end. Under the circumstances it is scarcely surprising that the Sultan should look forward with feelings of relief to the eventuality of Murad's death.

Meanwhile the power of the Sultan hangs by a very slender thread. A financial crisis, an insurrection of the Christian races in Macedonia, Armenia, or Crete, due to the instigation and backed by one or other of the powers, or some serious disturbance in Constantinople would, in the present state of affairs suffice to bring on an immediate foreign intervention. Public opinion in Europe is outraged by the barbarism, the misgovernment, and the chaos which prevails in every branch of the administration there. Indeed, the condition of affairs is far more serious than that which led to the intervention of the great powers in Egypt.

It is felt throughout the western portion of the Old World that the presence of the Turks in Europe is not only an anachronism, but also a disgrace to civilization, and that in the interests of humanity they should be driven across the Hellespont into Asia and the government confided to the hands of an international commission. The position of the Sultan would become somewhat like that of the Khedive of Egypt at the present moment, and there is no doubt that the Turkish officers, civil functionaries, and troops, in consideration of their pay and positions assured, would be willing to acquiesce in the change. In other words, the Turkish Empire would be placed in the hands of trustees, who would delegate one of their number to act as guardian in their name.

Emperor William is determined that this guardian shall be Germany, as being the only one of the great powers which is not territorially interested in the dismemberment of the "Sick Man." Moreover, Germany is the foreign nation which is regarded with most sympathy by the Mussulmans as being the only one of the great powers that until now has refrained from shedding Mohammedan blood, England, Austria, France, Italy and Russia having all been singularly unfortunate in this respect. This project of a German administration of Turkey has long since been openly discussed in diplomatic Government circles in Europe, and the authorities of Berlin have of late years made all available preparations for assuming control of the Government, if possible. Every office and department in Constantinople swarms with German officials, who, having been carefully selected, invariably end by exercising a remarkable and predominating influence upon their native colleagues. The changes in the administration of the Tobacco Department, of the public debt, and in the Treasury have been made in such a manner as to place the entire control of the departments in question in Teutonic hands.

Germans, too, control the army, the civil service, and even the Sultan's household. Thus, the French chief coachman who has driven Abdul Hamid for the past eight years has been superseded by a German. A Prussian has likewise supplanted the Imperial house-steward, a Frenchman, who was for ten years chief butler of Napoleon III. at the Tuilleries. The four principal officers of the Turkish army, one of whom is a field marshal and the other three, generals, have been placed on the retired list, and Teutons appointed in their place. The Light-House Department has

been placed under the control of Germans, the Emperor William's astute ambassador, Baron von Radowitz, has even been clever enough to prevail upon Abdul Hamid to exchange his French "artiste de la bouche" (or artist of the mouth) for a common German cook. Indeed, when the day comes — and it is not far off — for the great powers to devise a scheme for administering the Ottoman Government, the Germans will be found in possession and control of every department of the Executive, and possession, according to the old adage, is nine tenths of the law.

A most amusing incident, thoroughly characteristic of the happy go lucky methods of the Turkish authorities took place last year in connection with the famous brigand chief Mehemet Pelivan. The latter for many years past created a reign of terror in certain portions of Asia Minor. A large reward had been offered for his apprehension, notwithstanding which he still continued at large. It is true that he was once captured in the outskirts of Constantinople and condemned to fifteen years' incarceration. He received his sentence with equanimity, merely uttering a sonorous "kismet," and, after a short delay, proceeded under heavy escort through the crowded thoroughfares from the Court House to the prison. Suddenly he espied at one of the corners leading into a comparatively deserted side street a carriage and pair. In its occupant he recognized the judge who had just pronounced sentence on him. Quick as lightning he tripped up two of his guards; bounded on to the box of the carriage, hurled the coachman from his seat to the ground, and, lashing the horses into almost racing speed, disappeared in an instant with both the carriage and the judge before either the gendarmes or the public had recovered from their astonish-

ment and consternation. A quarter of an hour later the carriage was found standing empty before a mosque in the suburbs, but of the prisoner or of the judge no trace was to be seen. Six weeks later Col. Nouri Bey, the officer who had arrested him in the first place, was found dead one morning with his throat cut, in the main street of Khartal, a village about two hours' ride from Constantinople. It was an act of vengeance of Pelivan.

A few weeks after this a telegram was received from the Governor of the province of Konia in Asia Minor, stating that he had been fortunate enough to succeed in effecting the capture of Pelivan, and that he had taken effective measures to prevent his escape by manacling him with heavy chains, to the floor of his prison. The Sultan was at once informed of the event, and gave orders that the famous brigand should be conveyed to Constantinople under strong escort. Burdened with heavy chains around his neck, his wrists, his ankles, and his waist, the prisoner was marched on foot from the town of Svarta in Konia to Smyrna. The journey occupied a fortnight, and in each village and town the inhabitants turned out *en masse* to jeer at the captive, and to pelt him with rotten eggs, dead animals, and offal. From Smyrna he was transported in a special steamer straight to the Vildiz Kiosk at Constantinople, as the Sultan desired not only to see the famous brigand with his own eyes but also to be present at the preliminary inquiry.

When the latter commenced, the prisoner, who was completely prostrated by the cruel treatment to which he had been subjected, denied in the most emphatic manner his identity with the robber chief. He admitted that his name was Mehemet Pelivan, a pensioned soldier of the army, who

was living quietly and honestly with his old parents at Svarta at the moment of his arrest. Struck by the truthful tone of the man's assertions, the Sultan summoned into his presence the officials of the court by which the real Pelivan had been sentenced eighteen months previously. On being confronted with the prisoner they at once unhesitatingly declared that he bore no trace of resemblance to the robber chief. Convinced of the man's innocence, the Sultan set to work to compensate him as far as possible for the hardships to which he had been subjected and issued the following orders under his own private seal: (1) That the town of Svarta should be forced to pay an annual pension of 1,000 piasters for the remainder of his days to Pelivan; (2) that he should be conveyed as a first-class passenger by steamer to Smyrna, and thence to his native town by carriage at the expense of the province of Konia; (3) that he should receive a gratuity of fifty Turkish pounds (£250) from the Imperial privy exchequer; and (4) that the Governor-General of Konia should be dismissed in disgrace and declared incapable of ever holding office again. Meanwhile the robber Pelivan still remained at large and no trace was to be found of the Judge whom he kidnapped in such a daring manner.

THE ROYAL FAMILY

OF

SERVIA.

A MORE wretched and melancholy existence than that of poor young King Alexander of Servia, is difficult to imagine. Alone and abandoned, forsaken by all, the weight of his sovereignty lies too heavily on his youthful shoulders. Several attempts have already been made to assassinate him, and his poor little life ever since he ascended the throne, abandoned by his cowardly father, King Milan, has been a series of sorrows and sufferings to him.

Can any one imagine anything more distressing than this absolute loneliness in the grandeur and luxury of a Royal Palace for a boy who ought to be tasting of nothing but the sweetness of life. Far from his mother, who although a dissolute woman, yet loved him tenderly, overshadowed by the evil repute of his father, who certainly is one of the most contemptible scoundrels in existence, the unfortunate child has nothing or nobody to turn to, and a friend of mine who has been spending some time lately at Belgrade, wrote to me a short time ago, that in unguarded moments there is in the handsome face of the King an expression of wretchedness pitiable to behold. An old prophecy exists in Servia, according to which the eighth annointed King of Servia is destined to reign but for a brief period. It is for this reason that Milan would never permit himself to be annointed. His son, however, has been annointed, and is the eighth King of Servia who has undergone the function.

The King who has no one of his family to watch over him, is exposed to all the enterprises of the pretender, Prince Peter Karageorgevitch. The father of this Prince was convicted before a Hungarian Court of Justice of having been accessory to the assassination of Prince Michael, the uncle of King Milan. In these Eastern European States political struggles are fierce, and human lives are not highly rated. In the case of King Alexander, who apparently remains the last descendant of the Obrenovitch dynasty, the one security against murder or kidnapping would be that an heir should be in existence, in order that the boy's removal should entail no political consequences. At the present moment there is no heir apparent to the crown. For Milan abandoned his right to resume possession of the throne should his boy die unmarried, when he surrenders his Servian citizenship.

THE KING OF SERVIA.

Prince Karageorgevitch, the pretender was educated at the Military College of St. Cyr, in France. He served as captain in the French army during the Franco-German war, and in 1863 contracted a marriage with the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro. He is wealthy and unscrupulous, but differs from Milan in possessing great personal courage.

EX-KING MILAN.

The ceremony of King Alexander's annointment did not attract many people at Zitcha. The old church which St. Sava built stands on a hill at twenty minutes' drive from Kraljevo, and the crowd on the hill sides was never large enough to prevent free circulation. There was plenty of room in the church, too, for all who had permission to enter. By covering in the ruined portion of the church a nave of some size was contrived. The mediaval frescoes are, unfortunately, past repairing, for the Turks wreaked their fury upon them (in the present century) by scratching out all the eyes of the giants

and kings portrayed, and since then the peasantry have scaled off large patches from the pictures to be kept as relics.

At one time every inch of the halls must have been covered with paintings, and very clever were some of the Macedonian artists who are believed to have executed these frescoes. The tradition that three doors were added to the original four in the church because seven kings were crowned there rests on nothing certain; but it is a fact that the peasantry have cherished many superstitions about the seven kings, and have always thought that the eighth King annointed at Zitcha would do wonders for Servia. A man named Marta, who lived at Oubritza not many years ago, and who was believed to have the gift of second sight, because he made some extraordinarily accurate guesses at contemporary events, was once summoned into King Milan's presence, and was requested to prophesy about the eighth annointed king. He said that this king would not reign long and would be succeeded by another, whose rule would be so full of persecutions that persons passing by the graveyard would say to the dead, "Would that we had died with you!" But after this was to arise another ruler, a fair haired man, whose reign would be so beneficient that people passing by the graveyards would say to the dead, "Would that you had lived to be with us now!"

The prediction is noted here because of the impression it is said to have made on King Milan. King Milan himself was never annointed or crowned, and it was by his express wish that his son was annointed in this year, the 500th anniversary of Kossovo. No wonder that the sacredness of the rite and the peculiar circumstances attending it should have deeply moved the Royal Boy. He bore up manfully through the first part of the ceremony, but after the general homage, when

his father's telegram was put into his hands, he changed color and looked so faint that the Regent Protitch led him out of the church. He remained absent three-quarters of an hour, returning later to take the Holy Communion fasting, as the laws of the church require. It was then eleven o'clock, and he had not eaten since the previous day. Let us hope King Alexander will grow up to be a strong, well-taught, clear-headed man; so he will make a good ruler. But it is impossible on the subject to refrain from expressing some misgivings. The boy's father has left him, and his mother is not allowed to live with him; it is even said that some of the men who have political interest in keeping Queen Natalie out of the country have been working upon the young King's vanity to persuade him that he does not need to be "tied to a mother's apron-strings." They have said to him, "You are a King and don't require to be governed by a mother;" to which the boy has been heard to answer, "Oh, yes, I am a King now and can take care of myself." King Alexander is precociously developed. It seems but a short

EX-QUEEN NATALIE.

while ago that he was being photographed in sailor dress and knickerbockers; but now, in his colonel's uniform he stands as tall as the three Regents, and has acquired a good deal of self possession. He has bright features, but not an intellectual face. His forehead is low, and little of it would be seen if he did not wear his hair close cropped. He has large, soft eyes, and a quick pleasing smile; but a physiognomist would say that the mouth and nose showed indecision of character. The boy looks as though he could easily be led, and most easily by those who would let him have his own way a great deal. His tutor is Dr. Dogitch, a medical man who has for some time been his body physician, and for whom he feels an affection. Dr. Dogitch has a kind face and pleasant manners, but has not much firmness, and certainly looks as though the task of educating a King were one which he could only discharge by constantly humoring his pupil. One must remember in this connection what a miserable training King Milan received. A minister once respectfully remonstrated with him for some piece of duplicity, upon which the King answered, "Well, gentlemen, I am what you have made me; if you wanted a higher morality in your King you should have brought me up otherwise."

Servians remember that it was M. Ristich who was responsible for at least the political part of King Milan's education, and they are naturally asking whether he will profit by the unique hazard which has made him Regent for a second time, and do better for the son than he did for the father. I believe sincerely that great wrong was done to the boy King by leaving him without the moral training which only a mother can give. "In Servia" it is particularly necessary that the King should set a pattern of manners and morals, for the Servians

are only just emerging from Orientalism, and the vices of the East will cling to the nation so long as they are seen in its ruler. How can one help feeling anxious about the young King? Tenderness, purity, respect for women, and religiousness of the heart—these are no things which tutors teach; they come from a mother's precept and example; they are the lessons which she instills when she stands beside her boy's cot, and hears him say his prayers. The great misfortune of King Milan's life was that he has been educated by men—politicians too—and has received no moral training. He was clever, well read, and in the main kind-hearted; but his character was warped by scepticism, and as he had no belief in the honesty of men, so had he no scruples in dealing with them.

Of Orientalism there are traces enough in Servia—much more than in Bulgaria, where the people, although more recently emancipated, have shown a much greater aptitude for self-government and a much more decided taste for civilization. There cannot be a fairer tract of country on earth than that through which one passes in a six hours drive from Kruschevatz to Kraljevo; and yet the prospect soon ceases to please, because one sees no gladdening signs of man's industry. One cannot tell at first what one misses in the lovely landscape of hills, forests, green fields, and winding rivers, but presently the fact flashes upon one's mind that there are no flowers, no fruit, no orchards, and that all the habitations of man are vile. The peasant, with a ten-acre holding, lives in a hovel, and does nothing to beautify his surroundings. He might have a clean, pleasant homestead, a garden full of roses, and an orchard rich with fruit trees; but he is too indolent and barbarous to care for these things, so it comes to pass that every cottage and hamlet irritates one with a show of

needless squalor. The same must be said of the towns, which are horribly paved, unlighted, and altogether unworthy of a people who have enjoyed independence for more than half a century, and have been ruled during that time by men professing to have notions of western culture. Things are very different in Bulgaria, and anybody who has had an opportunity of comparing the two countries will agree that while the Bulgarians are an interesting people, and establish a strong claim to the good will of all who know them, the Servians are not an interesting people at all. Sofia in ten years has made more progress than Belgrade in sixty. The Servian has land in plenty, and is too idle to turn it to account. His rulers are politicians whom ignoble party quarrels have rendered silly and who devote such energies as they have to electioneering.

The married life of King Milan and his lovely consort would perchance not have been so unexemplary had it not been for the numerous intrigues which flourished at the Court of Belgrade.

Queen Natalie herself attributed much of her husband's conduct to the influence of her bitter enemy, the Count de Bray-Steinburg, who for many years held the post of German Minister to the Court of Belgrade. A Bavarian by birth, the Count caused himself to be naturalized a Prussian within a few weeks after the defeat of the South German armies, by Emperor William's victorious troops. For this act of desertion he was rewarded by Prince Bismarck with the post of Secretary of the Prussian legation at Constantinople. It was while there that the Count and his wife became the heroes of an adventure which to this day provokes laughter and ridicule whenever their names are mentioned in any of the Chancelleries of the European capitals.

One evening the Count and Countess were returning from a *tete-a-tete* excursion to the beautiful woods on the Asiatic shores opposite Constantinople when they were suddenly assailed by a band of twenty-eight brigands. The latter, after forcing them to surrender all their valuables, were cruel enough to tie their captives to separate trees and, after stripping them of their clothing, to submit both husband and wife to nameless outrages. It was only on the following morning that some travelers on their way from Scutari to Stamboul discovered the Count and Countess more dead than alive still tied to the trees. Of course it was universally expected when the adventure became known that the ill-treated couple would leave Constantinople at once and hide their indignities elsewhere.

Far from this being the case, they made no attempt to get transferred to any other post, and rather seemed to enjoy the notoriety to which the adventure had given rise. Like true, practical Germans, they determined to make the most of the incident, and caused the Prussian Ambassador to demand for them from the Porte an indemnity of $60,000 for the maltreatment to which they had been subjected. After a good deal of negotiation as to the monetary value of the damage inflicted the Sultan at length reluctantly gave orders for the payment of the sum demanded, exclaiming plaintively as he did so: "By allah: *que c'est cher pour deux Prussiens endommage.*" (By allah! how expensive two damaged Prussians are!)

Of course Queen Natalie, who is a Parisiene to the very tips of her fingers, and who has a keen sense of ridicule, was never tired of making the fat Countess and the Count the butt of her best witticisms. It is needless to add that, in such a small and scandal-loving community as Belgrade, neither the

German Minister nor his wife were allowed to remain in ignorance of Queen Natalie's remarks about them, and it was not surprising that they resented it in their bitterest manner and conceived the most violent hatred for her somewhat sarcastic Majesty.

For years their entire efforts were devoted to representing the Queen at Berlin as being imbued with the most hostile feelings toward Germany, and no opportunity was lost of poisoning the King's mind against her. It is well known at Belgrade that Milan's conduct in forcibly removing the little Crown Prince from the Queen's custody was due to the sole instigation of the Count and Countess de Bray-Steinburg, and that it was strongly opposed by the Austrian Envoy at the time, Baron Von Hengel Mueller.

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